MODERN NOVELS:

VOL. V.

CONTAINING,

I. Don *Sebastian* King of *Portugal.*

II. *Agnes* de *Castro*, or Fatal Beauty.

III. Amorous Abbess. In Two Parts.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, in *Russel street*, in *Covent-Garden*, 1692.

MODERN

NOVELS:

Don Sebastian
KING
OF
Portugal.

An Historical Novel.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Done out of *French* by

Mr. *FERRAND SPENCE.*

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes, in Russel-street* in *Covent-garden,* 1683.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

COUNTESS

OF

STANFORD.

Madam,

AN *Unfortunate Prince begs Audience of Your Ladiſhip, in hopes of repreſenting His Unhappy*

Circumstances to be such, as that he may with Justice lay claim to Your Ladiſhips Protection.

He is ſenſible that neither His Ambition, or rather His Deſtiny, could make Him amends for the Misfortunes they have plung'd Him in, than by ſuffering Him to reappear in the World under Your Ladiſhips Commiſſion. If He ſucceeds in this Requeſt, He queſtions not to Reign again with as much Glory and Luſtre, as He was before

before oppreſs'd with the Malignity and Perverſeneſs of His Fate.

To You, Madam, *He flies for Refuge, knowing the Whole Univerſe muſt pay Veneration to ſuch an Aſyle, and that the Sactuary cannot but be inviolable, that is ſupported by ſo much Beauty, ſo much Wit and Vertue.*

He is aſſur'd His greateſt Enemies will be forc'd to court His Reconciliation, and Friendſhip, when under Your Colours;

lours; and that they will freely make Reſtitution of all the Stars unjuſtly gave them to His diſadvantage, rather than incur the Blame and Cenſure of the preſent Age, and all Poſterity. For it is Declaring War to All, to continue at variance with a Prince, under the Guarranty of a Lady, whoſe many Charming Qualities would have obtain'd her even the Adoration of the Ancients.

But he is moſt capable of telling His own Story:

And

And as for doing You *Juſtice,* Madam, *in ſo nice a Character as that of* Your Ladiſhips, *a Character that entitles* You *to the* Love *of* Heaven, *and demands the* Eſteem *and* Admiration *of all Mankind, is what ſurpaſſes the Art and Skill both of* Pen *and* Pencil. *Every Action of* Yours *is a* Panegyrique *of it ſelf.* You *ſtand in no need of the* Daubing *either of the* Writer *or the* Painter: Daubing, *I ſaid, Pardon the Word,* Madam;

dam; *but every thing must prove Course, that vainly attempts to Copy so perfect an Original. So much Merit needs no Historian. As it has already rendred You the* Favourite *of the present Age, so Tradition will transmit you to Posterity, as an Extraordinary Instance of all the Advantages of Birth and of* Fortune, *of* Body *and of Mind, without any of the Vanities that almost constantly attend these Blessings and Accomplishments in others.* But

But this is a Subject so bewitching, that it had almost transported me beyond the Bounds of the most profound Respect and Submission wherewith I am,

Madam,

Your Ladiſhips

Moſt humble and

moſt obedient

Servant,

F. SPENCE.

But this is a Subject so bewitching, that it had almost transported me beyond the Bounds of the most profound Respect and Submission wherewith I am,

Madam,

Your Ladiships

Most humble and

most obedient

Servant,

F. SPENCE.

Don Sebastian, KING OF PORTUGAL.

IN the first Years of the Reign of *Don Sebastian*, *Portugal* was the most Peaceable and Flourishing Kingdom of all *Europe*. The Divisions and Contests about Religion, which so cruelly shattered other Provinces, had not spread their fury into that Country: And ever since *Don Alphonso Henry*, the first King of *Portugal*, aided by *William Long-sword*, had chased the *Moors* out of his Territories, the Quiet of that People had not been troubled by any fears. This King had hardly attained his fifteenth year, but he made himself admired by all his

People, and fear'd by all his Neighbours: The vivacity of his Wit, the elevation of his Soul, the dexterity he made appear in all his Exercises, and the greatness of his Courage, rendred him the most accomplished Prince of that Age. He was Handsome, well made, Valiant, and Liberal: He had a Majestick Port, Royal Inclinations, and it seemed as if Nature had taken leisure to form him with all the Qualities that can make a Prince recommendable to Mankind. A crowd of young Courtiers, who were brought up with him, or whom the desire of timely advancing themselves by Employes, had drawn from all parts to *Lisbon*, composed his most agreeable Court. And as Youth, Amours, and Pleasures have ever been inseparable, and as Love is the first and softest amusement of Mankind, all these Courtiers insensibly applyed themselves more to

 their

their Miſtreſſes, than to their Prince; and their hearts being little touched with Ambition, made them give ſighs to Love, when they fancied they rendred Aſſiduities to Fortune.

That Court was made up of Perſons of extraordinary Merit: Queen *Katherine*, the Kings Grandmother, was no leſs elevated above thoſe of her Sex, by her Virtue than by her Quality. She had ever applyed her ſelf with a great deal of Prudence and Succeſs to diſſipate the troubles that threatned the State, during the Infancy of *Don Sebaſtian*; And when this young Prince took upon him the Government of his Kingdom, ſhe gave her ſelf entirely to the Practice of all thoſe Virtues that can recommend a Queen to the World. The Dutcheſs of *Braganza* had a great ſhare of Wit and Beauty, and though ſhe had a Son of the ſame age with the King, ſhe

despaired not of charming that Prince, and employ'd all her Arts to inspire him with Friendship, Esteem, or Affection. She was much in *Katherine*'s favour, and managed her self with so much Cunning, that Acting as well the part of a *Lucretia* as of a Gossip, she shared in all the Exercises of the Queens Devotion, and in all the Matches of the Kings Divertisements. The Duke her Husband knowing her heart to be too susceptible of Ambition to be the like of Love, suffered her with Tranquility enough at *Lisbon* with the Young Duke of *Barcellos* their Son; and was himself almost always at his Country-House. *Eugenia*, whose Relations had ever had the most considerable Charges of the State, admirably well maintained her Quality in that Court: She was brown, of an advantageous Shape, and had a sweet and solid Wit: And though she had lost her Father

and

and Mother when she was very young, her Carriage had been ever so regular, that she gave as much admiration for her Virtue, as for her Beauty. *Christopher de Cavora*, who was Master of the Horse to the King, and his Favourite, had a Daughter called *Leonora*; who, maugre her tender Age, was already the Ornament of the Court, and with her Blooming Beauty made the most insensible to tremble.

That Court was filled with several other Persons, who had no less merit than those I have mentioned; though they were of a less Elevated condition. *Violanta* was of these last: She was Maid of Honour to *Jane* of *Austria*, a perfect Beauty and infinite Deserts, and if her Charms were proper to give Birth to a great Passion, her heart was capable of being sensible of the like.

But all the lustre of the Court

was not confined within the Circle of the Beauty of this Sex, the Men made there likewiſe admirable Figures. Cardinal *Henry*, *Don Sebaſtian*'s Uncle, had ever made appear a great deal of Conduct in the Tutelage, that was committed to him, of the Young King. *Don Lewis*, who was likewiſe his Uncle, had ſignalized his Courage in ſeveral Rencounters, and with Juſtice paſſed for the braveſt and handſomeſt Prince of that Kingdom. He had had a long time a very tender Engagement with *Violanta*; and the report even run at Court, that he had Married her, and by her had a Son, whom he brought up at one of his Houſes near *Lisbon*. Duke *d'Avero* had made his Prudence and Valour appear on ſeveral occaſions under the Reign of *John* the III, and had been one of his Favourites; but Cardinal *Henry* had no great kindneſs for him, knowing him to be ambitious

ous and daring. The Young Duke of *Barcellos* gave great hopes of his Dexterity and Wit, and began to view of the Beauty of *Leonora* with a tender emotion. The Count *de Souſa* was much eſteemed both by the King and Cardinal *Henry*: He maintained his Favour by a great merit, and had taken care to joyn to all the fine Qualities that make a well-bred Man, the ſolid Virtues that compoſe an honeſt-man. *Don Henry* had a thouſand good Qualities, that made him be beloved by all the World, he was well Built, and Valiant, and breathed nothing but dangers: And as he was the chief of an Illuſtrious Family both for Nobility and Riches; his Father had taken care before his Death, to Conclude his Marriage with *Eugenia*, they having loved one another from their moſt tender Infancy. All things ſeem'd to conſpire to unite them; their Hu-

mours being alike, their Qualities ſuitable, and their Age almoſt equal, gave all People great hopes of their happineſs.

Amours were the Soul of that Court, and even thoſe who were only ſenſible of Ambition were conſtrained to call Love to their ſuccours, that they might the better ſucceed in their Deſigns. The Dutcheſs of *Braganza* would have been willing to have been indepted for the advancement of her Fortune to this laſt Paſſion; ſhe placed all her cares to make the King love her; but was not able to render his heart ſenſible: He had no other Paſſion than for Arms, he had raiſed a Regiment which he Exerciſed continually, and frequently Review'd: He would as often undertake the Labours of Common Souldiers, as the Cares of chief Officers, the greateſt Perils had a ſecret Charm to invite him, and not believing that

any common danger was worthy of him, he would not undertake any thing that was not attended with difficulties: If he had any Voyage to make upon the Sea, he affected to Embark during the Tempest, disdaining to rock peaceably in a Calm that might lull his Virtue asleep. Duke *d'Avero* had no less Ambition than the Dutchess of *Braganza*, and likewise fancied that Love might be useful to his Designs. He had a Daughter called *Elvira*: He sought in her Beauty for the reputation that was refused his own merit, and imagin'd that she had Charms enough to touch the heart of that Young King: She had not yet been seen at Court, though she was at an Age to appear there with lustre, because the Dutchess her Mother, having a long time languished in a Disease which occasioned her Death two Years before, had retired her self to one of her Country Houses,

and had ever kept her with her; and the Duke, after the Death of his Wife, had put his Daughter into a Nunnery near his House, not designing to take her from thence, till he had found out a Match suitable to her Circumstances.

In the mean time *Eugenia* had too many Charms to satisfie themselves with the Conquest of *Don Henry*. The *Count de Sousa* had been long Passionately in love with her: His Respects, his Complaisances and Assiduities had sufficiently assured her of it; but whether she was not willing to understand them, or she had only Eyes for *Don Henry*, the *Count de Sousa* always found in her so much indifference for him, that he judg'd it not convenient to declare his Passion more openly: He had too much respect and discretion to hazard an unprofitable Declaration. *Don Henry* was his Friend, *Eugenia* had ever seen him only under the notion of Friendship, which

he

he could not any longer support the constraint of. He saw her every day; she was ever lovely in his Eyes; she had hardly in the least concealed from him the Passion she had for *Henry*: That Lover likewise made him the Confident of his happiness. What a torture is this to a Man, whose love is extream, and was not capable of easing himself by betraying his Mistress and his Friend? After having been for some time in these Extremities, and having in vain Employ'd the Succours of his Reason for to cure him, he fancied, that absence would diminish his Sufferings, by weakning his Passion, and so was desirous to remove from Court; but his Merit had put him there in too good a posture for him to go away without some specious pretext.

Elizabeth, whom *Philip* the II. had Married in his third Nuptials, died in *Spain* about that time; wherefore one was to be sent to make

make the Compliments of Condolance to this King on the behalf of Queen *Katherine* his Sister, and *Don Sebastian* his Nephew. *Sousa* fancied that occasion was favourable to him, and for the obtaining that Commission, he Employed *Cardinal Henry's* Credit with the King; the Cardinal highly esteeming his Virtue, used to Queen *Katherine*, the Solicitations of *Lewis* of *Granada* his Friend; whose Birth and Piety were had in veneration by all People; and whom that King had caused to come from *Spain* to communicate to her, all that concerned the Salvation of her Soul and the good of the Kingdom. He obtained what he desired, was sent to the King of *Spain*; but could not depart without going to take his leave of *Eugenia*, with whom he found *Don Henry*. He used all his endeavours to conceal his Grief, and his Love in

that

that separation; the Words he spoke had no coherence with one another, and the Sighs he vented were half stifled: And seeing he could not resist his Grief, he quitted those two Lovers, and Embraced them, bidding 'em, *Farewell, and live happy, while I do lead a Languishing life, far from you and my Friends.* His Sighs hindred him from speaking more than these Words; he went immediately away for fear they should see him shed tears: And *Eugenia* and *Don Henry* were really afflicted at his departure, and attributed to Friendship alone, what a more violent Passion had produced.

The Duke *d' Avero*, caused *Elvira* to come and second his Projects. He was himself surpriz'd with her Beauty, and conceived fresh hopes at the sight of so dazeling an Object. The truth is, she was capable to engage the most insensible: Her blew Eyes were sweet and piercing; all her

her Features were regular, her Complexion was admirable, and Hair was the fineſt in the World, delicately accompanied by all the Beauty of her Face: She was of a middle Stature, but her Wit was above what is common; ſhe had an inſinuating Preſence, and engaging ways with her; her Converſation was eaſie, of a ſoft humour and a Gentle Soul. Her Father would at firſt inſtruct her with the meaſures ſhe ought to keep in regard of all the Perſons that compoſed the Court, into which he would introduce her: But found in her ſo much Wit, ſo much Judgment, and a diſpoſition ſo Natural to ſecond his deſires, that he had nothing elſe to do than to deſcribe to her, the different Characters of thoſe, who held the firſt Rank. The day after ſhe arrived, the Duke Conducted her to Queen *Katherines* Appartment, to pay her her Reſpects. Her

Dreſs

Dreſs admirably well ſeconded her Beauty; the Queen found her the Lovelieſt Perſon ſhe had ever ſeen: The Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, *Eugenia*, *Leonora*, *Violanta*, and all thoſe who were there, were ſurprized with her Luſtre. After which they examined all her Features with a Jealous Spite, and not finding any defect, they all fancied they ſaw in her a formidable Rival, who was going to raviſh all their Conqueſts from them. The Dutcheſs of *Braganza* more Jealous than any other, would ſee if her Wit was anſwerable to her Charms. She ſaid to her, all ſhe thought would perplex her, and all the others by the ſame motive, Engaged her in a Converſation upon ſeveral Subjects; but ſhe ever reply'd with ſo much Sweetneſs and Wit, that they even admired her againſt their Will.

This Converſation was interrupted

rupted by the Count *de Tavora*, who came to acquaint the Queen, that the King was a coming. She immediately Commanded all thoſe in her Chamber not to make *Elvira* known, and bid the Duke *d'Avero* retire, for fear of diſcovering her. He obeyed with ſome vexation, ardently deſiring to be a Witneſs of the interview of *Don Sebaſtian* and his Daughter. The King came, *Elvira* was the firſt Object he ſaw, and he was ſo lively ſtruck, that he was ſometime without being able to ſpeak, and without knowing what he ſhould ſay; a thouſand confuſed Motions agitated him at that ſight, and he was ſenſible of 'em all, but could not diſtinguiſh any; and of all the ſeveral thoughts ariſing then in his Mind, he was not able to know or explain any, but that which told him that *Elvira* was the moſt Beautiful Perſon in the World. All the Court

perceived

perceived the Kings trouble, and as he saw the Queen likewise observed it, he endeavoured to speak, and conceal his disorder: *Who is that Charming Person, you have embelished the Court with, Madam,* said he to the Queen, still eyeing *Elvira*? *She is a Native of* Spain, answered she, *whom King* Philip *my Brother has sent me, to be of the number of my Maids; but not being willing to have any more, I am going to send her back: For Heaven's sake don't send her back,* (he interrupted her with a transport) *that would be but an ill return to the Civilities of the King of* Spain: *Well then,* reply'd the Queen smiling, *I will not send her back without first Consulting you, and she shall have your leave if she returns.* The King clearly saw they had perceived his disorder, he blushed; and *Elvira*, who had ever had her Eyes down from the time the King entred, raised 'em at that instant

inſtant, and met with thoſe of that Prince, but ſo tenderly and ſo paſſionately, that ſhe bluſht, and was in as great a Confuſion as himſelf. The Queen after ſome other Diſcourſes, at length acquainted *Don Sebaſtian*, how this Lady was the Duke *d'Avero's* Daughter. He was as little capable of diſſembling the joy this News gave him, as he had been to conceal the diſorder that the ſight of *Elvira* had cauſed in him. He made her a thouſand tender Compliments, and the day being already much advanced, and the Queen uſing to withdraw betimes, every one took leave of her and retired.

Elvira went to her Father's, with the Women who had waited on her, and was at firſt in ſome trouble, that *Don Sebaſtian* had raiſed Motions in her, which ſhe was not acquainted with, and which ſhe however attributed af-

ter

ter ſhe had well examined 'em, only to the reſpect that the looks of a King inſpire. She was ſtill making theſe Reflexions, when the Duke her Father entred her Appartment, to know what ſhe thought of the Court. She anſwered him very exactly upon all the different Characters ſhe had ſeen there. But when he asked her, if the King had been there, if ſhe had ſeen him, and what ſhe thought of him, ſhe made appear ſo much diſorder in her Face and underſtanding, that the Duke divined the reaſon of that Confuſion, and changed Diſcourſe immediately. The Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, retired with ſentiments very different from thoſe of *Elvira*: She was Ambitious, and Jealous, and penetrating: She aimed at the heart, or rather the grandeur of the King. She knew from that moment that *Elvira* was capable of depriving her of both; and Ambition and Jealouſie

ſie inſpired her with an averſion for that Rival, that her Policy would hardly diſſemble; but amongſt all the different Motions this Viſit had cauſed, there were none ſo lively and ſo tender as thoſe of the King. He was ſo full of *Elvira's* Beauty, that it was impoſſible for him to ſpeak of any thing elſe as long as Supper laſted. He lay all Night thinking of her Charms; fancied, that the bluſhing he had obſerved in her Face, when their Eyes met, was a good preſage for his Love; and that her Eyes were ever too animated for it to be a meer Modeſty, which had given occaſion to this Confuſion. *How happy*, ſaid he, *ſhould I be to be beloved by this Charming Perſon: How Beautiful is ſhe, and how Rich in Wit and Sweetneſs! And how miſerable ſhould I be*, continued he immediately after, *if her heart were engaged, or if it were inſenſible.* For ſome moments that fear

fear interrupted the delights of thoſe Reflections, but his hopes coming immediately to his help, calmed his Mind and revived his Affection.

The Duke *d'Avero* being impatient to know what Effects his Daughters Beauty had produced, did not fail to be the next day at the Kings riſing, who, as ſoon as he ſaw him, cryed out to him aloud: *Ah Duke! how Charming is your Daughter, and how Beautiful did I find her Yeſterday!* The Duke was ſo good a Courtier, as to take this Compliment kindly, and every one made him ſome upon this Subject, and the Duke *de Barcellos* approaching him, told him, *The Dutcheſs my Mother has made me ſo advantageous a Deſcription of her Wit and Beauty, that the very recital Charmed me.* The truth is, that the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, who foreſaw the King would have a very great Paſſion for

for *Elvira*, was desirous that the Duke *de Barcellos* might fall in love with her, for traversing this Commerce which she fear'd. But if by chance *Elvira* should have any inclination for this Young Duke, then she might at least become necessary through the part her Son would take in that Intreague, and by the absolute power she had over him.

But necessary it was, he should declare himself speedily, and not stay till the King had explained his budding Passion. Wherefore she passed over Formalities, and went the next day with her Son to see *Elvira*. *You will find perhaps*, said she to her entring, *my Visit rash and too hasty, Madam; this is not the only fatigue your Beauty will cause you, and the Duke to whom I made Yesterday the recital of it, has forced me to come and importune you with so much precipitation: But he is still Young Madam*, continued she smiling,

ſmiling, *and knows not what he demands.* *Elvira* anſwered with a thouſand Civilities. At this meeting, the Converſation was leſs ſerious, and more warm than uſually thoſe are of the firſt Viſits, and the Duke *de Barcellos* ſhewed ſo much admiration for *Elvira*, that the Count *de Tavora*, who was then there, fancied he had conceived a great Paſſion for her, and ſaid, the day following, in Entertaining ſome Perſons that came to ſee him, with the News of the Court, that *Elvira*'s Beauty made a great noiſe there; that the Duke *de Barcellos* was extreamly in love with her, had been to ſee her, and declared to her a great deal of kindneſs.

Leonora was preſent at this Diſcourſe, and could not hear it without ſhivering. For above two Years that the Duke de *Barcellos* ſaw her with aſſiduity, he had

not

not dared to declare what her Charms had made him ſuffer; and their hearts having been uſed to love one another from their tendereſt Infancy, upon the credit of their ſighs, without having otherwiſe explained themſelves, they had ſpared themſelves the vexation, that Reflexions give at the birth of a Paſſion, and the confuſion which theſe ſorts of Declarations cauſe in thoſe that hear them: She returned into her Chamber to conceal her trouble; and as ſoon as ſhe was at liberty, ſhe let ſome tears fall, without knowing the reaſon that made her weep: She ſaw her ſelf oppreſt with a grief that ſhe had never felt; ſometimes ſhe abandoned her ſelf to all imaginable hatred againſt *Elvira*, ſometimes ſhe complained confuſedly of the Duke of *Barcellos*; and not knowing what Motions to keep to, *Why ſhould I complain of him*, ſaid ſhe, *did he promiſe me never to love any one?*

Has

has he told me, he had a kindness for me? does he know that I have an inclination for him, or rather, have ever loved him? Alas, I know nothing of it my self, continued she, *but I know very well, I have been deceived in the opinion I had of the care he took to purchase and preserve my favour.* She had not yet so strictly Examined the Sentiments she had of the Duke *de Barcellos*; she durst not even in that moment tell her self, that she loved him, and attributed to the hatred she had for *Elvira*, all that the strongest Jealousie made her suffer. *I should not care,* said she sometimes, *though he loved another, but I have so great an Antipathy for* Elvira, *that I cannot suffer the Passion he has for her; he must renounce it, or never see me more, I'le rather from this present deprive my self of the pleasure of seeing him, without asking him any thing,* continued she; *and likewise*

the ſacrifice that I pretend from him would oblige me to too much acknowledgment. Ah! what would my Father ſay, if I ſhould engage my ſelf without his Conſent: Alas! perhaps he has already diſcovered my trouble, and perhaps he attributes to Jealouſie the diſorder I have made appear. This fear for ſome time ſuſpended the violence of her Motions, and made her at length take the reſolution of concealing her grief from the Eyes even of thoſe who cauſed it.

The Duke *d'Avero* rely'd much upon the merit of his Daughter, and hoped to ſee her one day Queen of *Portugal*. She likewiſe conceived great hopes of her Charms; and both in concert, without imparting to one another their Deſigns, laid Ambuſhes for the liberty of a Prince, who came and caſt himſelf into Chains. *Don Sebaſtian* diſtinguiſhed *Elvira* from all thoſe that endeavoured to pleaſe

pleaſe him: He paid her a thouſand little paſſionate addreſſes; that are never offer'd but to one Perſon, and are the forerunners of the tendereſt Paſſion. *Elvira's* heart was too ſenſible, and her Soul too ambitious not to be touched at the diſtinctions and the eagerneſſes of a Prince, ſo gallant, ſo well made, and ſo lovely as *Don Sebaſtian*; but how prone ſoever he was for Love, his domineering Paſſion was Glory: He impatiently ſuffered the prudent Zeal of Cardinal *Henry*, who oppoſed the boyling ardour with which he ſought out dangers; he often ſtole from the vigilance of his Guards, and quitted the company of Ladies and tender Converſations, to go encounter the moſt Savage Beaſts in the midſt of the Foreſt. He paſſionately loved Hunting, the more dangerous it was the more Charming it ſeemed to him. And as Queen *Katherine* and Cardinal *Hen-*

ry did with all their power mollifie the violence of that Exerciſe, and the ardour which he gave himſelf up to it, they got the Ladies of the Court to be often of the Parties, and endeavoured to make a Diverſion of ſo rude and ſo dangerous an amuſement. He was one day at Queen *Katherine's*, and propoſed a Match to go hunt Lions the next day. The Queen, whom this Propoſition had cauſed to tremble, and who knew very well that directly to oppoſe this Princes Deſigns, would but ſo much the more irritate his deſires, cunningly made uſe of the Power ſhe ſaw *Elvira* had over the King, and told him gently; *The only name of Lions has made* Elvira *tremble, my Son, and I believe if you hunt them to morrow, you will have but few Ladies in your train: I love hunting paſſionately*, anſwered *Elvira*, having penetrated into the Queens Deſign; *but the truth*

truth is, this Chace ſeems to me too terrible, and there are much gentler, wherein I made the greateſt delights of my ſolitude conſiſt. Well then, we will run a Stag to morrow, anſwered the King haſtily, *the Ladies ſhall be of the party, and you will be there Madam,* purſued he, looking tenderly on *Elvira*? The Queen had a great deal of joy, ſhe had made her Son change his deſign: *Elvira* was much pleaſed ſhe had ſerved the Queens intentions, and ſhe had received this mark of Complaiſance from *Don Sebaſtian.* The Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, who was preſent at this Converſation, could not ſee, without bluſhing for ſpight, this ſlight proof of the Kings tenderneſs for another than her ſelf; and every one retired ſome moments after to give Orders for all that was neceſſary for that Match.

The King ſent one to tell the Duke *d'Avero* the next day, that as *Elvira* had not perhaps had time to prepare her Hunting Cloaths, he prayed him to give her thoſe he ſent her; which was a *Juſticore* covered with *Spaniſh* Point of Gold and Silver; the Flowers of which were raiſed to the life with Jewels of ſeveral Colours; a Riding Petticoate of the ſame Faſhion, and a Cap loaded with a number of long and very beautiful Blew Feathers: The Duke accepted this Preſent for his Daughter with a great deal of reſpect, and went immediately to *Elvira*'s Appartment, where having found her ſtill in Bed, he told her, after having cauſed all her Women to retire: *My Daughter, I bring you a Hunting Habit, which the King has Commanded me to give you.* This Preſent and Meſſage deliver-ed by a Father, could not but cauſe much trouble in her, who

received

received them. *Elvira* appeared at it amazed and confuſed, and not knowing how to anſwer the Duke, ſhe told him with a trembling voice: *I am very much ſurprized my Lord, at the Preſent the King makes me, and ſtill more, that you your ſelf would take the care to offer it me. It would however have more perplexed me, had it been preſented me by any other*, continued ſhe, *and as I have neither Rank nor Merit that can draw the Cares of this King*——*No my Daughter*, interrupted the Duke, *I know*, Don Sebaſtian *diſtinguiſhes you from all thoſe that are at Court: You are young, he is ſenſible, and nothing ſurpriſes me of all that I have ſeen from him in your favour; it might alarum a more ſevere Virtue than mine, but I think I know you, and I know the Court. All I deſire of you at preſent*, continued he, *is, that you would without repugnance and diſſimulation diſcover to me, all that*

ſhall paſs of moſt importance, in the Commerce Don Sbaſtian *would engage you in. You have no longer a Mother, my Daughter,* purſued he, with an affectionate and mourning accent, *perhaps being both of the ſame Sex, you would have been more bold and eaſie to have diſcovered to her what you thought upon this Subject, and her Prudence would without doubt have aided you, to conduct your ſelf in an Affair of this importance. You have given tears enough to her death,* ſeeing ſhe began to weep, *you muſt at preſent reunite in me alone, all the confidence and tenderneſs you had both for her and me, and you muſt ſpeak to me with the ſame frankneſs, you would have done to her, to the end, my Counſels may ſupply the want of her, and we may take juſt meaſures in all that concerns you. My Lord,* anſwered *Elvira,* penetrated with grief and confuſion, *I have for you, as much ſincerity and reſpect as I ever had for my Mother, whom*

I cannot too much lament: But I dare assure you, without being wanting in what I owe you, that as Don Sebastian *has never acquainted me, he had an inclination for me, I have never yet consulted my self in what concerns him. I do not ask you what passes in your heart,* (said the Duke) *I could not prescribe you other Rules than those your Duty dictates to you; you know them all, and I am persuaded you will ever follow them: My Honour, your Reputation, the Memory of your Mother, and your own Advantage have too much power over your Spirit, to let your self be seduced by a Passion that is contrary to them. I will only know from you,* continued he, *if you have not any aversion for the King, and if you find in your self ambition enough to desire to become one day Queen of* Portugal. *This design I know is something rash, and it would be even extravagance to let it appear in the Eyes of all the World, but the en-*

deavouring it cannot be dangerous; and provided you have but greatneſs of Soul enough to form the Project, and purſue it with Care and Caution, I do not deſpair of ſucceſs. My Lord, anſwered *Elvira*, whom theſe laſt Words had animated with hopes, *if I muſt ſpeak to you with all the Confidence you deſire of me, I confeſs to you, that the Courtſhip of a King ſo well formed, ſo young, and ſo gallant as ours is, cannot diſpleaſe a Perſon, who is not prepoſſeſſed, and that not being foreſtalled with any Sentiment to his diſadvantage, the Crown of* Portugal *would ſeem full of Charms to me, if I ſaw the leaſt likelyhood of pretending to it. Ah! my Daughter*, reply'd the Duke with joy in embracing her, *theſe are the ſentiments I would have inſpired you withal: Purſue this great Work with all the Conduct, and all the Perſeverance you are capable of; but fill all your heart with that Noble Ambition, for fear ſome other*

Paſſion

Paſſion ſhould ſeize it, and not leave you all the freedom, that is neceſſary for this Project. He gave her ſeveral other Counſels for her Carriage: *Elvira* promiſed him to regulate it always according to his wiſhes, after which the Duke went out of her Chamber, and left her to think at liberty of all ſhe had been newly acquainted with, and of the Dreſſes that were neceſſary for her in the Hunting-Match, of which ſhe might apparently receive all the Honours.

The hour for Hunting being come, every one went to the Rendezvouz: The moſt part of the Ladies were dreſſed like *Amazons*, and mounted upon very fine Horſes: But *Elvira* appeared Beautiful in her Dreſs, the King hardly knew again the Habit he had ſent her, ſo much luſtre it had upon her; her Hair was ty'd back in great Buckles round her Cap; and this Dreſs gave her a lively

and

and penetrating Air, which ſhe had not ordinarily. *Don Sebaſtian* ſaid to her a thouſand fine things upon her Beauty, and ſhe Complimented him upon his Preſent. All the Ladies had their Knights near them; and there was only *Leonora*, who ever avoided the Duke *de Barcellos*; and this Troop dividing it ſelf into Couples without being too particular, furniſhed the Lovers with favourable Occaſions of ſpeaking to them of their Paſſion. *Elvira*, Riding better than any of her Sex, outwent them all, and was almoſt ever up with the Dogs; the King, being Charmed with her Grace and her Addreſs, ever accompanied her, and being come with her far enough from the reſt, to a Pond, which the Stag they Hunted leapt into. *Your Preſence has brought this Stag to the laſt gaſp, Madam,* ſaid he to her, *there is no Liberty but what yields to you; I*

have

have not been able to defend mine a gainſt you, purſued he tenderly, *and I ſhall not regret it, if I can but hope to pleaſe you.* How bold ſoever *Don Sebaſtian* naturally was, he could not pronounce theſe words with his uſual reſolution, he felt that inſtant ſuch fear as a whole Army would not have been capable of giving him; and *Elvira*, who had expected ſuch a kind of Declaration, did not fail to affect the ſurprize and baſhfulneſs, that ſuch an avowal might cauſe in a Perſon leſs witty and leſs prepared than her ſelf. *Your Highneſs* (for thus are the Kings of that Nation ſtiled) ſaid ſhe to him then bluſhing, *will never loſe your Liberty, without coſting the Parties repoſe, who ſhall ravish it from him.* —— *But Sir*, ſaid ſhe ſtopping her ſelf, wholly confuſed, *I was a going to anſwer ſeriouſly to a thing you only told me in raillery; and my innocence is ſo great, that*

your Diſcourſes have almoſt made me forget that you are a great Monarch, and I am your Subject. No, Madam, anſwered *Don Sebaſtian,* with all the tranſport the heat of his Temper and Paſſion was capable of, *I love you, I adore you, my Eyes have told it you; my Sighs have aſſured it you; my aſſiduities ſhall confirm it: I know not whether I am King or Subject when with you; and you alone can render me happy. Wherefore tell me in the Name of Heaven,* purſu'd he, *what I ought to hope or fear, and do not make me languiſh in uncertainty. Elvira* doubtful and confuſed, had, during this Diſcourſe, her Eyes upon the ground, her Carriage uncertain, and her Countenance languiſhing; and as ſhe was ſometime without anſwering, the King prepared himſelf to tell her ſtill ſomething more preſſing, when the Dutcheſs of *Braganza* taking notice of this Converſation, ſpitefully run to them, and could

not forbear interrupting them, notwithſtanding all the meaſures ſhe had reſolved to keep in regard of thoſe Lovers: *Elvira* ran maliciouſly to her; but however made *Don Sebaſtian* ſee in her Eyes, in quitting him, a languiſhing ſweetneſs, that, without explaining too much, gave him great hopes.

After the Troop was come to the death of the Stag, they return'd to *Lisbon*, where *Cardinal Henry* came to ſhew the king Letters that he had newly received from *Spain* in the Packet of *Souza*, by which *Philip* let him know, that *Mulei Moluc*, Brother of the lately deceaſed King of *Morocco*, was come into *Spain* to demand Succours of him, which he had not thought fit to grant him; neither did he think, that *Don Sebaſtian* ought to grant it him, becauſe the Pretentions of *Moluc* were too oppoſite to the Laws of the *Europeans*, and it would be but to perplex themſelves in a War, that

that could not be advantageous on their ſide, *Moluc* having neither Troops nor Money to Execute ſo great an Enterpriſe. But the King, impatiently longing to ſignalize himſelf, and having his Mind only filled with Wars and Conqueſts, told the Cardinal his Uncle, *That the Succours he ſhould give to* Moluc, *might be advantageous to the Crown of* Portugal; *that the* Moors *would deſtroy themſelves in that War; that in Succouring that Prince, they might weaken the ſtrongeſt without ſtrengthening the weakeſt: And at length in thoſe Quarrels, he ſhould not fail to gain ſome Cities or Places, which they might joyn to thoſe that* Portugal *already had in* Africa. The Cardinal, who ſaw with delight the Warlike Ardour of this young King, but could have wiſh'd to have ſomething moderated its exceſs, anſwered him; *Before you determine your ſelf for this War, Sir, it is convenient you be perfectly well*

acquainted

acquainted with the Subject of the Quarrel betwixt thoſe two Kings: And for the Explaining to you their different Pretentions, I muſt be a little more particular in their Hiſtory, and tell you things that no occaſion has yet been offered to diſcover to you.

The Kingdoms of Fez, Morocco, *and* Turedant, (purſued he, ſeeing the King gave Ear attentively to him) *have ever been governed by two different Kings, till* Mulei Mahumet-Cherif *poſſeſſing, together with his Brother* Mulei Hamet, *thoſe divided Kingdoms, endeavoured to reunite them under his Power: Theſe two Kings then made a Law, by which they ordered, that Brother ſhould ſucceed Brother, and ſhould thus Reign after one another, to the excluſion of the deceaſed Kings Children. Some time after, one of* Mahumets *Sons called* Abdala, *ſeeing this Law oppoſed his Ambition, cauſed ſeveral of his Brothers and Nephews*

phews to be killed and ſtrangled, under divers pretexts of intereſt of State; at laſt he ſucceeded his Father, and had the moſt happy and peaceable Reign that the Cherifs *had ever enjoy'd.*

Though Abdala *had Policy and Cruelty enough, to commit all the Crimes that ſhould ſeem advantageous to him, he did not cauſe all his Brothers Throats to be cut at his coming to the Throne; he let three of thoſe unfortunate perſons live, who by reaſon they were very young, did not appear to him formidable enough for him to take care to diſpatch them. Theſe weak Children feared his Fury, as ſoon as they were capable of reaſon. Two of them took Refuge with the* Grand Seignior, *to avoid the death that threatned them; and the third fled to the* Arabians, *where he died ſome years after.* Abdala *having Reigned peaceably the ſpace of ſeventeen years, and finding himſelf decaying, delivered his Kingdom into the Hands*

Hands of his Eldeſt Son, called Mahumet, *and cauſed him to be Proclaimed King through all his Territories, notwithſtanding the Law of the* Cherifs, *which was contrary to that Election.* Abdala *died in a little time after, and left a Daughter very young, called* Almeida, *whom he cauſed to be brought up in* Spain, *and whoſe blooming Beauty began to make great noiſe in that Court, when ſhe departed from it to retire to her Brother* Mahumet: *But as this new King feared at his coming to the Crown, that thoſe two Uncles, who had took Refuge in* Turky, *for the avoiding his Fathers fury, would come, grounded upon the Laws of their Anceſtors, and diſpute the Kingdom with him: He ſent a* Moor *to* Tremiſena, *to Aſſaſſinate the eldeſt, who was retired thither. It is but two years ſince this Aſſaſſination was committed, with all the Rage and Succeſs that* Mahumet *had wiſhed, and only one that remains*

mains at preſent of thoſe three Creatures, is this Mulei Moluc, *whom the King of* Spain *makes mention of to us in theſe Letters: He has given marks of a great Valour amongſt the* Ottomans, *where he had taken Refuge. He has Signalized himſelf againſt the League which the Chriſtians lately made, to fight the* Turks: *He has done a thouſand Actions worthy of an Eternal Memory, in the late engagement of thoſe two Fleets, and when* Charles *the* V. *took* Golette, *he was almoſt the only one, who reſiſted him with vigour; but judging himſelf too near* Mahumet *in that Country, where he had not any Troops, and fearing ſuch a treachery, as that which had deprived his laſt Brother of his life, he left* Algiers, *where he then reſided, to come into* Spain, *and implore the Succours of* Philip, *imagining, though a Wanderer and a Vagabond, without Forces, and without Money, he could by his Vallour alone recover the Kingdomes, belonging*

belonging to him by their Laws, and Conquer Mahumet *his Nephew, who is ſettled upon the Throne, beloved by his Subjects, fortified in his Cities, and maintained by a powerful Army. Thus,* purſued *Cardinal Henry, your Highneſs ſees clearly, how King* Philip *had reaſon to refuſe Succour to* Moluc, *and how to ſecond his Deſign's would be to maintain a Law, contrary to ours, and to declare againſt him, who is Naturally Heir of the Crown.* Theſe and ſuch other like reaſons diſſuaded *Don Sebaſtian* from aiding *Moluc*: He judged after ſome Reflexion, that this *African* would not come to demand Succours in *Portugal,* after having been refuſed by the King of *Spain*, being acquainted with the ſtrict Engagements of thoſe two Kings. Theſe Politick Conſiderations did not ſo take up the Kings Mind, but that he beſtowed ſome thoughts upon his Love. If the Declaration he had made of

it, gave ſome eaſe to the violence of his Paſſion, the vexation of not having been able to get from *Elvira* any favourable Anſwer, made him paſs very troubleſome Moments: He ſometimes Figured to himſelf, that he could never be beloved by her: The Languiſhing and the Tenderneſs which *Elvira* made appear to him in her Eyes when ſhe left him, could not reaſſure him againſt this fear; but he was not long in his Suſpicions, and he had all manner of reaſon to believe in the Converſations he had afterwards with *Elvira*, that ſhe had no averſion for him. She even aſſured him in ſeveral Rencounters that ſhe could ſuffer that Paſſion with joy, provided it might ſute with her Duty, and told him all theſe things with all the ſweetneſs and complaiſance, that though ſhe cunningly referred her ſelf to her Father, as to all the ſentiments of her heart, the

King

King conceived hopes that he ſhould be beloved, and even ſometimes flattered himſelf with having ſome part in her tenderneſs, their Commerce became at length ſo great and ſo manifeſt, that the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, ſeeing ſhe could not break it, feigned to ſecond it, and fancied, that introducing her ſelf to thoſe two Lovers, by the Title of a Confident, ſhe might on ſome occaſions of falling out, or inconſtancy, recover her favour with the King, rather than by the Jealouſie ſhe might make appear. She quitted the Deſign ſhe had taken of Engaging her Son in an Intreague with *Elvira*, rightly judging, that in the poſture things were, this enterpriſe would be more diſadvantageous than profitable to her Projects. And the young Duke having never had any inclination but for *Leonora*, and ſeeing himſelf treated with more rigour than uſually, without having

having yet penetrated into the Cauſe of it, endeavoured to clear this point with her. He ſaw her all alone; Vexation did in her, what all his Tenderneſs had not been able yet to do, and Jealouſie made known to the Duke the love ſhe had for him. He firſt complained of her, and then comforted her with a great deal of affection for all that unlucky juncture had made her ſuffer, and gave her a thouſand aſſurances of fidelity againſt her ſuſpicions.

All theſe Lovers enjoy'd, with Tranquility enough, during ſome time, the pleaſures of their inclinations. But how accompliſhed ſoever *Don Sebaſtian* was, he was not born to be happy, and the moſt civil Man of the Court was the innocent cauſe of theſe firſt misfortunes. The *Count de Souza* having worthily acquitted himſelf of his Embaſſy, abandoned the Court of *Spain*, loaded with Glory and Preſents.

Preſents. The News of his ſpeedy return was immediately ſpread about *Lisbon*. As he had a great deal of Merit, and a great many Friends, he was only heard ſpoken of in all Companies; and the Converſations were almoſt all compoſed of his Praiſes. *Elvira* heard his fine Qualities cry'd up in ſeveral Places. She had never ſeen him, and conceived a great deſire to know him. *Don Lewis* had a very fine Country Houſe, two Leagues from *Lisbon*, and near unto a Lordſhip that belonged to *Souza*, whither he often carried *Violanta* and her Friends. *Elvira* was one of her moſt intimate acquaintance: and *Don Lewis* Treating them there one day, after the Ball was begun, four Perſons were ſeen to enter diſguiſed like Slaves, who drew the Eyes of all the Aſſembly, by the Magnificence of their habit. But one among 'em charmed all People by his Air and

his manners; they took him at first for *Don Henry*, because *Eugenia* having never had any great kindness for *Violanta*, they were not of that Assembly, and could only come in Masquerade; but they afterwards observ'd, that *Don Henry* was much fatter, and of a less advantageous shape than this Slave. He at first placed himself at *Elvira*'s Feet, and told her with the best Grace imaginable, that he came from the farthest part of *Africa*, to have the honour of wearing her Chains: She answered him very Obligingly. And by the discourse she had with him, she easily observed, that this Slave had as much Wit as he had a good Meen. *Violanta* took him out to dance, and he acquitted himself in the most seemly and pleasing way that can be fancied. He took out *Elvira*, who danced better with him than she had done before. None knew him, and they all impatiently

patiently longed to ſee his Maſque off. At length *Elvira* ſo earneſtly begged it of him, that he was conſtrained to retire apart, and ſhew her his Face. She was much ſurpriz'd, ſhe did not know him, but much more at his Luſtre. *Ah! ſince I do not know you,* ſaid ſhe to him, (being ſomewhat recovered out of her aſtoniſhment) *and you are ſo well formed, you muſt be the Count* de Souza? *I beg you would not name me, Madam,* ſaid he to her; *I am unwilling to be known; I had a deſire to paſs this night at my Country-Houſe, and have not been yet at Court.* *Elvira* promiſed ſhe would not diſcover him, and kept her Word. As no body knew, that the *Count de Souza* was Arrived at his Houſe, none of them ſuſpected any thing of the truth. He made his Court to her during the Ball, as to the Miſtreſs of his King; whoſe favour he ought to manage. She hearkned to him

with a delight that cauſed an emotion in her, and found a ſecret Charm in his Words and Actions. The Ball being ended, *Elvira* returned to *Lisbon* with a numerous Train of Coaches, and *Souza* came ſeveral times into her mind in the Night, under the moſt agreeable *Idea* that can ever be formed of an accompliſh'd Man.

He appeared the next day at Court, and went to give an account of his Commiſſion to the King, who was with *Elvira*. She could not forbear bluſhing at the ſight of him; ſhe found him yet more charming than he had appeared to her; but ſhe ſo well knew how to conceal her Bluſhes and Emotions, that no body perceived 'em. They diſcourſed of the Court of *Spain*; the *Count de Souza*, of whom they asked the News of it, *ſaid*, that *Don John*, Natural Son to *Charles* the V. was lately Arrived there, and appeared in great Splendour;

Splendour; that he was a Prince equally underſtanding in War and in Policy; that he had ſhewn him a great deal of kindneſs, and had a particular Eſteem of his Merit: That King *Philip*, who had been three times a Widdower, was going to Marry *Ann* of *Auſtria* his Niece, and Siſter of *Maximilian* II. and that *Katherine Michela*, Daughter to *Philip* and the late Deceaſed Queen, was one of the moſt Beautiful Perſons of *Europe*. He was going to tell ſeveral other particulars more of that Court; but *Don Henry*, entring in that moment, cauſed him ſo much trouble, that he could not continue his Diſcourſe: He received his kindneſſes with the greateſt Civility, having reſolved to avoid as much as he could the meeting with his Miſtreſs and his Rival; and being afraid, that *Eugenia* would ſuddenly come to ſee *Elvira*, he took leave of the King, and retired to

his Houſe, where he employ'd all the Efforts of his Reaſon to ſtifle a Paſſion, that he perceived was ready to revive, notwithſtanding all the Cares he had taken to extinguiſh it.

In the mean while *Elvira* no longer gave her thoughts up to Greatneſs, and was not ſo much dazled with the Crown of *Don Sebaſtian*, but that ſhe conſidered of the merit of the *Count de Souza* with much admiration. Her Heart engaged it ſelf by degrees in ſeeing him; and Love evermore uſurping ſomewhat upon Ambition; ſhe begun to have more deſire to pleaſe the Count, than care to engage the King. She ſaw *Souza* every day, and always diſcovered in him ſome new Quality, capable of pleaſing: She found that he did the moſt indifferent thing, with a moſt particular Charm. Not any Man about the Court appeared to her ſo well Made, ſo Active, or ſo Witty

Witty as he; the greateſt Diverti-ſements tired her, when he was not there; and the inclination ſhe was ſenſible of at firſt for him, in a ſhort time, augmented after ſuch a manner, that it became at length a moſt violent Paſſion. It is true, that the Aſſiduities and Complaiſances, which this Count rendred her, contributed very much to the Violence of her Love. As he no longer made Viſits to *Eugenia*, and had reſolved to apply himſelf entirely to the cares of his Fortune, *Elvira* had with joy obſerved, that ſhe was the Perſon of all the Court, whom he oſteneſt Viſited; ſhe took for amorous Addreſſes, the Devoirs he rendred her as the Miſtreſs of his King, and ſo ardently deſired to be beloved by him, that ſhe eaſily imagined he had a love for her.

There appeared ſo much affectation in the Complaiſances ſhe had for *Don Sebaſtian*, and ſhe anſwe-

red his tender reſpects with ſo great a Conſtraint, that the King quickly perceived he was not beloved; and as he loved with all the fervency that a firſt Paſſion can be capable of, theſe coldneſſes did very ſenſibly aggrieve him. Sometimes he openly complained; and walking one day with her, and thoſe that were the Companions of his Pleaſures, in the Gardens of *Don Lewis*: After having propoſed to her ſeveral ſorts of Divertiſements, none of which ſhe would accept of, he reproached her for the indifference ſhe ſeemed to be in to Pleaſures. She defended her ſelf, and told him, there were a thouſand Recreations capable of diverting her: *They are thoſe then that I have no part in*, ſaid the King to her, *and I do not believe, that of a long time any of thoſe has pleaſed you, which I have propoſed?* *Elvira* could not hold from bluſhing at theſe Words, and *Violanta*, who loved her tenderly,

perceiving

perceiving her diſorder, and the King's vexation, told him, for to make up the buſineſs: *Ah! Sir, it is impoſſible to be more gay than* Elvira *was at the Ball, you gave two days ago:* (And in truth ſhe was in a very good humour in that Aſſembly; becauſe the King had Commanded *Souza* to do the Honours of it) *I muſt confeſs,* ſaid *Leonora, that* Elvira *found the Ball very Charming: I remember that at a Regal, which* Don Lewis *gave to the Ladies, ſometime ſince, ſhe appeared the merrieſt of the Company; I remember too,* ſaid *Don Lewis, and I believe the four* Moors, *who came to be her Slaves, had put her into that humour.* Theſe laſt Words put *Elvira* ſo out of Countenance, that ſhe would never have been able to have concealed her trouble, if ſhe had not luckily made a ſtumble, which gave a pretext to this diſorder. The King after having lent her his Hand to hold her up,

enquired very earneſtly who thoſe *Moors* were; the Count *de Souza* Arrived when the King asked this Queſtion. He himſelf was ſtruck dumb, and the ſight of him redoubled *Elvira's* diſorder, they were both of them in an equal pain; though they had different Sentiments; and this trouble would without doubt have diſcovered *Elvira's* ſecret Paſſion, if *Cardinal Henry*, whom *Don Sebaſtian* ſtill conſidered as his Tutour, had not arrived at that inſtant, and broke off that Converſation by his preſence. The King going to Supper preſently after, the Ladies retired; and as *Souza* had pereceived he was the cauſe of *Elvira's* trouble, he very prudently avoided any particular Converſation with her, and pretended he was obliged to be at the Kings Supper, that he might be diſpenſed from leading *Elvira* as he was uſed to do. But what Addreſs and Care ſoever he employ'd to avoid

avoid the assurance of a thing, which his Zeal and Modesty ever refused, it was impossible for him to be long in suspence of what he feared. *Elvira* loved him with too much Passion, to be able to constrain her self: When she ever talked with him, she was strangely disordered; she was even sometimes so bold, as to let him know how much the Kings Cares and Complaisances fatigued her, and what a torture it was to her, that she could not follow her inclinations with an entire Liberty; she began several times to talk to him of the disorder the *Moors* Conversation put her in; the Count came always off from these perplexities with a great deal of Prudence and Civility; but at length *Elvira* fancying to her self, that he had some affection for her, and that respect hindred him from telling it, she believed it was her part to encourage him. She resolved one day in

the violence of her Paſſion, to declare to him openly, what ſhe was ſenſible of; but the occaſion could not eaſily be found, becauſe the Count carefully avoided her, and ſaw her but at the Kings, whither he could not diſpenſe himſelf from going.

A light indiſpoſition had detained this Prince in Bed that day, *Elvira* was to ſee him, the Dorekeepers told her, he was aſleep; whereupon ſhe ſtepped into the Antichamber, and perceived near the Window Count *Souza*, in all likelyhood expecting *Don Sebaſtian*'s waking, and ſeemed to be profoundly penſive: She approached him trembling, and as they were far enough off from thoſe, who were preſent, as not to be underſtood: *May I ask you, what you think of at preſent, Count*, ſaid ſhe to him all amazed? *Souza* being ſurpriz'd at her preſence, would have retired after ſome Civilities: *No, no, ſtay*, ſaid

ſhe

ſhe to him, ſtopping him, *I will Diſcourſe you about ſomething concerns you; I participate too much in all that touches you, to leave you in the trouble I have ſeen you in for ſome time: Do you love, are you ambitious?* continued ſhe, *my Credit may equally ſerve you in thoſe two things, and I offer it you all entire, if you will tell me, what it is that makes you ſad.* The Count *de Souza* was much out of Countenance to hear this Diſcourſe, and told her, after having thanked her for her Civilities, that he had no other ambition, than that of maintaining himſelf at Court, in the rank his Birth had placed him: *You are then in Love*, reply'd ſhe immediately, with an extream diſorder. *I aſſure you, Madam*, interrupted *Souza* gently, *I Love only my King. A little affection is not incompatible with a great deal of Zeal*, reply'd *Elvira* tenderly. *A Heart all entire is not too much for ſo great a Prince*, anſwered

ſwered he firmly, *we owe him all our thoughts; and I make it my buſineſs, and am proud of Conſecrating to him even the very leaſt of my Actions.* This Diſcourſe ſo diſcouraged *Elvira*, and put her ſo out of Countenance, that ſhe could no longer bear the looks of *Souza*, nor replyed any thing to him, and ſhe knew not whether ſhe had beſt quit him, or ſtay with him, when the Doorkeepers came and told her, that the King was awake, and that they might ſee him: They went both into his Chamber, the Court grew full in a little time, and *Souza* retired preſently after, more troubled at what he had newly heard, than he had been in all his life time.

The Duke *d'Avero* obſerving all his Daughters Actions, and ſeeing the ſequel did not anſwer the happy beginning, ſuſpected, that ſome ſtronger Paſſion triumphed over *Elvira's* Ambition. She had talked to him ſo often, and with ſo much admiration

admiration of *Souza*, and this Count appeared to him ſo proper to inſpire love, that he Examined them both with Care; he ſaw, *Elvira* bluſht, and was ever troubled at the ſight of him. He no longer doubted, but he was the cauſe of this change, and reſolved to remedy it without ſeeming to be the leaſt concerned. The Count *de Souza* was of a Rank, Merit, and Conduct, not to be eaſily ruined at Court: Wherefore the Duke employ'd his Cares and his Credit to remove him after another manner. An Ambaſſadour was to be ſent to *Pope Pius* the V, who was newly raiſed to the Pontificate by the Cares and Solicitations of the Great *Boromeus*, and *Cardinal Farneſe*. The Duke *d'Avero* took ſuch a courſe, as that the King caſt his Eyes upon the Count *de Souza* for that Embaſſy: But ſo ſoon as *Elvira* had learnt this News, the diſpleaſure of ceaſing to ſee what ſhe could

could not forbear loving, made ſuch an impreſſion upon her Mind, that ſhe went with all haſte to the King, pretending to be ignorant of what he had reſolved, to pray him with earneſtneſs to give that Commiſſion to *Don Alvaro Caſtro*, whom all the Court knew to be one of her Creatures; and the King having told her, he had granted that Employ to the Count *d'Souza* at the Duke *de Avero*'s deſire, the fear ſhe was in that her Father had diſcovered her Paſſion, and for that reaſon was deſirous to remove him from Court, made her ſo dumb and out of Countenance, that ſhe almoſt ſuffered all which paſſed in her Heart to be read in her Eyes; but after being come ſomewhat to her ſelf again, ſhe ſpoke with ſo tender and preſſing an Air to *Don Sebaſtian*, that not being able to refuſe her any thing, he told the Count *de Souza* in the Evening, who came to thank him, that his Coun-

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cil had judged it more convenient to give that Commiſſion to *Don Alvaro Caſtro*, who had already one of the ſame Nature, and was perfectly well inſtructed in the ſeveral Intereſts of the Court of *Rome*. This Change ſurprized all the Court: They ſought for the reaſon of it, and it was found, that *Elvira*'s Credit was the cauſe. Her Father did not doubt of her Paſſion: He make her a thouſand reproaches, which did no good at all. *Alvaro Caſtro* departed, after having thanked her for a favour, he was not indebted to her goodneſs for; and the Count *de Souza* knew with an extream grief, that 'twas as great a misfortune to him to be beloved by the perſon he did not love, as to be hated by her he loved.

The King daily perceiving more and more indifference in *Elvira*, was ſo mortally grieved at it, that it rendred him the moſt unhappy of all Men, though he ſeemed the moſt

moſt happy. And that which ſtill augmented his trouble was, that at that time aroſe one called *Peter Bertrand*, the Eldeſt Son of the Illuſtrious *Montluc*, not being willing to ſteep his Hands in the Blood of *Frenchmen*, not to be on either ſide in the Civil Wars and Hereſies that ſo Plagued all *France*; fitted out a little Fleet, and Manned it with about Twelve hundred Men, or thereabouts: His youngeſt Son, and another younger Brother of the Family of *Pompadour* accompanied him in this Voyage, and being come upon the Coaſts of *Madera*, they would have Landed to have taken in freſh Water; but the *Portugals*, who were Maſters of that Iſland, Fired their Canon upon them, and Sallied out againſt *Bertrand*. He immedietely ſet Eight hundred of his Men on Shore, Cut the *Portugals* to pieces, Sack'd the City that bears the Name of the Iſland, and died a little after, of a wound

wound he received in that Fight.

Don Sebaſtian could not hear this News without a great deal of vexation, he cauſed ſatisfaction to be demanded of *Charles* the IX, and accuſed *Bertrand* and his Companions of being Pyrates and Infractours of the Treaties. *France* having then Inteſtine Enemies enough, without needing to draw upon it others, was willing to Sacrifice to the King of *Portugal*'s anger, all thoſe who had followed *Bertrand* in that Voyage; but the reputation of *Montluc*, and the Power of the Admiral, who ever maintained the Glory of the *French* Nation, fenced off this blow by his Subtilty. The Count *de Sanzay* was ſent to *Don Sebaſtian* to juſtifie the *French-men*, and Queen *Margarite*, who was ever contriving Great Deſigns, took that occaſion to attempt a Match between *Don Sebaſtian*, and the Siſter of *Charles* the IX, to the intent this Alliance might the more cloſely unite

France

France and *Portugal*, and might augment the Rights, that the *French* pretend to have upon that Crown. The Count *de Sanzay* departed with ſecret Inſtructions for that Marriage. He juſtified *Bertrand* and his Companions; and knowing that pleaſures are often very good means to ſucceed in Affairs, he was at all the Divertiſements of the Court, to the intent he might the more eaſily bring to paſs his ſecret Negotiation. He was young and well made, which was ſufficient to get into the favour of the *Portugal* Ladies. His Diſcourſes and his Manners had a certain agreeableneſs, that had the Art of Charming even in the beſt of things; that free and eaſie Air that makes Gentlemen be diſtinguiſhed from others, was more Natural to him than to any Man beſides; he was of that ſort of gallant humour, which ever engages it ſelf in Love, but is ever for all manner of Divertiſements: But

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his Wit was yet more Solid than Gallant, and he oftentimes made thoſe Trifles be uſeful to the greateſt Affairs. *Leonora* ſeem'd to him worthy of his Cares, and fit for ſome little Engagements; ſhe had an Air of Sweetneſs and Sincerity, which made one not afraid of thoſe Artifices in her, which her Sex commonly makes uſe of: The Count *de Sanzay*, entertained her with a thouſand Gallantries. He gave her Treats and Diverſions neatly contrived; he ſpoke to her of Love upon all occaſions, but he ſpoke after ſuch a manner, that one could not take ſeriouſly enough ſo as to be diſpleaſed, and however appeared ſo ſincere, that Credit might be given to it, deſigning to give high *Ideas* of the Court of *France* for the facilitating the Marriage which he negotiated: All that he did for *Leonora* was ſo magnificent, that the Duke of *Barcellos*'s affection was alarm'd, and he

he was sometimes very uneasie. He immediately found that *Elvira* had great Power over the King; he endeavoured to make her his Friend, and though he judged, that the Ambition of the Duke *d'Avero*, and the tender Commerce of his Daughter, with *Don Sebastian*, would bring great Obstacles to his Negotiation, he persuaded himself that they would soon penetrate into his Designs, and that before they could know them, he might have perhaps brought them to pass. He fancied he might draw great light from her for the carrying on his Projects: He forgot none of all those little Cares, that might procure him some part in her Friendship. She could not refuse it him; she took delight in seeing him, she spoke to him with Confidence, she often enquired of him News of his Amour; he did not excuse himself from telling her, hoping that the Confidence he put

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in her, would obtain the like, and others from her, that might be useful to his enterprize; but persons of Wit are too reserv'd in that matter; she would sooner have acquainted him with the most secret Affairs of State, than the least motion of her Heart, and all that the Counts penetration could discover in that Intreague, was, that *Elvira* had no great inclination for the King, but that he had a violent Passion for her. He spoke immediately of this Marriage unto Queen *Katharine*, because he saw her well intentioned enough for *France*, she assured him, she would endeavour it with all her Power: But as she no longer concerned her self hardly at all with Affairs of State, she was no great help to him. He likewise managed Cardinal *Henry* with great Care: He perceived, that this Prelate did not approve of the Passion which *Don Sebastian* had for *Elvira*, and that

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it was not his meaning to Contract a New Alliance with the *Spaniards*. He ſpoke to him very ſlightly of that which *Portugal* might make with *France*; But whether this Cardinal was not willing to procure Heirs to the Crown, that devolved upon him after *Don Sebaſtian*'s Death, or not any of thoſe Matches did pleaſe him, he found difficulties every where, and the Count *de Sanzay* did not think fit to Diſcourſe him any more about it.

He turned all his Deſigns upon the King: He praiſed upon all occaſions, the Wit and Beauty of the Ladies of *France*; he ſhewed him all the advantages he might have by making an Alliance with that Crown. He likewiſe cunningly let him ſee the Picture of the Princeſs *Marguerite*, and often deſcribed her to him in all the extent of her Charms: But of what effect are all endeavours againſt a prepoſſeſt Heart, it was in vain he laid

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in view all the reaſons of Policy, and Charms of Beauty; *Don Sebaſtian* had only Eyes for *Elvira*, though ſhe rendred him the moſt unhappy of all Men.

The Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, whoſe Jealouſie did continually make ſome diſcovery of her Rivals inclinations, and being alſo one of *Sanzay's* Friends, was the firſt who made him obſerve, that *Elvira* had a kindneſs for *Souza*. This Dutcheſs fearing, that all ſhe could ſay to the King upon this Subject would be ſuſpected, cunningly ſet on Foot a report amidſt the Secret News of the Court, that *Elvira* had a greater Paſſion for another than for the King. But as *Souza* ſaw *Elvira* leſs than any other, the King did not ſuſpect he had any part in that Intrigue, and was not able to diſcover his Rival. Chance at length acquainted him with what not any one about Court durſt have told him, and what

was ſuſpected but by very few People. *Elvira* was coming one day to the Queen's, as the Count *de Souza* was going out; and as he always endeavoured to avoid meeting her, bowing, he would have paſſed by haſtily; but ſhe ſtopped him, and ſaid to him: *Methinks Count, you take a great deal of Care to ſhun me, and I ſhould have been glad, you would have told me, what reaſon you have to do ſo.* The Count, perplexed at this Diſcourſe, anſwered her with a great deal of reſpect: *Since I have merited your hatred, and you have judged me unworthy of ſerving my King, in the Commiſſion he had given me, I ought to hide my ſelf from all the World. Is that hating you, Count,* replyed ſhe tenderly, *not to be willing you ſhould go from us?* The King came at theſe Words, and they were all three ſo diſcompoſed, that it was impoſſible for any one of them to ſpeak ſo much as one Word: *Don Sebaſtian* entred

entred the Queens Appartment; where his disquiet did not permit him to stay long. *Elvira* did not make her Visit. The Count retired to his House. And the King, who had only heard the last Words of that Conversation, impatient to Explain himself with *Elvira*, and all on a Fire to make her a thousand Reproaches, went to her House in such a rage as threatned the ruin of *Souza*. But the King's anger could not last against the feeble Reasons of *Elvira*; she persuaded him, that in the coldest indifference, she could do no less than answer the Count to appease his trouble; and she gave so innocent a Colour to that Conversation, that the King went from her with very little suspicion, and a woundrous deal of Love.

The Kings Choller being appeased, all the Lovers of that Court enjoy'd for some time a very delicious Peace. *Elvira* took care

not to give any Jealouſie to the King: *Souza* comported himſelf ſo prudently, that no ſuſpicions could be conceived of his Behaviour. The Dutcheſs of *Braganza* ſeeing all her endeavours were in vain, renounced her Deſign, and retired to the Duke her Husband. The Duke *de Barcellos* being cleared of all Jealouſies by *Leonora*, was ſure of her Affection, and no longer alarm'd at the Addreſſes of the Count *de Sanzay*, who did not apply himſelf very paſſionately to that Conqueſt. *Don Lewis* and *Violanta* enjoy'd the ſweeteſt pleaſures of Love. *Don Henry* was full of joy to know he was beloved of *Eugenia*: And *Souza*'s Reaſon was become ſo much Maſter of his Love, that his preſence gave not trouble at all to their Pleaſures, and there was only the Duke *d'Avero*, who was ſtill in diſquiet and ſuſpicions.

As he had to no purpoſe endeavoured to remove *Souza* from Court, and his preſence perpetually allarming him, he fancied, that the Count being Married, he ſhould be exempt from all thoſe fears, and ſhould deprive his Daughter of the hopes that entertained her love. He caſt his Eyes upon *Eugenia* for that Deſign. Some light ſuſpicions that *Don Sebaſtian* made appear one day of *Souza*, gave an opportunity to the Duke, of propoſing this Match to the King, which he did not fail to Colour with ſeveral Reaſons of State. This Propoſition was well received by the King; he undertook it with a great deal of heat, and told *Souza* the next day, that ſome important reaſons had made him think of Marrying him to *Eugenia*; that he took upon himſelf, the care of making her Conſent to that Match, and that he ſhould prepare himſelf for it. A Thunderbolt could not have

aſtoniſhed *Souza* more than this Diſcourſe did: He made no other anſwer by a low Bow, and a prompt Retreat. The Count *de Sanzay* being then at the King's, and having heard the Order *Souza* had newly received, made uſe of that occaſion for the fully clearing his ſuſpicions. He went to *Elvira's*, and told her this News with ſo much art, that ſhe was not able to conceal either her trouble, or her weakneſs. The Count of *Sanzay* took advantage of her diſorder, and pitied her with a great deal of kindneſs. Compaſſion is the ſureſt way to inſinuate ones ſelf into the favour of the unhappy; he preſſed her with ſo much addreſs, and ſo obligingly offered her his Service, for the preventing this Match, that ſhe Ingenuouſly Confeſſed to him the Affection ſhe had for *Souza*; he murmered againſt the Ambition of the Duke *d'Avero*; he extolled the Conſtancy of *Elvira*;

and

and in fine, when he took his leave, he promiſed her to uſe his endeavours to deliver her out of this perplexity.

When *Souza* was returned to his Houſe, he felt a thouſand different motions of Grief and Joy: He at firſt ſuffered himſelf to be lured with the hopes of poſſeſſing *Eugenia*, which was the greateſt of all happineſſes to him; but making reflexion, that if he obtained her, it would be againſt her Will, he found ſomething ſo culpable and ſo baſe in thoſe hopes, as he laid them by immediately. He ſearch'd into the cauſe of that Propoſition; he ſaw, that to Marry *Eugenia* would be to make himſelf her Tyrant; he foreſaw, that the diſobeying *Don Sebaſtian*, would make all the Court believe he had ſome Engagement with *Elvira*, and it would be to expoſe himſelf to all the fury and hatred, that a Jealous and Offended King can be capable of.

But

But in ſhort, the Count being ever a Compleat Wellbred-Man, choſe rather to be Unhappy than Criminal, and reſolved to loſe rather the favour of his Prince, than to Tyrannize over his Miſtriſs; he would however ſpeak to her before all things. He went to her Houſe the next day, where having found her alone, he asked her a moments Audience, without being interrupted, and told her with the moſt Submiſſive and Paſſionate Air Imaginable, *I come to declare to you a ſecret, which I conceal from all the World: For above four years I have lov'd you, Madam, with the pureſt and moſt violent Paſſion that ever was, I have in vain endeavoured to ſtifle this Flame; I went away from* Lisbon; *I depriv'd my ſelf of ſeeing you; I uſed a thouſand Efforts every day; and all that I have been hitherto able to gain upon my ſelf, was, not to let any thing eſcape from this Paſſion that might*

diſpleaſe

diſpleaſe you: *No Madam*, continued he reſpectfully, *I could not yet have made a Confeſſion of it to you if I were not conſtrained by the moſt preſſing neceſſity that can be imagined. My Lord*, reply'd *Eugenia*, very much ſurpriz'd at a Diſcourſe whoſe end ſhe did not foreſee, *if my Heart was not engag'd---I know it*, Interrupted *Souza*, Don Henry *loves you, and you love him; by my ſighs I never troubled a Commerce, that did not diſpleaſe you; I have ever reſpected your choice; I would die a thouſand times rather than Traverſe the Joys of your Union. However, Madam, however, for reaſons, I cannot tell you, the King would conſtrain you to Marry me. Ah Count!* anſwered *Eugenia* all diſordered, *I cannot perſuade my ſelf, that the King would uſe violence upon any one. I do not believe, Madam*, reply'd *Souza*, penetrated with grief, *that you ſuſpect me capable of any Artifice, and what I am ready to do for you,*

well merits, that you had other ſentiments: 'Tis the Kings Will, that we Marry one another: Theſe Words ſet you a ſhivering, as they do me a trembling; not but that it would be the greateſt happineſs of my life, for I adore you. My Lord, interrupted *Eugenia* impatiently, *theſe repetitions are uſeleſs, and I will believe all you would have me. Ah! Madam,* reply'd *Souza* paſſionately, *let me have at leaſt the pleaſure of telling you this time; I ſuffer ſo much, that I fancy it might very well be permitted me, and 'tis the only ſatisfaction I ſhall have in the misfortunes that are ready to oppreſs me. I vow to you, Madam, the Paſſion I have for you has not exacted the Order which the King has given me, more Powerful Motives have obliged him to reſolve of this Marriage, and our diſobedience will draw upon us all his anger. And of what importance can this match be to the King,* anſwered *Eugenia?* who begun to ſuſpect him guilty

guilty of Artifice, *No, Cruel Man,* continued she in a Passion, *'tis you, who misuse the Royal Authority, for the dividing two Hearts whom you thought took pleasure in being united. How have I been deceived in the esteem I have had for you? How are you changed? All your Friendship is only Artifice; you have seduced the King, and would seduce me: But this is not the surest course for you, and by these means, you will draw upon your self all my hatred.* Eugenia spoke these Words with a great deal of Grief, and Anger, and accompanied them with some Tears: What a Spectacle, and what a Discourse was this to poor *Souza*? He was ready to renounce what he loved, to disobey the King, to be accused of a Criminal Infidelity in regard of his Prince, to lose his Reputation, his Fortune, and perhaps his Life, and all this in favour of a Rival and a Mistriss, who accused him of Imposture and Cruelty. He

was

was ſo lively pierc'd with her reproaches and tears, that he could not forbear ſhedding ſome himſelf. And after having eyed *Eugenia* ſome time, without being able to anſwer her. *No, no,* ſaid he to her, *do not fear any thing from the King, nor my Artifices, Madam, I deſerved a kinder Treatment, but you are reſolved to compleat my misfortune, and deprive me of the pleaſure of being pittied by you, which was the only one I durſt aſpire to. I do not pretend to force you from* Don Henry; *I never had even the leaſt hopes you would change your ſentiments in favour of me, and I would only have been a little more certain of my misfortune. Yes, Madam,* continued he, with an extream Grief, *I love you too much to make you unhappy: Our Marriage could not make you happy, wherefore I muſt Renounce it; and though this refuſal perhaps will coſt me my life, I would rather run to death, than loſe your eſteem, and*

ſooner

ſooner endeavonr your Happineſs than my own Fortune: I do not deſire you ſhould come before the King, and joyn your diſobedience to mine; I ſhould be but a little better juſtified, and I ſhall expoſe my ſelf alone to his Choller, as ſoon as you ſhall have have made me a litle more certain of your averſion. My Lord, anſwered *Eugenia*, in Confuſion at what ſhe had ſaid, and what ſhe had newly heard, *ſo far from hating you, I have ever had a perfect friendſhip for you, I eſteemed your Merit as ſoon as I knew you, but I was not acquainted with your Love before I was engaged, and I did not believe the Kings Orders would be ſo fatal to us. Alas! they are only ſo to me*, anſwered *Souza, you will injoy in Peace what you love, and I am deprived of what I adore, and oppreſt with the hatred of my King, I ſhall wait for death with impatience. Ah Count*, ſaid ſhe to him in ſuſpence, *I would not have my happineſs coſt you ſo*

Dear,

Dear, and if your Life be concerned, I will do all I can to ſave you. 'Tis *enough, Madam*, ſaid the Count to her, falling at her Feet, *I am content, and I am going to think how to ſatisfie you*: *No, my Lord*, ſaid *Eugenia* ſtopping him, *it is not juſt you ſhould make me happy by your unhappineſs; Duty and Friendſhip conſpire againſt my Paſſion; I muſt obey, I muſt follow your Example; I have not ſo much force, and ſo much firmneſs as you. But what Torments ſoever it may coſt me, you may tell the King, that if your Life be concerned, I am ready to do all that is neceſſary to ſave you.* She could not ſpeak theſe Words without an extream conſtraint and grief: The horrour ſhe figured to her ſelf in loſing *Don Henry*, put her into a Condition to have raiſed pity: And *Souza*, who ſaw all ſort of grief painted in her Face, told her in reaſſuring her, *Madam, it is for me to conquer my ſelf, my*

love

love has ever been concealed in ſilence, and this ſeaſon is very improper to make it appear. You love Don Henry, *he loves you; you have both conceived great hopes to enjoy your happineſs; you never loved me; I never had any hopes you would; let me die, I ſhall be content provided the King believes me innocent, and you allow ſome Tears to my Misfortunes.* The Count went out having ſpoken theſe Words, and did not wait for *Eugenia*'s anſwer, who was in the Cruellſt perplexity that ever was, admiring *Sanza*'s Gnerosity, fearing the Kings Power, and infinitely concerned for her love.

Don Henry came to her Houſe, as ſhe was ſtill in theſe Reflexions, and asked her the reaſon of the ſadneſs he ſaw in her Face. She made him a ſincere recital of all the Count had newly ſaid to her; commending his Generoſity and his Conſtancy: But as we ever fear to loſe what we love, *Don Henry* could

could not assure himself of *Souza*'s Resolution; he fancied there was never such an Honest Wellbred-Man, as could resist an ardent love, and so favourable an occasion, he could not suffer himself to be convinc'd by the strong reasons *Eugenia* brought to reassure his affection. He said to her the most touching things imaginable upon his fears; he would have gone, and flung himself at the Kings Feet, and offered him his life instead of his Mistriss: But she let him know that it was to expose two Heads instead of one to the anger of *Don Sebastian*, and this Declaration would without doubt include him in the same disgrace, there needed no more than this Declaration to stop *Don Henry*; they both agreed that they ought to content themselves with employing all the Friends they had at Court to serve the Count *de Souza*, in the misfortune that threatned him.

Souza was to make his Court the day following: The King did not fail to ask him, if he had executed thoſe Orders: He anſwered with a profound reſpect, that he ſhould be ever ready to obey his Highneſs; but he had acquired ſo little Reputation, and had yet ſo feebly ſerved the State, that he could not reſolve to Marry, and that ſuch Engagements evermore took up the better part of the Cares, that are due to ones Prince. The King much diſpleaſed at this refuſal, did no longer doubt, but he had an Intrigue with *Elvira*, and told him furiouſly, *That a diſobedient Subject could not render him good Services, and bid appear no more in his preſence.* The Count went away oppreſt with ſorrow, and was no ſooner at his Houſe, than a Captain of the Guards came to Command him from the King to leave the Kingdom with the ſooneſt. He received this Order with

all

all the respect imaginable, and not reproaching himself with any Crime, nor imputing any thing to the King of his misfortune, and Sacrificing all to his love, he went out of the City some moments after without murmering, and without going to any Friends House, for fear of being oblig'd to see *Elvira*. The Count *de Souza's* Exile being spread a little time after through all the City, the best sort of People pitied him; and in the Grief that *Elvira* was in for his absence, she could not forbear having a secret joy, being he had refused *Eugenia*, she fancied, (as it is usual to flatter ones self) that she might well be the Cause of that refusal; and entertaing her self with that thought, she resolved to employ all her Friends secretly to solicite *Souza's* return, not daring to ask it her self. This incident did help much to encourage the Confidence and Friendship she had

for

for the Count *de Sanzay*; ſhe imagined, that in the offers of Services, and the promiſes he had made her, he contributed very much towards the hindring the Execution of this Match; ſhe imparted to him all the Griefs that *Souza's* abſence gave her; ſhe even confeſſed to him one day, that the indifference ſhe had before for the King was even changed into an averſion, ſince this Exile. *Sanzay* laboured in Court with her, to cauſe *Souza* to be recalled: All the better ſort of People at Court begged the ſame of the King, but their Prayers were uſeleſs; Jealouſie is not appeaſed like other troubles; and the King being ever inexorable. *Elvira* had coldneſſes for him that they would have been capable of revenging *Souza* if he had known them, and if he had been a leſs good Subject.

He

He was ſome time deliberating into what Kingdom he ſhould go into Baniſhment, and for what Quarrel he ſhould expoſe his Life.

The End of the Firſt Part.

Don Sebastian
KING
OF
Portugal.

An Historical Novel.

PART II.

Done out of *French* by
Mr. *FERRAND SPENCE.*

LONDON,
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KING
of
Portugal.

Don Sebastian,
KING
OF
PORTUGAL.

FRance had at length, in a General Peace, lulled asleep the Rage and Fury of the Civil-Wars; all things were preparing in that Kingdom for the Marriage of *Charles* IX, with *Elizabeth* Daughter to the Emperour *Maximilian* II. Queen *Margarite*, who in the inteſtine troubles of the moſt Cruel Wars, had ever carried along with her Divertiſements and Pleaſures, prepared to Celebrate

brate this Marriage by such Sports and Rejoycings as were worthy of the Princess. But what *Souza* sought was quite different from Joy. And *Pius* V, had in his Politick Zeal obliged the King of *Spain*, and the *Venetians* to joyn with him, to make War against the *Grand-Seignior*, the Count *de Souza* finding an occasion of Signalizing the Zeal he had ever had for Religion, took the Road of *Cephalonia*, otherwise called the Isle of *Zantes*, where was the Randezvous of all the Christian Troops. He demanded Employ of *Don John*, Natural Son of the Emperour *Charles* V, who Commanded the *Spanish* Forces, and was Generalissimo. He mounted a Galley, tho *Don John*, knowing his Merit, and having Contracted a Friendship with him in *Spain*, would have given him a more Considerable Command. The *Ottoman* Forces assembled in the *Gulph* of *Lepanto*: The Armies approach'd,

approached, a profound Calm equally favoured both the Fleets; the Winds, and the Sea seemed to remain in suspence between so many Combatants. At last the Engagement began; *Souza*'s ardour made his Galley to fly every where, where he saw Danger and Glory. A hundred Illustrious Actions signalized him in that Rencounter; he sank Ships, took Galleys, pursued so vigorously *Bashaw Berthai*, that he was constrained to fly in a Pinace to *Lepanto*. This great Victory acquired an Immortal Glory to the Christians, and caused an Irreparable loss to the Infidels: A hundred and fourscore Galleys were taken from 'em, fourscore and ten sunk, fifteen thousand Christian Slaves freed; thirty thousand *Turks* were there drowned, ten thousand taken Prisoners, and almost all their Chief Officers perished in that Battel. Tho the Count of *Souza* had no

very conſiderable Employ in that Battel, he was one of thoſe who gained the moſt Honour, and all he ſought was to die in that occaſion. He was mortally troubled at the Advice he had received ſome days before, that *Don Henry* had Married *Eugenia*, and that *Don Sebaſtian*'s diſpleaſure ſtill continued.

In the mean time, the grief and ſlight of *Elvira* became an inſupportable rigour to the King. The Duke *d'Avero* was in deſpair, and could no ways remedy it. All thoſe, who took a juſt intereſt in the Affairs of State, made uſe of that occaſion for to force this love from the heart of *Don Sebaſtian*: *Count Sanzay* employ'd himſelf in it more cunningly than any other. The King combated on all ſides, and extreamly vexed he ſhould be ſo much in love with *Elvira*, uſed all manner of Efforts to overcome that Paſſion: But he was too deeply engaged, and irritating

tating himſelf againſt a Love he was not able to triumph over, reproaching himſelf, that he had not yet performed any thing Glorious, he reſolved to abſent himſelf from *Elvira*, and go ſeek in his Enemies Territories the means of ſignalizing and curing himſelf. While he made theſe Reflexions, the report of *Don Lewis* and *Violanta's* Marriage became publick. Their Son called *Don Antonio* appeared openly at Court, and *Don Lewis* obtained the Priory of *Crato* for him. The King diſapproved in himſelf the inequality of his Uncles Match, but feared to become culpable of as great a weakneſs. He cauſed all things neceſſary to be prepared for a ſpeedy departure, he ſtrongly endeavoured to overcome that Paſſion, and to begin the triumph of it, he granted the return of the Count *de Souza* upon the preſſing ſolicitations of *Don Lewis* of *Granada*, who had ever been his Friend, and who

fully juſtified him in his opinion.

The Count *de Sanzay* believing this time was favourable for his Deſign, began to make the Propoſals of it to the King, and in the deſire that this Prince had to make ſome Voyage to cure him, he immediately propoſed to him, the going into *France*, where he would find Feaſts, Divertiſements and Sights worthy of him: But the King ſought for Glory, and not for Pleaſures; his trouble was too great to ſhew himſelf in a Court filled with ſo much joy. That Ambaſſador repreſented to him, how the Kingdoms of *France* and *Portugal* had ever been in a ſtrict Union; but the King his Maſter deſired to continue it always, and to make it even more binding; how it was to be deſired, that their Councils would conclude a Marriage betwixt the King of *Portugal*, and the Princeſs *Marguerite* the *French* Kings Siſter, who joyned to her High-Birth, a

thousand Beautiful Qualities, that rendred her worthy of the greatest Monarchs. *Don Sebastian* received this Proposition as an advantageous mark of esteem and friendship on the part of *Charles* IX. But his Mind and Heart were in too great a perplexity to come to a speedy determination in an Affair of that Importance. He told the Count *de Sanzay*, that there required time to consider of it; and he would propose it to his Council, and give him an answer within eight days. This Proposition was Debated in Council, but all the Members having particular Interests to hinder this Marriage, and the King himself having no great inclination to it, the Count of *Sanzay* made the advantages appear to no purpose, which the Crown of *Portugal* might receive from that Allyance. Cardinal *Henry*, and the Duke *d'Avero* always opposed it. The Pensioners the

King of *Spain* had in this Council disapproved it likewise, and the *French* Ambassadour was at length constrained to take his Audience of leave, and to return into *France*, without having succeeded in that Affair, or made any progress upon the Heart of *Leonora*. The greatest Wits, and the greatest Gallants not being always the most successful in Business and in Love. All these Propositions, and others that were made to the King to prevent the Voyage he was resolved to make into *Africa*, were not capable of dissuading him from it: And when he Communicated to his Council the desire he had to make War upon the *Moors*, Cardinal *Henry* seeing he could not raise Troops enough for that Expedition, Disputed with all his force the boldness of this Design, and the Duke *d'Avero*, who notwithstanding so many Obstacles, had not abandoned his Ambitious Project, would by spe-

cious reasons hinder an absence, that might quite destroy a Passion he had seen budding with delight.

But the King was fixt in his resolutions, he was no longer willing to see *Elvira*, he would fly her, and Court Glory, and for a pretext to this Design, he represented to his Council, how *Mulei Moluc*, to whom the King of *Spain* had refused his Succours, had newly routed the *Moors*, with three thousand Men only that the Grand-Signior had given him, and was ready to chace away his Nephew *Mahumet* from the Throne; that his Heart was as great, and his Forces more considerable than *Moluc's*; that Enemies who destroy one another, were not difficult to be Vanquished; and in fine, that he might take advantage of the disorder the Civil-Wars had brought that Country into. They were forc'd to yield to the reasons, and to the ardour of *Don Sebastian*:

Orders were given for the fitting out four Galleys, and ſome Ships; Troops were raiſed, and the King went but with a ſmall Force into *Africa*, whither the Duke *d'Avero*, the young Duke *de Barcellos*, *Don Lewis*, the Count of *Souza*, who was arrived ſome days before, and all the other Lords followed him: And *Elvira*, treated ill by her Father, neglected by her King, abandoned by her Lover, returned into the Convent, the Duke *d'Avero* had cauſed her to come out of, and there gave her ſelf up ſo to grief, that a lingring Feaver took her, that was not judged dangerous at firſt, but in a ſhort time made a conſiderable change in her Perſon. Though the King had neither Forces nor Ships enough, to undertake a great War againſt the *Moors*, who were in their own Country, and had beaten an Army much more numerous, he did things that ſurpaſſed all hopes and

expectations

expectations. He gave in all Places Testimonies of his Valour; he was in Person in the least Attacks: He went into the very Ports of the Enemies to burn their Ships: He Attacqued all that he found, without being daunted at the number of the *Moors*. Coming near *Arzilla*, he immediately resolv'd to Besiege it: That City is Situated upon the Sea side; its Outworks and Inworks being Fortified with all things necessary for its defence; it had been taken formerly by the *Portugez*. The King had not Troops enough to undertake that Siege: But the vexation he was in, when he considered how the *Moors* had gained from him that Conquest, and when he made reflexion upon the Glory which would follow that enterprize, made him pass over all difficulties. He caus ed with a great deal of Expedition, to be prepared all things necessary for the Execution of that attempt; he sur-

priz'd the Garrison, entred the City by Scaling the Walls, and was in the midst of its Inhabitants with two hundred Men at most of his Attendants. The *Arbilians* somewhat recovered from their first surprize, sold their Liberty very dear, and Defended themselves very vigorously. This Fight was Bloody; several were killed on both sides upon the spot; and the King having at length made himself a passage thro all his Enemies, and got to the Castle of the City, which yielded without fighting, upon Condition all the *Moorish* Women should be left at Liberty, that had taken Refuge there, and no outrage should be done them; the King willingly granted them this Condition, and entred the Castle, followed only by his Principal Officers. He went to see the Ladies, who were retired thither, and offered safe Conduct for what way soever they would take: One amongst

amongſt others by an Air of greatneſs and Majeſty made him deſirous to conſider her more nearly. He found that the Charms of her Face were anſwerable to the Beauty of her Shape: She was brown, and her Features were ſo fine, her Complexion ſo delicate, and her Eyes ſo piercing, that *Don Sebaſtian* was amazed: He forgot *Elvira* in that moment, and afterwards Comparing the *Idea* he had of her Beauty, with hers he ſaw, he found that *African*, a thouſand times more Charming; he asked her Pardon for appearing with Arms in his Hands before her, and offered her all the Succours ſhe ſhould have occaſion for. But ſhe received his Compliments with ſo haughty an Air, and retired with ſo much Majeſty, that *Don Sebaſtian* inquired, who ſhe was. They told him, that ſhe was a Princeſs called *Almeida*, Siſter of *Mahumet*; that this King having already

already loſt two conſiderable Battels againſt *Moluc* his Uncle, had ſent her to that City, where he believed her in more ſafety than in the midſt of his Kingdom, which *Moluc* furiouſly ravaged.

He had no ſooner learnt the Name and Quality of that *African*, than he remembred that the Cardinal his Uncle, had ſpoke to him of her formerly. He was vexed he had not ſhew'd her more reſpects: He asked to ſee her, but ſhe let him know by the Governour of that City, that the greateſt mark of goodneſs he could give, was to conſent to her retreat without ſeeing her, and ſhe prayed him not to make uſe of the Rights of Victory againſt her Liberty: The King made known to this Governour, that he impatiently longed to pay her the Devoirs he could not acquit himſelf of, before he knew her; but this Envoy told him ſo plainly, that his Viſit would be

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ſo extream a violence to the Princeſs, that this King conſented at that inſtant to her departure, notwithſtanding all the deſire he had to ſee her again. She departed immediately, and retired towards her Brother. *Don Sebaſtian* could not loſe the *Idea* of her Beauty; he thought of her night and day, and ſometimes repented he had let her depart: if there had been no more required than Beſieging of Places, and Taking of Cities for the having her again; he would have undertook the moſt difficult Sieges; but he could not learn to what Place ſhe was retired. He feared he ſhould diſpleaſe her, if he puſht his Conqueſts farther, and his Council of War was not willing to let him engage farther in an Enemies Country.

His Principal Officers remonſtrated to him, how the Troops he had left, were not ſufficient to keep and defend the Places he might Conquer, and if he went on at

this rate, he must employ all his Army in Garrisons. He was obliged to return to *Lisbon*, Crowned with Honour, and full of the *Idea* of *Almeida*. The other Lovers put on their Chains again; and *Souza* not being able to see without grief the happiness of *Don Henry*, and being evermore in fear of being disgraced at Court, retired to one of his Country Houses, where he became so much in Love with solitude, that there was no less requisite than an Order from the King to make him leave it. Notice was given to the Duke *d'Aveiro*, that his Daughter was dangerously Sick in the Convent where she made her abode. He went to see her, but did not find her in a Condition to be brought to *Lisbon*. She died four days after. Her Father was a long time in the deepest affection, having passionately loved her, and not quite lost all the hopes he had conceived from her Charms. The King was sensibly

grieved

grieved at her Death; but as his Mind was possessed with another *Idea*, his grief was not so violent as 'twould have been at another time.

The Duke *d'Avero* seeing that Love had not been assistant to his Ambition, was willing to see if War would make it more successful. He did all he could to enflame the Passion *Don Sebastian* had for Arms. The King had given him Orders to cause Forces to be raised in all Parts; he zealously seconded his Designs, how troubled and averse soever Queen *Katherine* and Cardinal *Henry* seemed to be to them. The Duke was perpetually representing to his Young King the Glorious Success he had in *Africa*, and the Conquests he had made with a little handful of Men. He assured him, that if he would return thither with a considerable Army, he would render himself Master of all *Tetuan* and *Alarache* in a little time. *Don Se-*

bastian's

Sebastian's Courage needed not to be raised, and never Man loved Arms so much as he, but he could not resolve to make War upon *Almeida*'s Countrey; She still returned into his Mind, with that Majestick Air with which she had received him in *Africa*; he feared her Indignation more than that of the Mightiest Kings, and would gladly have followed his Warlike Ardour without renouncing the respect he had for her.

While his Mind floated between these two Motions, the Governour he had put into *Arsilla* sent him word, that *Muley* had vanquished his Nephew a third time, in a set Battel, that with a handful of Men he had defeated in that last Battel an Army of sixty thousand Horse, and ten thousand Foot; that he had newly constrained *Mahumet* to fly the Kingdom, and 'twas to be feared, that this Conquerour, after having drove a-

way

way his Nephew out of *Africa*, would recover the Places the *Portugals* had in that Country.

This piece of News inſpired *Don Sebaſtian* with ſo much Courage and Emulation, that he conſidered the Glory which *Moluc* had acquired, as a Jewel he had robbed him of, and which he was reſolved to make him reſtore; he impatiently longed to ſignalize himſelf againſt him, and the occaſion was but too ſoon offered, for the good of the State. *Mahumet* being drove out of his Country, came ſometime after with *Almeida* to take refuge in *Portugal*. The King learn't with an expreſſible Joy, that he ſhould ſuddenly have the happineſs of ſeeing that Princeſs again, who had Charmed him, and who he had never ſeen but in that Inſtant, and had ſo often deſired to ſee ſince that moment. He would immediately have made them a Magnificent

Entry,

Entry, but that the King and Princeſs let him know, that Pomp and Triumph were not very ſuitable to the deplorable condition they were then in. The King went to meet 'em with all his Court; he Embraced *Mahumet* a thouſand times; he rendred profound reſpects to *Almeida*, and after the firſt Civilities were paſſed on both ſides. *You ſee Sir*, ſaid that Princeſs to him, *I am come to Demand the Succours you offered me ſo obligingly in* Arſilla. *Have you not forgot that Goodneſs*, continued ſhe, in a Modeſt and Languiſhing Air, *or rather, do you remember you have ſeen me? Never any firſt ſight made ſo much impreſſion upon a Heart, Madam*, anſwered *Don Sebaſtian* paſſionately, *as that rencounter did upon mine, and you have acquired abſolute Power over me from that moment.* *Don Sebaſtian* continued this Converſation, till they were arrived at

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the place that was prepared for their reception.

After that *Mahumet* had made known to the King, the Juſtice of his Cauſe; he repreſented to him, the *Moors* being divided, it would be eaſie for him to vanquiſh them; that if the *Portugez*'s would but deſcend into *Africa*, tho with but mean Forces, they might render themſelves Maſters of all the Kingdom he had newly been ſtript of; how the Enterprizes the King had already made, and the Glorious Succeſſes he had had there terrified all thoſe People; and when they ſhould ſee him, who was born their King, joyn'd to thoſe who had already Vanquiſhed 'em, they would come of their own accord, and range themſelves under their Power. Glory and Love incited *Don Sebaſtian* much more to that War, than all the reaſons *Mahumet* could invent: His Valour had a long time diſpoſed him to make

ſome

some Enterprize in *Africa*, and *Almeida*'s Beauty had rendered him too sensible of her Misfortunes, to neglect the attempt of revenging her. The Council of *Portugal* opposed his Design with all its might; *Almeida* knew it; she went to the King, she Employ'd all her Charms, she lamented her Disgrace. A sensibe Heart makes little resistance against the Tears of a Beautiful Person, he promised to Aid her, notwithstanding these Obstacles, she gave him some Hopes of being beloved, and he caused Troops to be raised in all parts for the Execution of this Enterprize.

How great a Comfort was this to *Almeida*, in Her Misfortune! She saw her self Adored by the most accomplished King that was then in the World; she saw that her Beauty Triumphed over all Policy, and over all the Forces of *Portugal*; she was persuaded, that *Don Sebastian* would Sacrifice all

to

to her Revenge. Her Brother often told her, that she was Mistris of his Fate, and hoped, they should suddenly be Re-established upon the Throne: But that which still Augmented the pleasingness of these hopes, was, that she found *Don Sebastian* as Lovely as he was Amorous; and that she was yet more sensible of the Affection he had for her, than in the Cares he took in her Favour: She would have been sorry that any other had rendred this Good Office to her Brother; and esteem and acknowledgment conspiring in her Heart in favour of *Don Sebastian*, gave Birth there to a Passion little different from that the King felt for her. If he spoke to her passionately, she heard him with delight; if he continually and eagerly sought her out, she never met him but with an extream joy. The most fatal Amour has ever in its beginning, a thou-

sand

ſand Pleaſures to engage us; this at firſt laid only Charms to view in the ſight of thoſe Lovers. All the Court was with Juſtice alarmed at it: Queen *Katherine* uſed all her Efforts to deſtroy it: *Cardinal Henry* oppoſed it with all his Power; but the King was abſolute, theſe Obſtacles the more enflamed him, and they were conſtrain'd to leave a free Courſe to his Paſſion.

Don Sebaſtian thought it convenient to take a Journey into *Spain*, to implore Succours of his Uncle, in Favour of *Mahumet*. He departed, after the Ambaſſadour he had in that Court had agreed with *Philip*, that *Guadalouppe* ſhould be the Place of their Interview; and gave Order at his Departure, that the *Mooriſh* King, and his Siſter, whom he left at *Lisbon*, ſhould be Treated and Reſpected as himſelf. The King of *Spain* came to the Rendezvous, accompanied with

with one of his Daughters, and all the Lords of his Court, and received *Don Sebaſtian* with great Teſtimonies of Joy and Affection: He endeavoured to diſſuade him from ſo dangerous an Enterprize: But danger does but the more enflame Great Souls. He then Prayed him not to go in Perſon to that War; but it was to no purpoſe, being he would have expoſed his life a thouſand times for *Almeida*'s ſake.

Philip (at length being deſirous to try if Pleaſures would not have more Power than Reaſons over the Mind of that young King) cauſed Turnaments, Liſts of Combates to be made for to Divert him. He even cauſed *Catharina Michela*, one of the Daughters he had by the Deceaſed Queen *Elizabeth* his third Wife, and whom he had brought with him to *Guadelouppe*, to conceive ſome hopes of the Crown of *Portugal*. And as *Philip*

Lip was then Married again to *Anne* of *Auſtria* his Niece, and Siſter to *Maximilian* II; the Princeſs *Catharina Michela* would have been glad to have freed her ſelf from the Power and ill humour of a Mother-in-law; ſhe was Ambitious; and the King of *Portugal* being handſome, ſhe took care to engage him, and even engaged her ſelf a little: But *Don Sebaſtian* thinking of nothing but of Re-eſtabliſhing *Almeida*'s Brother upon the Throne, was not much moved with all theſe attempts, and would quickly have returned to that Charming *African*, if *Philip* had not ſtaid him with the hopes of ſome Troops, which he promiſed, and perhaps would have given him, had it not been for the Obſtacles that were raiſed by the Princeſs *Katherina*, by earneſtly deſiring *Ruy Gomes de Silva*, at that time Favourite and Miniſter of the King of *Spain*, not to haſten the Succours.

In

In the mean time, *Don Sebaſtian*, continually poſſeſſed with the thoughts of that War, and *Almeida*'s Beauty, was not ſenſible of the Pleaſures of that Pompous Court, nor the marks of kindneſs which the Princeſs daily gave him. *Almeida* writ a thouſand kind engaging things to this King, which the more augmented his impatience. To little purpoſe it was *Philip* had told him, that the Duke of *Alva* had written to him; that this War was not reaſonably to be undertaken with *Portugal* Troops alone; that beſides them, it was requiſite to have fifteen thouſand *Italians*, *Spaniards* and *Germans*. It was to little purpoſe, he aſſured him, that he would give him five thouſand *Spaniards*, as ſoon as his Affairs in *Italy* would give him leave. Nothing could ſtay *Don Sebaſtian*; and *Philip*, who fancied that the Princeſs's Beauty, and the deſire of being in his Alliance, would

perhaps be capable to perſuade him from this Deſign; or at leaſt, make him ſtay yet ſome time at his Court, offered him *Catherina Michela* in Marriage. *Don Sebaſtian* did not flye off ſo much as he would have done, if he had not ſtood in need of *Philip*. He made ſome Court to that Princeſs, which put her in ſome hopes; ſeemed to reliſh the Pleaſures of that Court with leſs diſquiet: Remained alſo there yet ſome time with little impatience, for the having the Succours ſo often promiſed.

The Court he made to *Catherina Michela* in theſe hopes, was quickly known to *Almeida*. All thoſe who approached her, took delight in exaggerating things to her, which put her in deſpair; and as the divers Paſſions and Intereſts of particular Perſons even adds ſomething to the News that comes from afar off, the report ran in *Portugal*, that *Don Sebaſtian* was going to Marry

Marry *Catherina Michela*. A Perſon who loves and fears is but too credulous; *Almeida* Figured to her ſelf a thouſand things far more ſtinging than all the malice of her Enemies could have Invented upon that Subject: *How vainly did I flatter my ſelf with the Power of my Charms*, ſaid ſhe ſometimes, *how weak are they, and how am I deceived? The Princeſs* Catherina *has more than I have; ſhe is in Proſperity and Glory, I lie under Misfortune and Shame! Her Father is a Prudent and Fortunate King, whom the greateſt Princes would be proud to be Alied to, and I have but one Brother, whoſe diſgrace is capable of diſperſing the moſt Zealous Friends.* Theſe and ſuch other like expreſſions did ſo trouble her, that ſhe was ſometime without writing to *Don Sebaſtian*: This King reproached her with her ſilence; but as ſhe was prepoſſeſſed with his infidelity, ſhe gave ſo ill an Interpretati-

on to all that came from him, as ſhe fancied he only made her theſe reproaches, for the having a pretext to quit her, and made no anſwer to his Letters.

The King not being able to ſupport any longer the trouble he was in at *Alineida's* ſilence, and ſeeing the propoſitions and delays of the King of *Spain* were only vain amuſements to retain him, he reſolved at length to return to *Portugal*, and deſired *Philip* to ſend him with the ſooneſt all the Troops he could. He found *Almeida* in ſo great a grief, that he could not ſee it without being much concerned. He made her his Complaints; ſhe made him, her Reproaches, and both of them being undeceived of their ſuſpition, were more charmed than ever, with one another.

The King of *Spain* let *Don Sebaſtian* know, how the Sedition of the Rebels encreaſed daily in *Flanders*,

ders, how he was afraid that Province would get from under his Power; how he was oblig'd to ſend a great many Troops thither, and this diſorder hindred him from ſending the Succours he had promiſed him. All theſe Obſtacles did not at all cool the Ardour of *Don Sebaſtian*. And *Philip* being acquainted he had ſtill the ſame Deſign, he ſent the Duke of *Medina Cæli* to him, who was one of the moſt Eloquent and Underſtanding Politicians of *Spain*, to repreſent to him, that the Rebellion in *Flanders* augmented from day to day, which putting the King his Maſter in great fears, he found himſelf obliged to conclude a Truce with the *Turks*, in which he would cauſe him to be comprehended, if he thought good; and that being in Conference about that Treaty, he could not ſend Troops into *Africa* againſt *Moluc*, for as much as a part of that Country was Tributary

tary to the Port, and *Moluc* was a Friend and Confederate of the *Grand Seignior's*. *Don Sebaſtian* anſwered that Ambaſſadour, that he was very much ſurpriz'd, that *Philip* had made a Truce of three years with the *Turks*; that in thinking to avoid their Incurſions into *Italy*, he gave 'em time to Fortifie themſelves in *Africa*, and fill it with Forces, which would carry into the Heart of *Spain*, after that Truce, a more Cruel War than that he feared. He added, that he did not think it convenient to be Comprehended in this Treaty; that 'twas requiſite for their Common Intereſt to leave him the Liberty of aſſiſting the *Spaniards* againſt the Irruptions of the *Africans*, and thus the King of *Spain* would aſſure himſelf of *Italy* by his Truce, and of *Africa* by the War that the *Portuguezes* were going to make there. The Duke of *Medina Cœli* returned into *Spain*,

but

but little ſatisfied with his Embaſie. Queen *Katherine*, who had Governed the State with great Prudence, died at that time. All the World fancied that the trouble *Don Sebaſtian*'s Deſigns gave her, occaſioned her Death. And the King having put his Army in a Poſture of marching, the Count *de Souza* went out of his ſolitude to accompany the King in that War.

Don Sebaſtian followed by all his Nobility, his Guards, and a great number of Voluntiers went to the Cathedral Church of *Lisbon*, where having with great Ceremony cauſed the Standard to be Bleſſed, which he would carry into *Africa*, he put it into the hands of *Chriſtopher de Tavora*, and as all the Court fancied he was going to return to his Palace, he went to to the Port; and having met with *Almeida*, who was taking the Air with her Brother in a Chariot, coming up, he told them: *That all*

was preparing to revenge them, and in a little time he would re-eſtabliſh them upon the Throne of their Fathers. So many Obſtacles, anſwered *Almeida, have hitherto oppoſed your good Intentions, Sir, that I ſhall not promiſe my ſelf any Succours from your Highneſs till you are Embarqued. Well, Madam, we muſt then Embark*, reply'd the King in a Tranſport, *I accuſe, as well as you, my Love of too much ſlowneſs, and you ſhall not ſee me defer any longer:* He mounted his Galley, after having ſaid theſe Words, *Mahumet* and his Siſter accompanied him, and he Commanded the Duke *de Avero* to cauſe all his Forces to Embark. During the eight days he was Employ'd in putting them on Board, the King never went aſhore. He himſelf cauſed the Seamen to labour: He examined the Built of all the Ships; he Viſited the Equipages, to ſee if there was nothing wanting to his Fleet;

and

and ſhewing *Almeida* the Ardour of the Paſſion he had for her, by the care he took to Revenge her: This Princeſs anſwered ſo many Kindneſſes with as much Love as the delicacy of her Sex would allow of. As the King never went from his Ships, and all the Lords remained there with him, the Ladies came there to ſee 'em; and *Don Sebaſtian*, who ſeemed to have Eſtabliſhed his Empire upon the Waters, had round about him a Floating Court, that amidſt the hurry of Embarking, would however have been very agreeable, if the trouble of parting had not traverſed the Pleaſures which thoſe would have reliſhed there, whom Love had united: *Violanta* quitted *Don Lewis* with all the grief that a real affection can be capable of in ſuch an occaſion. The Paſſion the Duke *de Barcellos* had for War, ſhared his Heart with the Love he had for *Leonora*; and as ſhe gave

her ſelf up entirely to her Inclination, ſhe was much more troubled than her Lover at their parting. The Duke *d'Avero's* Ambition finding an opportunity to ſatisfie it ſelf in that War, made him quit *Lisbon* with joy: But what Power ſoever Glory had over *Don Henry*, he had all the pains imaginable to Renounce the Pleaſures he enjoy'd with *Eugenia*. *Souza* found ſome Comfort in thinking, that notwithſtanding the Bonds of Marriage, in a ſhort time his Rival would be no more happy than himſelf. The Duke of *Braganza*, who was arrived at *Lisbon* to accompany the King in his Voyage, and had ſtill a great deal of Vigour, and a ſtrong Paſſion for War, was very glad that this Occaſion was offered for the inſtructing his Son by his Example, and by the Advices he might give him, according to the Diverſity of Occurrences. And at length the King departed full of joy, and

of

of hopes, with the Flower of the Nobility and People of *Portugal*, and was accompanied by *Adrias de Sylva* Biſhop of *Porto*, and *Emanuel de Menſis* Biſhop of *Conimbre*. The whole Fleet made Sail with a fair Wind; but as the Kings Galley took its turn to go out of the Port, it ſtruck with ſo much Violence againſt a *Flemiſh* Ship, that its ſides were broke to pieces, and a Seaman of that Galley was kill'd at the ſame time in his Boat, by a Canon Shot, that the City had Fired upon the Kings departure. Theſe two accidents made the moſt Zealous *Portugals* tremble, and ſeemed to be an ill preſage to that Enterprize; even *Almeida* appeared alarmed at it, ſhe conjured the King to put off the Voyage till a more favourable ſeaſon: She told him ſeveral times, that ſhe would rather chooſe to Renounce the Crown, and paſs the reſt of her days in all the misfortunes

tunes and obſcurities poſſible, than to expoſe his life to Dangers, the ſole *Idea* whereof made her tremble; but the more kindneſs and alarms ſhe made appear to *Don Sebaſtian*, the more eager was he upon this Voyage, and all the Fleet arrived quickly at *Cadiz*, where the Duke of *Medina* regaled the King with great Splendour and Magnificence, and made all the Court during eight days reliſh all the Pleaſures that Iſland could furniſh.

The King cauſed all poſſible Sail to be made towards *Africa*; this Fleet in a few days, came between *Tangier* and *Arſilles*. There he cauſed his Army to Diſembark, and after having made *Almeida* obſerve the Place where he had ſeen her the firſt time, and having ſaid to her the moſt tender things imaginable upon that point; he himſelf appointed the Quartering of his Troops. With an exact care he

ſought

ſought the moſt advantageous Poſts; he Encamped one part upon the Sea Shore, and in the moſt Commodious Places. His Army was compoſed of thirteen thouſand Foot, fifteen hundred Horſe, or thereabouts, and thirteen pieces of Artillery. He went every Night with an indefatigable Ardour to Viſit all the Quarters: He entertained the braveſt; he excited the moſt languiſhing, flattered ſome, made promiſes to others, and being ſometimes willing to awaken their Courage by a tender pity, he ſhewed them *Mahumet*, and his Siſter, cruelly driven out of their Dominions, and promiſed 'em all great Recompenſes on his and that Princeſſes part. *Mahumet* on his ſide addreſſing himſelf to all the *Africans* he found in his way, endeavoured to engage them in his Party. Some yielded to theſe ſollicitations. *Almeida* drew the Hearts of all thoſe who ſaw her;

ſome Officers even Charmed with her Beauty, and moved with her Brothers Misfortune, came and offered themſelves to ſerve them. *Don Sebaſtian* and *Mahumet* having proved their ſincerity, received them with joy.

Moluc well knowing that *Don Sebaſtian* was Ambitious and Formidable, would have Treated a Peace with him, and have given him all the *Chams* the *Portugals* pretended to have Conquered, for the making good to him the Charges of that War, and for thoſe People to Cultivate in all Peace and Safety they could have in their own Country. This Propoſition made *Mahumet* tremble, fancying, that ſo advantageous an Offer would make the King abandon a Party, that could not be very uſeful to him: But *Almeida* promiſing her ſelf all ſhe deſired from her Charms, and the Love of *Don Sebaſtian*, reaſſured her Brother,

and

and did not at all doubt, but that the Ardour which the King of *Portugal* had to Serve her, would make him refuſe more advantageous Offers. He himſelf came preſently after to aſſure him of the ſame, and made anſwer to *Moluc*, that the greateſt Charges of the War being already made, he would not hearken to any Propoſition of Peace, till *Moluc* ſhould give him *Alarache*, *Tituan*, and the *Cape de Agero*, which were three places of Extream importance to the *Moors*, and of great advantage to the *Portuguezes*. *Moluc* enraged at this demand, and ſeeing how ſmall were the Forces which the King of *Portugal* was at the Head of, anſwered him haughtily: *That when* Morocco *ſhould be Beſieged, he would think of that Propoſition, and he fanſied he ſhould have time enough to think of it, and it would not be neceſſary to make or hear ſuch a Diſcourſe. Moreover, that the King-*

dom

dom of Fez was not so easy to be Conquered; that he had got it only by main Force, and by winning three Battels; that he would defend it in the same manner, and that it was thus it was to be Attacqued.

Don Sebastian in the mean time seemed to be enflamed afresh by the Eyes of *Almeida*. He could have wished, that all his Forces had had the same Heart, and the same Eyes as he had, for the Consecrating their Lives as Generously to that Princess, as he was going to Sacrifice his. *Moluc* being a very prudent Man, and knowing that a Battel oftentimes decides the Fate of a State, and is not to be undertaken without all possible sureties, or in the greatest extremity, offered him ten Miles of Land round each Fortress he had in *Africa*, if he would consent to retire; but he was resolved to fight, he only breathed Victory, and all other things seemed to him unworthy

thy of his Valour and Love. He cauſed his Army to be Fortified on one ſide, with high Ramparts of Earth, and with Waggons; and the Sea and the City ſerved him for Trenches on the other ſides. The *Moors*, who Border upon the Maritime Cities, were ſo alarm'd by this Army, that they fled into the Mountains: The Cities of *Tituan*, *Alarache*, and ſome others, were all deſert. *Moluc*, without being aſtoniſhed at this diſorder, and equally divided between Prudence and Vallour, did all his Experience could teach him for his defence: And though he was ſeized with a very violent Fever, he departed from *Sale*, where he had given a Rendezvouz to ſome Troops. His Natural Brother, who was Governour of *Fez*, and whom he had given the Command of the Cavalrey of that Province, joyned him near *Alcazar*, with twenty thouſand Horſe, and five or ſix thouſand Foot.

Moluc

Moluc extreamly weakned by his Sickneſs, was conſtrained to put himſelf in a Litter to Viſit the Quarters of his Troops, and to ſee what condition his Cavalry was in. He cauſed himſelf to be carryed through all his Army, and fearing among his Troops he ſhould meet with ſeveral Partizans of *Mahumet*, and judging, that ill-intentioned Souldiers would be more dangerous in the day of Battel in his Party, than amongſt his Enemies, he declared before all his Army, that he would permit all thoſe who had more inclination for *Mahumet* than for him, to retire to his Enemies. And beſides this Declaration, being willing to make known to all the World, that he deſpiſed the Enemies Forces ſo much, as to ſend 'em Succours, without being in any fear, and thinking fit to upbraid the Honour of the Malecontents, and favour a Depart he could not hinder, he choſe

choſe all thoſe whoſe fidelity was ſuſpected by him, of whom he made a flying Camp of three thouſand Horſe; he placed at their Head *Mulei-Cheique*, a famous Captain of that Nation, who having been infinitely in love with *Almeida*, gave reaſon to fear that he was for her Intereſts, and Commanded him to go view the Chriſtian Army, to keep it ever in play by frequent Courſes, and continually to Skirmiſh the Enemies. Though *Mulei-Cheique* had ſtill a great Paſſion for *Almeida*, and could ardently have wiſhed to ſerve her, this Artifice produced a quite contrary effect to what was expected; and this Generous Captain, conſidering this Order of *Moluc* as an effect of the extream confidence he had in him, would not belie an Opinion that was advantageous to him, and rather renouncing his Love than his Duty, he did all that the ſevereſt Honour

and

and greateſt Courage could demand on that occaſion. All the others, animated with ſo brave an Example, joyfully followed the Vallour of ſo Generous a Leader, and as he had an extream deſire to ſee *Almeida*, his Love and Vallour carrying him farther than his Forces ought to have led him, he did things that ſurprized and alarmed the *Portugals*. He knew the Quarter where *Almeida* was; he uſed a thouſand efforts to break through 'em, that he might go lay his Arms at her Feet, and made *Don Sebaſtian* and *Mahumet* ſo much afraid of loſing her, that they cauſed her to be ſecurely conducted into one of their Galleys, that was the propereſt to ſave her in caſe of need.

The King ſeeing that the Enemies Skirmiſhes cauſed a dread in his Troops, and having no longer any that might retain him in the City, went out to be ſooner ready to oppoſe the Aſſaults that were made

made upon his Men. The day after, two thouſand Horſe, Commanded by *Mulei-Cheiçque* advancing in good order towards the Chriſtians, and the King having learnt how his Rival was at their Head, went to meet them only with ſix hundred Men. But what happy Succeſſes does not the preſence of a King produce amongſt his Troops? *Don Sebaſtian*, at the Head of this handful of Men, Attacked the two thouſand *Moors*, cut them to pieces, and purſued the Runaways with ſo much violence, that he found himſelf above ten miles from his Army, accompanied only by *Edward* of *Menezes* his *Marſhal de Camp*, and without having near him any Troops that might relieve him from this danger. *Moluc* was ſenſibly vexed when he learnt this defeat; but did not judge it convenient to go out of *Alcazar*, being he expected there ſome Forces that were to come from the Sea-

Sea-coaſts, from the Cities of *Tituan* and *Mechines*, and was deſirous too, that the Enemies would come and attack him upon the main Land, which they ſeemed willing to do, to the end he might engage 'em very far into the Country, and afterwards cut off their Correſpondence with the Sea; and he was reſolved to go find them out at length, when this reinforcement was come, that he might fall upon their Rear, and reduce them into a preſſing neceſſity of all manner of Ammunition, without giving Battel but with extream advantage, and at the laſt puſh.

The King reſolved to attack the Enemies upon the main Land, as *Moluc* deſired it; he prepared all things towards a Battel, he Commanded the *Count de Souza*, whom he had made Admiral, and whoſe Prudence he had tryed, to attend him at *Alarache*, with his Fleet, and advance his Conqueſts upon the

the Sea as much as the ſmall Forces he had left in that Fleet would permit ; he Confided *Almeida* to the Cares of this Count, and quitted her with leſs grief than hopes, after having aſſured her, that he would ſuddainly bring *Moluc* to her Feet. He Commanded his Troops to quit the Sea ſide, and at length took the Field with all his Army, to go towards *Alcazar* to meet the Enemies.

The End of the Second Part,

Don Sebaſtian,

KING

PORTUGAL.

SO ſoon as *Moluc* had notice of the Chriſtians March, he was overjoy'd to ſee them engaged on the main Land; and though he was extreamly ill, and perceived that he could not live but a very few days, he gave order for all that was neceſſary, with an admirable Courage and Prudence. He regulated his Camp, cauſed himſelf to be carried in a Chair from Rank to Rank through all his Army, for the animating his Troops to fight; and ſeeing his

Forces were ever diminiſhing, and the Enemies approached, he ſent for *Mulei Hamet*, his Natural Brother, who was ſtill young, and of little Experience, and told him: *I know the great Art of War demands a thouſand high Qualities, which you have not yet, and which you will likewiſe find difficult to acquire; however I place you now at the Head of above forty thouſand men, and make you General of all the* African *Cavalry: But I Command you at the ſame time to vanquiſh or die. So long as I ſhall have one moment of life left me, I will not let you want an Example; and if you do any thing unbecoming the rank I place you in, I ſhall employ the little ſtrength I have left to ſtrangle you with my own Hands: And for the reſt, Brother, I order you, if I die before the Succeſs of this Battel, to conceal my death with great care from all the World, and to put in my Litter any one of our men, who ſhall moſt*

moſt reſemble me; to the end, that feigning to give Orders, and acting my part, the Enemies may not take advantage of the Conſternation that ſuch an accident uſually brings into an Army. Having ended theſe Words, he embraced *Hamet*, and cauſed him to be owned by all his Forces. After which he went out of *Alcazar*, and retired into the Plain, for to draw on the Enemies. He was perſuaded, that having better Officers, more Troops, and better Diſciplined, than the *Portugals*, he ought not to fear the Iſſue of a Battel: But prudent as he was, he was loth to commit his Crown to the uncertainty of a fight, knowing that we ought not to expoſe our ſelves to the Fortune of War, till after all the efforts of Prudence have not been able to produce any advantage; he let the Enemies March, without going to meet 'em, and fancied, that by ſtill permitting them to advance into his

Territories, he had nothing more to do than to cut off their paſſage, to ſee them afterwards periſh by Famine, without coſting him ſo much as one Man. He was not able however to bring this Deſign to perfection, as well becauſe his illneſs reduced him to extremity, as by reaſon he was informed the ſame day in the Evening, that the Enemies were very near, and the two Camps might ſee one another, if the obſcurity of the night had not hindered it. He ſent as ſoon as it was day, his Maſter of the Horſe, at the Head of two or three hundred Men to obſerve the Countenance of the Enemies, and it happened, that ſome Battalians of the *Portugal* Army, that had paſſed a little River, repaſſed it in that moment, by order from the King, who judged it more convenient to be left between the two Armies. Theſe Troops which Filed off, made the *Moriſh* party believe, that the fight

ſight of them, put the Chriſtians to flight; and they carried with all diligence this News to *Moluc*. The *Barbarians* animated by this flight, cried out aloud, that they ought to purſue them, and they might cut them to pieces: But *Moluc*, ever wiſe, and ever prudent, appeaſed this too pert Ardor, and ſaid he demanded no more than their retreat, and if they fled, he ſhould vanquiſh according to his deſires, without his Army running any danger, or loſing one drop of Blood.

While the *Moors* were delibere ting upon this Affair, *Don Sebaſtian* cauſed his Council to Aſſemble, to know of his Chief Officers, if he ſhould give Battel that ſame day. The moſt part of them ſeeing *Moluc* had three times more Forces than the King of *Portugal*, were unwilling to run the riſque of a Battel: But the King fancying, that as at the Head of ſix hundred

Men, he had put to flight two thouſand of the Enemies, a Chriſtian would ever beat five or ſix *Moors*, went boldly out of his Camp, ranged his Troops in Battel array, and divided them into three Battalions: The firſt was Compoſed of Strangers, who had their Officers at the Head of them, and of five hundred *Portuguez* Voluntiers, Commanded by *Don Henry*; the ſecond and third were Compoſed of *Portugal* Troops: The Cavalry was at the two Wings in the form of a Triangle. The Duke *d'Avero* Commanded the Right, where *Mahumet* was Ranged with the Troops that followed him, the Kings Standard was at the left with the Duke *de Barcellos*, and the Baggage was betwixt the Infantry and the Cavalry.

Though *Moluc* felt the pangs of Death, he had ſtill the ſame Valour, and the ſame Conduct; he ranged

ranged his Army in Battel, with as much preſence of Mind, as if he had been in perfect health. He had forty thouſand Horſe, eight thouſand Foot, and thirty four pieces of Artillery. He kept to himſelf, the charge of Generaliſſimo, and placed his Brother at the Head of the Cavalry. He cauſed immediately all his Infantry to March in the form of a Half-moon, at the two points of which he placed two Bodies of Cavalry, each of ten thouſand Horſe; the reſt of the Horſemen were divided into little Squadrons, and followed in equal diſtance, being ordered to March ſtill on, and ſurround the *Portugal* Army, for the Engaging it on all ſides. When it was in preſence, it appeared ſo Weak to *Moluc*, that he thought himſelf ſure of the Victory, and thought of nothing but rendring it Compleat. He would have made a Speech to his Souldiers, but his

extream weakneſs would not permit him to ſay four words. He cauſed himſelf to be put again into his Litter, and placed himſelf in the middle of his Troops, that he might be able to give Orders on all ſides, and ſee all that the two Armies ſhould do.

Don Sebaſtian ſeeing the Enemies make ſome Motion to advance, ſent one of his Querries to *Almeida*, for the aſſuring her that the Battel was going to begin, that he would loſe his life therein, or re-eſtabliſh her in her State; and after having given ſome moments to the moſt tender reflections a Lover was ever capable of, he ſet all his thoughts to the Execution of that Enterpize. *Moluc* on his ſide cauſed his Cavalry to March and extend in ſuch order, that being within a Canon-ſhot of the *Portuguez*'s, the two points of that Half-moon came and joyned behind the King's Arrier-Guard, and

that

that great Circle, filling by little and little, became ſtill more thick as it approached the *Portugals*, inſomuch as the Chriſtian Army was environed on all parts by the *Mooriſh* Cavalry, and took from the moſt faint-hearted all means of running away. The *Portuguez's* were daunted at the doleful aſpect of this danger, their fears were redoubled at the noiſe of the Fire of the *Moors* Artillery, which making frequent ſhots, by degrees broke the Files of the Chriſtians, and made great breaches in their Squadrons. *Don Sebaſtian* as ready as the Enemies ſhot, went to every rank to fill it, and alſo cauſing his Cannon to fire upon the *Moors*, he gave 'em Bullet for Bullet, diſorder and fear for fear: But the *Moors* being ſtronger in Artillery than the Chriſtians, did much more Execution, and the *Portugez's* were ſo terrified, that the King gave the Signal of the Battel, to

ſtop this diſorder. The *Moors* made a vigorous attacque upon the Vangard; the Chriſtians oppoſed them Courageouſly. *Don Henry* at the Head of his Voluntiers, made all bend under his blows that oppoſed his paſſage, and relieved ſuch of the *Portugez*'s as were moſt preſſed, ſo that notwithſtanding the numbers of the *Moors*, which were greater than the *Portugals*, thoſe *Barbarians* could hardly keep for ſome time things in Equality: But the King, who impatient to ſee the Victory ſo long in ſuſpence, would conſtrain it to declare in his favour, quitted the left Wing, where there was not yet any danger, to run to the Vanguard, where the Enemies fell on with the greateſt fury. He advanced at the Head of his Troops: The Kings ardour made him be every where, he Sacrified a thouſand lives to the Beauty he had Conſecrated his to.

Victory

Victory durſt not remain longer doubtful at the coming up of *Don Sebaſtian*; the *Moors* not being able to ſupport the Valour of the Chriſtians, animated with the Example of their General, gave ground at the firſt Shock, and notwithſtanding the endeavours and threatnings of their Leaders, who uſed their utmoſt endeavours to make them ſtand to it, and put inceſſantly new Men in the places of thoſe who fell: Theſe *Barbarians* were broken three ſeveral times, and put to flight, to the loſs of all their Colours.

The Duke *d'Avero*, who Commanded the Right Wing, charged the *Moors* Cavalry that came to Attacque him, and his heart greedy of Glory, made him fly to the greateſt dangers, and triumph in all places. His Squadron in the form of a Triangle was ſo cloſe, and Attacqued ſo vigorouſly the Enemies Cavalry, that he conſtrained it to

retreat

retreat in diſorder. *Mahumet*, who had likewiſe ranged himſelf in in this Body, Attacqued, Fought, and Purſued his Enemies like a deſperate King, who choſe rather to loſe his life than his Crown. The Duke *d'Avero* fought with a great deal of Valour, and the deſire of Conquering carried him very far amongſt the *Barbarians*. A Body of Horſe coming up to Succour them, he judged it convenient not to ſuffer himſelf to be environed by thoſe Squadrons, and to retire in good order with his advantage, hoping theſe Troops would divide themſelves in purſuing him, and he might return to the Charge with yet more vigour and ſucceſs than before. Whereupon he turned back upon thoſe who purſued him; but he found them all ſo firm, and ſo well united, that his Squadron being weakned with its loſſes and wounds, could no longer bear the Enemies Aſſaults, but

but were conſtrained to retire in haſte, and not finding a ſafe place in the Army, they caſt themſelves amongſt the Cavalry and Infantry with ſo much diſorder, that it put thoſe Troops into a Confuſion, which the *Africans* made great advantage of.

On the other ſide the Body of the Army, where the Kings Standard and the Duke *de Barcellos* were placed, made a horrible ſlaughter of the *Moors*, purſued them to their Canon; and thoſe *Barbarians* finding the King every where, fancied that all the Army was compoſed of Hero's, or that this Hero alone compoſed all the Army. The Duke of *Barcellos* accompanied the King in all places, and did a hundred things worthy of his Birth and great Courage: The *Moors* terrified and flying, took refuge even in the Quarters where *Moluc* was, who falling into an extream fury at this diſorder, and being

being reſolved to repair it or die, he roſe from his Litter, without conſidering that he was half dead, and cauſed himſelf to be ſet on Horſeback with a great deal of pain, reſolved to ſtay the flight of his Men by his Example, or to put them to Death himſelf. Thoſe who were about him, uſed all their endeavours to retain him, and even ſeized the Reins of his Horſes Bridle; but his Courage making him forget his weakneſs, the Crowd of the Runnaways and Fugitives ſtill augmenting, and the King at the Head of his Men coming pretty near that Quarter, he put his hand to his Sword to diſperſe thoſe who ſtopped him, and this Effort quite conſuming his Strength and Forces, he fainted away, and fell into the Arms of his Men, and died ſome moments after, putting his Finger between his Lips, whether it was for vexation that his Men run away, or to make them remember they

were

were to conceal his Death. And the Prudence of this *Barbarous* King ſo well compaſſed his Deſigns in the laſt moment of his Life, that dying it ſelf could not raviſh from him Victory; and he appeared brave and prudent even in the Arms of Death.

However the Renegado's, who were about *Moluc*, concealed his Death with a great deal of care, inſomuch as the Army of the *Barbarians* weakned by this accident, was ſo far from flying, after having been vigorouſly repulſed, it recovered Forces out of its own ſhame. The *Moors* Rallied with freſh Troops, and returned to the Charge with more Valour than before. The Vanguard, where *Don Sebaſtian* made his Courage be admired, gave ground at its turn, and though the Chriſtians, who were in that Body, had killed above two thouſand of the *Moors*, there came again freſh ones in ſo great multitudes,

multitudes, that they were forced at length to yield to the numbers in that place; and all the Chriſtians who remained there, having uſed all their Arms againſt the Enemies, and being at length come to Ponyards, loſt their lives, appearing to be rather weary with Killing, than Conquered. All the Brave Voluntiers that *Don Henry* led there, being dead, this General was encompaſſed by the *Moors* of *Andalouſia*, and fell at length under their numbers and their fury. The King received there a Muſquet ſhot in his Right-Shoulder; but not ceaſing to Act for this wound, tho dangerous, and ſeeing his Vanguard was defeated without recovery, he run to the Left-Wing where the Duke *d'Avero*, after having rallied ſeveral times his Men, changed Horſes, and Succoured thoſe whom the Enemies preſſed the moſt, was at length killed by a Muſquet ſhot. As he was the

Soul

Soul of that Body, his fall put the *Portuguez*'s to a rout: *Mahumet* endeavoured in vain to retain them, by his Example and his Voice. They no longer knew any Body, but the Conquerours, they fell upon their Knees to the *Moors*, instead of standing up in their own defence.

The King running to this disorder, and being acquainted with the Dukes death, who was dear to him, revenged it upon all those he met with; he fought amongst the Souldiers, and engaged himself amongst the *Moors*; he animated the Christians with few Words and a great many Examples, and cast admiration, fear and surprize amongst his Enemies by his Valour. He had three Horses killed under him without being daunted, and though he was already wounded, he did not cease to Attacque, Strike and Relieve; but he could not vanquish the fury and number of his Enemies, nor communicate

his

his Courage to his Troops. At length hazard conſpiring with the *Moors* againſt the *Portugals*, Fire ſeized the Chriſtians Ammunition for the Compleating their Defeat, and put ſo great diſorder in all their Army, that Horſes, Souldiers, Waggons, Ammunitions, Arms, Tents, Pavillions, and all the reſt of the Baggage being confuſedly heaped one upon another; ſome were ſtifled, others burnt, and others cut to pieces by the Enemies. The young Duke *de Barvellos* being fallen from his Horſe in that Confuſion, was taken Priſoner; almoſt all the Chief Officers were killed, or put out of condition to fight by reaſon of their wounds. The *Portugals*, who in their flight would have taken the way of *Arſilla*, were all killed or drowned, being deceived by the River of *Mucaſen*, which ebbing and flowing as the Ocean does, whoſe Waters it receives, was almoſt dry when

when the Army paſſed it on their march thither, but the Tide being high at their return, the Chriſtians did not know the places where they had all forded it. The Defeat was ſo General, that of thirteen or fourteen thouſand Men the *Portugal* Army was compoſed of, there hardly eſcaped an hundred from that Battel. In the mean while, the leſs fearful and moſt zealous, ſeeing this General Rout, they ſought the King on all ſides: But *Chriſtopher de Tavora*, who carried his Standard, having been killed, they could not find him, and deceived by a Colours that very much reſembled it, which *Edward de Menezes* had, they followed it inſtead of the other, fancying that *Don Sebaſtian* had ranged himſelf near it. Thus the King remaining alone among his Enemies, was notwithſtanding his Valour oppreſt with numbers, and his Forces not being capable of ſeconding his

his Courage, he was conſtrained to yield to the fury of the *Moors*. All the Chriſtians, who returned from this Battel did affirm, that he had received only one wound in his Shoulder, which was not Mortal; that he fell not among the dead, and that they had ſeen the Enemies take him Priſoner.

In the mean time this Battel became famous for the loſs of three Kings. *Moluc* died there in performing all that a Wiſe Conquerour is capable of in ſuch an Exigence. *Mahuxet* ſeeing the *Portuguezes* routed, and willing to avoid the Cruelty of his Enemies, who would not have failed to have Sacrificed him to the repoſe of the State, endeavouring to eſcape, was drowned in the River of *Mucaſen*. *Don Sebaſtian* was loſt there, and ſo many rare Qualities that were obſerved in him, made his Subjects and all thoſe who knew him, extreamly regret his loſs, and left

a great Example to all young Princes, who keep not their Courage within the bounds of Prudence, which ought to preserve Kings for the advantage of their State, and the affection of their People.

While *Don Sebaſtian* was giving the Bloody Battel, which occaſioned his own ruine, the deſtruction of his Kingdom, and the death of ſo many famous Warriers, the Count *de Souza* Signalized himſelf as much as the few Men that were in his Ships could make him capable of doing. He made oftentimes Deſcents upon the Land with his Troops; burnt the Burroughs and Villages he met with in his way, put to flight all thoſe who Guarded the Coaſt; Beſieged the City of *Allarache*, and battered it ſo Vigorouſly, that the greateſt part of the *Moors* abandoned it, and had only left in it a weak Garriſon. *Almeida* being nearer the Naval Army, than the

the other Forces, learnt *Souza's* Conqueſts with an incredible joy, and fancied, that *Don Sebaſtian* fought with no leſs advantage againſt *Moluc.* She flattered her ſelf with the hopes of ſeeing her Brother within a little time again upon the Throne, and her Lover covered with Glory: But theſe thoughts did not laſt long. *Souza* quickly received the News of the Kings Defeat, and the rout of all his Army; he inſtantly acquainted *Almeida* therewith, and told her, it was neceſſary of thinking to ſecure themſelves. What a ſad piece of News was this to that Princeſs! ſhe remained as motionleſs, and loſt the uſe of her Senſes at this Diſcourſe. After which ſhe made reflexion upon the Valour of *Don Sebaſtian,* upon the ardour he had made appear to revenge her; and not being able to figure to her ſelf, that he was to be Conquered, having ſo much Courage and

and ſo much Love, ſhe ſent for him, who had brought the ſad Tydings to *Souza*, who confirmed what *Souza* had told her. He related to her all had paſt in that Battel; and when ſhe ſaw this misfortune was no longer to be doubted of, and that ſhe had loſt her Brother and her Lover, ſhe fell into ſuch a deſpair, as gave reaſon to fear it would coſt her her life.

She had ever loved *Mahumet* very tenderly, and often ſhed Tears for his death, but when ſhe remembred his Intereſt had cauſed the ruine of *Don Sebaſtian*, ſhe murmured againſt that Brother, and imputed to him all the misfortunes of this King. *It is I alone, alas*, ſaid ſhe a moment after, *who am the cauſe of* Don Sebaſtians *ruine; had it not been for the Love of me, he would not have ſuccoured my Brother, nor loſt his life. It is I that drew him out of the Heart of his Dominions, to Sacrifice him to*

my Ambition, and the Cruelties of Moluc: *He was adored by his People*, contined ſhe, *beloved by his Allies, feared by his Enemies. Never any Prince gave ſuch hopes of a happy Reign as he did. He was ardent in Glory, fearleſs in Dangers, indefatigable in labour, and all theſe fine Qualities have only helped to advance the misfortunes I have plung'd him into. How fatal was the Conqueſt of* Arſilla *to him, it was there I ſaw him Victoriouſly Charming; he ſaw me, and loved me; I fancied that Victory would ever have attended him, he did not think, I was to be ſo fatal to him; into what an abyſs of miſchiefs has this interview precipitated us?* While *Almeida* made all theſe Reflexions, the Count *de Souza*, ſenſibly concerned at the Kings loſs, was thinking with a great deal of prudence and care of the means of repairing, or at leaſt, hindring its fatal Conſequences; he raiſed the Siege of *Alarache*, to go

go Reſcue the *Portugals* that were beaten; he reaſſured the Governours of thoſe places *Portugal* had in *Africa*; he augmented the Garriſons with all the Troops he could put into the City; he gave out, that *Don Sebaſtian* was not dead, and the Chriſtians aſſured he was only taken Priſoner. He promiſed the Colonels and Officers, who had eſcaped this Defeat, that the Kings Ranſom ſhould be ſhortly Treated for, and that he would recompence at his return the fidelity of thoſe, who ſhould have rendred him ſervice during his abſence. He run over all the Coaſts as far as *Tangier*, to gather up the Remnants of the *Portugal* Army, which that Defeat had diſperſed. He was acquainted by thoſe, who had eſcaped from the Battel, that above three thouſand Chriſtians were killed upon the place, that above ſix thouſand *Portuguezes* were taken Priſoners, and above

four thouſand wounded; that all the Foreign Officers had loſt their lives; that entire Families of People of Quality were extinguiſhed there, that the Biſhops of *Porto* and *Coimbra*, were likewiſe dead, that *Don Lewis* was killed, that the Dukes *de Braganza* and *d'Avero* had loſt their lives; that the Duke *de Barcellos*, and *Anthony* Son of *Don Lewis* were Priſoners, and that *Don Henry* was dead.

Souza having ſtill a ſtrong Paſſion for *Eugenia*, and having never been able to forbear looking upon *Don Henry's* happineſs but with Envy, was overjoy'd at firſt, when he heard his Rival was dead, but his Reaſon correcting immediately the firſt motions of his Paſſion, he deplored *Don Henry's* misfortune. He was extreamly concerned at the grief this piece of News would cauſe in *Eugenia*, and was more ſenſible of the loſs the State had by this accident, than of the particular

particular advantage his death might be of to him in the ſequel. But he could not forbear entertaining ſome hopes, and fancied that if ever *Eugenia* could be capable of a ſecond engagement, all he had done for her, would move her to ſome acknowledgement; in the impatience he was to ſee her again, he ſuddenly Embarqued all the *Portugals*, who had eſcaped from the Battel; he thought of ſecuring *Almeida*, and ſtillre ſpecting her the King had loved, and had committed to his care, he asked her what place ſhe would chuſe for her retreat, that he might Conduct her to it, even to the hazard of his life.

Almeida without Brother, King, Lover, Relations, Friends and Succours; odious to all the Nations, who had intereſſed themſelves in that Quarrel, knew not to what place to carry her misfortunes. Of all the Train ſhe had brought into

Portugal, ſhe had only left a *Venetian* Maid, who came into her Service a little before *Mahumet* was drove out of his Dominions. This young Perſon had been taken at Sea by the *Mooriſh* Pirates ſome time after that *Almeida* was returned from *Spain*; ſhe was given to that Princeſs, becauſe ſhe had a thouſand fine Qualities, that diſtinguiſhed her from other Slaves, and her Relations had not yet been able to Ranſome her, by reaſon of the troubles that were in that Kingdom, which cauſed *Almeida* to wander into ſeveral places. The Princeſs had taken an affection for her, and treated her with a great deal of kindneſs. This Slave ſeeing her in ſo great a perplexity, told her, that in acknowledgment of the favours ſhe had received, ſhe offered her a Retreat at *Venice*, that the *Bailo* of that Republick was her Relation, and ſhe was ſure, if ſhe would become a Chriſtian,

Chriſtian, as ſhe had promiſed *Don Sebaſtian* ſhe would, her Family would willingly grant her a Refuge that would not be altogether unworthy of her. *Almeida* willingly accepted the proffer, *Souza* cauſed her to be conducted to *Venice*, and then made Sail towards *Lisbon*.

The whole Kingdom was in an extream Conſternation. The People knew not if *Don Sebaſtian* was dead or alive: All the World lamented his misfortunes, and no body knew his fate. Thoſe who were well intentioned, maintained he was ſtill alive, and a Priſoner in *Africa*. The Seditious ſaid, that though that were true, they could not reprieve him from Captivity, becauſe War had drained the Revenues, and they could not find Money enough in the Kingdom for his Ranſome. Others cauſed a report to run, how he was dead: The People would have a King;

the beſt Politicians, and thoſe that were moſt honeſt, doubted of all, and ſaid nothing. There was nothing ſeen but Relations, which ſeemed all to confirm the News of the Kings Death. *Spain* had ſeveral places upon the Confines of *Africa*, that bordered *Portugal*: Thoſe who were Governours of them ſtopped all the Pacquets that were ſent into *Portugal*. There were daily ſeen new Liſts of the dead; the whole Kingdom was in Mourning; each City in Tears; all Families regretted the loſs of a Father, a Hsuband, a Son, or a Brother; oftentimes one alone deplored all theſe Perſons together; and the Council was at length conſtrained to appeaſe the Murmurs of the People, to cauſe Cardinal *Henry* to come out of the *Abby* of *Calcobaſſa*, to which place he was retired, and to proclaim him Governour General of the Kingdom, in the abſence of *Don Sebaſtian* his Succeſſour to the Crown.

Eugenia

Eugenia using all her endeavours to have certain News of her Husband, was assured after several very exact enquiries, that he had lost his life in that Battel. The grief she was in surpassed that of all other Widows; her Affliction was not confounded in the Publick Desolation; she made it be distinguished by its excess. *Souza* was no sooner arrived, than he would render the Devoirs that Decency exacts on such occasions: He was told she was returned into a Religious House, where she admitted of no Visits: He had promised to himself so much pleasure in seeing *Eugenia* again, and disengaged from *Don Henry*, that he could not without an extream trouble, find himself disappointed of that happiness. The Abbess of that Convent was his Aunt: He went to beg she would obtain of *Eugenia*, that he might see her for a moment; but this Widow prescribed her self too severe Rules

to consent to that interview, which she fancied would injure the fidelity she owed the Memory of her Husband, and she still so firmly opposed the measures that *Souza* took to discourse her, that he was afraid, he should be wanting in the respect he owed her, if he still endeavoured to procure himself that satisfaction.

While all *Portugal* was in Tears, *Africa* echoed with shouts of joy for so great a Victory. *Hamet*, *Moluc's* Brother, was proclaimed King: He made an Entry into *Fez*, he brought thither in triumph *Mahumets* Body, with a great number of Prisoners. After which he bethought himself to acquire the favour of the King of *Spain*. He had means in his hands, that were sure to obtain it: Several *Spaniards* were among his Prisoners; he was Master of *Don Sebastian*, whose fate no Body knew. *Philip* stood in need of him: These two Kings

sent

ſent Ambaſſadours to one another. The King of *Spain* gave to the Value of a hundred thouſand Ducates in Jewels to the King of *Fez*; who likewiſe reſtored to *Philip*, without any Ranſome, all the *Spaniards* that had been taken Priſoners iu that War. The report of *Don Sebaſtian*'s death was renewed every where. New Circumſtances of it were made Publick: It was ſaid, that he had not been met withal amongſt the Priſoners, and that having ſought for him amongſt the dead, a naked Man had been found, whoſe Body reſembled his, and was known to be ſo by ſome *Portugal* Priſoners. *Hamet* delivered this Corps into the *Spaniſh* Governours hands of *Ceuta*. He likewiſe reſtored to *Philip* the Duke of *Barcellos* without Ranſome; and the Council thought fit at length to proclaim at *Lisbon*, that *Don Sebaſtian* was dead, and to perform the Publick Ceremo-

nies, that thoſe People are uſed to practiſe on ſuch occaſions, for the appeaſing the murmurs and the diſorders, that were cauſed by the Doubtful Fate of that unhappy King.

Cardinal *Henry* was Crowned King of *Portugal*. At firſt great hopes were conceived from his age and his probity; but beſides that the Virtues of one Condition are oftentimes Vices in another, the change of our Fortune almoſt always changes the diſpoſition of our Mind. *Henry* became Haughty, Revengeful and Jealous. Few of the late Kings Courtiers kept in favour under this new Reign. He Perſecuted all thoſe who had ſhared in the pleaſures of *Don Sebaſtian*; he revenged himſelf on all, who had not ſhewn him reſpect enough, and had only applyed themſelves to the Kings Perſon. The Dutcheſs of *Braganza* was the only one of the Antient Court,

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whoſe Credit was augmented under *Henry*. He had for her a great inclination; her Complaiſance, her Eagerneſſes, and the Affectionate Air ſhe made appear to thoſe ſhe had a mind to pleaſe, had engaged *Henry*. She came to *Lisbon* upon the firſt report of the loſs of the Battel, to know News of her Son, and Husband; ſhe deplored the loſs of the one's Liberty, and the Life of the other; and King *Henry* uſed all his endeavours to divert her Grief. *Violanta* was not beloved by this Cardinal, but as he had meaſures to keep with her, by reaſon of the Pretenſions of *Don Anthony* her Son, he did not ſhew her any hatred: She was gone into Mourning for the Death of *Don Lewis*; the better part of the Court had been to Condole with her upon her loſs. *Henry* had not ſeen her, becauſe he had not conſented to *Don Lewis* his Marrying her, for fear of being

conſtrained

conſtrained to acknowledge *Don Lewis* for the Legitimate Succeſſour of the Crown. The Count *de Souza* was more in Favour than he had ever been: *Henry* knew his Prudence, eſteemed his Merit, and often followed his Counſels in the Government of the State: *Don Lewis* had ever ſhared in the pleaſures of *Don Sebaſtian*, and had ever applied himſelf only to the Perſon of that King. The hatred that *Henry* bore him for that reaſon, did not die with him; he was reſolved to make his Widow ſenſible of the effects of it: He brought Suits at Law againſt her, that were capable of ruining her, and maintained that the better part of her Husbands Eſtate had been alienated from the Crown, and ought to be reunited to it. *Eugenia* had plunged her ſelf into ſuch an affliction, that ſhe neither thought of State nor of Life, and believed ſhe ought not to manage any of thoſe things,

things, after having loſt what ſhe loved. Her Relations were not favourites enough at Court to undertake her defence. *Souza* Employed all his Credit to preſerve to her the Eſtate they would have deprived her of, and did it with Succeſs. *Henry* Sacrificed his Reſentment to the Prayers of this Count, and took pity of *Eugenia*. But as the Count *de Souza* durſt not hazard ſeeing her, ſince ſhe had ſent him Word, that he would diſoblige her, if he ſeemed to have that Deſign; he contented himſelf with deſiring one of that Widows Relations to acquaint her on the part of *Henry*, that he reſtored to her all her Eſtate, without declaring to this Relation, that *Henry* had only granted this Act of Grace to *Eugenia* upon his ſolicitation; but the noiſe thereof was already ſpread through all the City; which *Eugenia* was informed of at the ſame time, they acquainted her with this

this News; ſhe appeared as little ſenſible of the Services of *Souza*, as the kindneſſes of *Henry*, ſo full was her Soul of Grief, and ſo unconcerned was ſhe for things of this World.

The King of *Spain* having had Advice, that *Don Sebaſtian*'s death had been Proclaimed in *Portugal*, and Cardinal *Henry* made King, reſolved to joyn the powerful Motives of Religion and Juſtice to the ſecret Practices he entertained in all parts, for the maintaining the Pretenſions he had upon that Crown. Conſcience in *Spain* is an Actreſs, that has ever a Principal Part in all things, and had the greateſt ſhare in this Intrigue. *Philip* cauſed the moſt Learned and Famous Caſuiſts to be Conſulted, and Civil Layers of his Kingdom, and they unanimouſly declared, that *Don Sebaſtian* being dead, he might Seize on the Kindom of *Portugal* to the prejudice of *Henry*:

But whether *Philip* having other Wars to maintain, feared that the *Portuguezes* would by force of Arms defend the Crown, they had newly placed upon *Henry's* head, or was afraid this War would give thoſe People new remembrances of *Don Sebaſtian*, whom without any difficulty they had believed to be dead, becauſe they ſaw a Prince of their Country Succeed him, and of whoſe death they ſhould not ſo eaſily perſuade themſelves, if a ſtranger ſhould Seize on the Throne; the King of *Spain* found the ways of Artifice, more ſure than thoſe of open Force, and thought it convenient to let *Henry* Reign, for the little time he had to live, rather than diſguſt thoſe People by too much Precipitation.

As ſoon as the Duke of *Barcellos* was got out of *Hamets* Priſons, he paſſed the *Straits* to go into *Portugal*, and promiſed himſelf to ſatisfie

ſatisfie in a little time, the tender impatience of *Leonora*, who had ſo long ſighed for his return. But *Philip*, fearing this Duke might occaſion new obſtacles to the *Spaniards* Pretenſions, by reaſon of the Right the Quality of the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*'s Heir gave him to that Crown, reſolved to retard as much as he could his Arrival. He employ'd all manner of Artifices to hinder the Duke from going to *Lisbon*: And as he knew that he was to paſs by Saint *Lucar*, he ſent Orders to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, who was Governour of that place, to detain him in that City as long as was poſſible for him. Some New Diverſion was daily invented to cauſe him to ſtay, and he ever found ſomething New and Magnificent to invite a delay. Several Pretexts had already been found out to ſtop him, when the Duke not being able to reſiſt any longer

longer *Leonora*'s impatience, who desired him incessantly by tender and pressing Letters to return to *Lisbon*, resolved at length to depart from Saint *Lucar*, and made known with much firmness to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, that he was resolved to depart the next day. This Governour still endeavoured to persuade him; but seeing the Duke was obstinate to be gone, he caused all his Equipage to be seized on with absolute Authority, and told the Duke of *Barcellos* as gently as was possible for him, that being Governour of that place for the King of *Spain*, he could not suffer him to go away without Order from his Master; that he would write to him about it the next day, and that as soon as he received an answer, all the ways should be open to him. The Duke surprized at this procedure, gave notice thereof to the Dutchess his Mother. She complained of

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that Violence to *Henry*: He aſſured her, he would ſolicite her Sons Liberty with all the ardour he was capable of, and received this occaſion of obliging the Dutcheſs, with ſo much joy, and ſo much eagerneſs, that ſhe no longer doubted, that what ſhe had ſuſpected of him was real.

This Dutcheſs had already remarqued how the other Virtue the Cardinal had ever made profeſſion of, ſuffered it ſelf to be inſenſibly ſeduced by Pleaſures, which attend a Crown. She was extreamly Complaiſant to him; ſhe ſeemed young; was ſtill Beautiful, and having a Deſign upon the Crown of *Portugal*, ſhe was willing to procure *Henry*'s ſuffrage, and uſed all her endeavours to inſinuate her ſelf into that Kings Favour. Old Men as well as Children are uſually won by thoſe who flatter them: Cardinal *Henry* took great delight in the Complaiſances

plaiſances of that Dutcheſs, and fancying that Sixty ſeven Years, with a long Practice of all Virtues, were a ſure Preſervative againſt Love, he let his Eyes continually enjoy the Pleaſures of ſeeing that Dutcheſs, and abandoned himſelf entirely to the Charms that ſeduced him, without foreſeeing what it would come to. A Heart that never loved, is as much a Novice at Sixty years old, as in the tendereſt youth; and the frequent Converſations of a Beautiful Perſon, have the Art of taming the moſt Savage Virtue; that of *Henry* became ſuſceptible by little and little: The Dutcheſs perceived his Love ſooner than he himſelf, ſhe ſaw it bud with joy, and applauded her ſelf in ſecret for that Conqueſt, that might be of ſuch advantage to her Deſigns. As ſoon as the King knew, that the inclination he had for the Dutcheſs, was love attended with all its diſquiets,

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he was extreamly concerned; he would have called his reaſon to his Reſcue; but love had drove it away; 'twas too far off to underſtand him, or to return, and all he could do againſt that Paſſion, was to ſhut it up in his Heart, to conceal it with care from the Eyes of all the Court, and to declare nothing of it to her who cauſed it. He had the pleaſure of ſeeing the Dutcheſs, and ſhe was ever Complaiſant. She ſeemed to know nothing of his Paſſion, but what he was willing to acquaint her with. He inſenſibly explained to her all he was ſenſible of after this manner. And as the kindneſs of Old Men is not ſo furious as ordinary love, and that 'tis rather a ſweet folly than a ſtrong Paſſion, the violence he uſed upon himſelf, did not put him in too much pain, and he enjoy'd with tranquility enough the Pleaſure of being near what one loves.

Souza's

Souza's Paſſion was not ſo Calm, what reſpect ſoever he had for *Eugenia*'s Orders, it was not without an extream conſtraint, that he obeyed them: He ardently deſired to ſee her; could not forbear making frequent Viſits to his Aunt, and the other Friends he had in that Convent; took delight in being under the ſame Roof with his Miſtriſs: They talked of her often to him, and the violence he uſed upon himſelf to conceal his love from all the World, did not hinder him from taking a great deal of Pleaſure in thoſe Converſations: He had a Siſter whom he tenderly loved: She deſired him one day to accompany her to her Aunts, whom ſhe had a mind to Viſit, which he conſented to with joy. When they came to the Convent, they were told, that the Abbeſs was in a Parlour with *Eugenia*, who could not refuſe ſeeing one of her Relations, who was lately

lately arrived at *Lisbon*: *Souza* was full of joy at the News, and was going haſtily into the Parlour; but the fear of diſpleaſing her he loved immediately with-held him, and made him think ſometime upon that Deſign. He let the Abbeſs know, that her Niece asked to ſee her; and as there was no mention made of *Souza*, *Eugenia* ſtayed without thinking he was to come with his Siſter; he perceived ſhe was vexed and ſurprized to ſee him: The griet of having diſpleaſed *Eugenia*, and the Luſtre of her Beauty, which ſeemed to be augmented ſince her Widowhood, cauſed ſo much trouble in that Lover, that *Eugenia* could not forbear having ſome pity, though at the firſt ſight of him, ſhe reſolved to withdraw: The diſorder, love, reſpect, and repentance that the Count made appear in his Eyes, and the remembrance of all he had done for her, ſtaid her for ſome moments,

moments, and after having thought upon what was her Devoir in that Rencounter, ſhe judged it more convenient to remain, than make it believed by her retreat, that ſhe took a particular care to avoid *Souza*. The Converſation was general; the Count durſt not ſpeak of his Paſſion otherwiſe than by tender looks, which a reſpectful fear ſometimes curbed, and which *Eugenia*'s ſeverity often refuſed to underſtand. This Interview perplexing her, ſhe quickly found a pretext to withdraw: The Abbeſs being called away by ſome Duties of her profeſſion, retired preſently after: This Viſit was ſomewhat ſhort, and *Souza* parted from thence more charmed with *Eugenia* than he had ever been.

This Widow was afterwards ſomething concerned ſhe had ſtaid in a Company where *Souza* was preſent, and reproaching her ſelf ſometimes for having ſeen a Man, who

who had loved her in her Husbands life time. The Abbeſs having already obſerved, that her Nephew had a great Paſſion for *Eugenia*, diſcourſed her often about *Souza*, and ſometimes told her, that Young and Beautiful as ſhe was ſhe could not remain long a Widow, that the Affairs of her Family would oblige her to Marry again ſome one, whoſe Credit and Prudence might ſupport her Intereſt, that ſhe ſaw in the Count *de Souza* all that could render her happy, and that if ſhe found ſhe had the leaſt inclination for him, ſhe ought to conſent to their Marriage. But *Eugenia* poſſeſſed with the Memory of her Husband, could not ſuffer any other *Idea*. The Niceneſs of her Virtue fancied it Criminal to give Ear to ſuch propoſitions: She repulſed them with all the firmneſs that the Civility ſhe owed the Abbeſs, and the eſteem ſhe had for the Count

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de Souza could permit her, and made them ſo well know, that ſuch Diſcourſes were not pleaſing to her, as they ceaſed to be importunate.

The Pleaſure Cardinal *Henry* enjoy'd with the Dutcheſs of *Braganza* did not laſt long. *Anthony*, who was then in *Africa*, and had cunningly concealed his Quality from all the *Moors*, found the means of eſcaping, and returned to *Lisbon*, but was but coldly received by King *Henry*. All the Court immediately asked him News of *Don Sebaſtian*; but as he had been amongſt the Common Priſoners, was one of the firſt that that had freed himſelf from Slavery, and the Fate of this King had ever been kept very ſecret in *Africa*, he could ſay nothing particular thereof. He ſaw the Dutcheſs, ſhe charmed him, and he fancied ſhe might be uſeful to him in regard of the Pretenſions he had to

the Crown: He thought, if ſhe joyned the right ſhe had to that Kingdom to his, they ſhould carry it from all others. He paid reſpects to the Dutcheſs, which met with a favourable reception; ſhe conſider'd his Pretenſions in the ſame Deſign as he had done hers. Great Intrigues were formed between them; and though ſhe kept great meaſures with *Henry*, he conceived ſo ſtrong a Jealouſie of that Union, that he made his Complaint to the Dutcheſs, and fell in a rage againſt *Anthony*. The one without diſowning his Paſſion, promiſed the King to Renounce it in his Favour, and the other denied ſhe had any Correſpondence with that Prince.

Every thing Alarmed this Jealous King: *Anthony* durſt not be in any place where the Dutcheſs went; and as forbidding to ſee one another, does furniſh thoſe who have any diſpoſition to love, with the occaſion of making ſecret aſſignations

nations which ever advances the aims of a Paſſion: *Anthony* who could not ſee the Dutcheſs in Publick, ſaw her in Private; he deſired ſecret Rendezvouzes of her, which ſhe was not able to refuſe him. They had mutual Intereſts that concerned the State; Policie ſerved Love in that occaſion, as Love ſerves Policie in others. The Dutcheſs aimed at a Crown: *Anthony* employ'd all his cares to make himſelf King. He was very much beloved by the People, he gained the Suffrages of the Principal Inhabitants of the City, who went to deſire *Henry* to name a Succeſſour to the Throne, and to conſider in that Nomination the Rights of *Anthony* and the Voice of the People, who declared themſelves in his favour. This Harangue frighted *Henry*; he had conceived a mortal hatred to his Nephew, ſince he had fancied him his Rival. He reſolved to deprive him at one

Caſt of the Kingdom, and of the Dutcheſs, by Marrying that Princeſs. He coloured this Deſign with the neceſſity of giving a Succeſſour to the Throne, for the preventing thoſe Wars the pretenders to that Crown, threatned the State withal. He Communicated this Deſign to the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*: He flattered her Ambition; ſhe conſented to it, notwithſtanding the inclination ſhe had for *Anthony*. This pretext did lure the ſimple; but there were two great obſtacles to this Marriage. *Henry* was a Prieſt, and ſixty years old. Kings never want able Men, who remove the Scruples and Difficulties that are contrary to their Deſigns. The Phyſiicans told him, he was capable of getting Succeſſours. Some Caſuiſts aſſured him, that he might eaſily obtain a Diſpenſation from the Pope for a Match ſo neceſſary to the State; and *Edward* of *Caſtel Bianco* was nominated Ambaſſadour to

to his Holineſs, for the obtaining that Diſpenſation.

The King of *Spain* having Advice thereof, was very much alarmed. His Partizans talked publickly, that *Henry* was incapable of Marriage, and he could never have any Children, but ſuch as were impoſed upon him. *Philip* cauſed the Pope to be deſired he would not grant that Diſpenſation, and ſent to *Lisbon* a certain *Jacobin*, called *Ferrand du Caſtilio*, a very ſubtil Divine and Cunning Monk, who by the free and good Reception the Fathers of his Order had at Court, inſinuated himſelf cunningly into *Henry*'s Favour, without making known to any one ſoever, that he came from the Court of *Spain*, and without acquainting any body with the occaſion of his Journey; he laboured under the Cloak of his Monkiſhip Habbit, and under the appearence of Piety, to effect and bring to paſs the Deſigns

of *Philip*. He coloured all his Practices with a great Zeal for the Church, and devoutly represented to *Henry*, that his Marrying would utterly destroy the Catholick Religion; that the Heresies which then Reigned, would be more Spirited by that Action; that the Heretieks, who pretend that Marriage is not incompatible with the Service of our Altars, would cite him amongst all Christian People, as an Example that would autherise their belief, and would Scandalise the *Romanists*, and that it would be much better to lose all the Kingdoms of the World, than to make the least breach in the Catholick Faith.

But what care soever the Pretenders to the Crown of *Portugal* had taken since the Defeat in *Africa*, to persuade the People that *Don Sebastian* was dead, they had not been able to establish that belief so well amongst them, but there always

always ran ſome report in that Kingdom, how this King was ſtill alive. They learnt from time to time, ſome News of his Captivity: One of the Principal Inhabitants of the Iſles of *Tercera*, who had accompanied that unfortunate Prince in his Voyage, and had eſcaped out of the *Moors* Priſons, had ſo well perſuaded it to the People of thoſe Iſlands, that they ever made mention of *Don Sebaſtian*, as of a King who was living, in the Publick Prayers. He went to *Liſbon* himſelf to warrant this News, and to aſſure it to all the Court; but Cardinal *Henry* would give no Credit to it, and fancied this rumour was only a New Artifice for the putting by his Marriage. This Man was treated as an Impoſture; his Perſon was ſecured without any noiſe, and ſecretly diſpatched into the other World: *Almeida* being ſtill at *Venice*, heard all theſe rumours, and as ſhe de-

ſired with more Paſſion than any other, that they were real, ſhe gave eaſier Credit to them than any Body elſe, and by Letters deſired thoſe Friends ſhe had left at *Lisbon*, to Contrive ſome means of Delivering *Don Sebaſtian*. But all that came from that *African* Princeſs was odious to the *Portuguezes*, and this News was ſo ill entertained at Court, that the moſt diſintereſſed Politicians ſtifled it in its Birth.

Anthony was yet more alarmed at *Henrys* Projects, than the King of *Spain* was, he redoubled his Efforts to become King of *Portugal*, and to render himſelf worthy of the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*. He continually endeavoured to acquire new Partizans; he ſent to Solicite the Magiſtrates of all the Cities; he made known to the People, that it was for them to chooſe a King, becauſe the *Salick* Law being received in that Kingdom, the Crown

Crown wanting Heirs Males in a direct Line, the Election belonged to them, and that *John* I, one of their Kings, on ſuch another occaſion, had been choſen by the People. He ſupported the *Male-contents*, flattered the Bold, and ſeduced the Weak: But his Love was yet more troubleſome than his Ambition; he loved the Dutcheſs as much as the Throne, and was no more ſure of the Poſſeſſion of the one than of the Love of the other. When he had learnt that ſhe conſented to the Match which *Henry* Projected, he went to her privately, and told her, after having entertained her with the Progreſſes he made upon the Peoples Minds: *Heaven is my Witneſs, Madam, that I leſs eſteem the Conqueſt of a Kingdom than that of your Heart, and if I did not believe that the Throne would one day advance me up to you, I ſhould never think of raiſing my ſelf up to it; I know you*

are worthy of a Crown, I alſo know you cannot fail of it; but I know not whether you had not rather chooſe to receive it from the Hands of Henry *than from mine; and if preferring a certain Poſſeſſion before doubtful Hopes, you are not more inclined to that King, as old and decrepit as he is, than to a young Prince, who loves you to adoration: But Madam, without particularizing the difficulties that oppoſe the Match you have conſented to——Sir,* interupted the Dutcheſs, *thoſe would be uſeleſs, I know all that is contrary to this Union on the Kings part, and am willing to acquaint you with all thoſe that oppoſes it on mine; I do not find that* Henry *is lovely; you have all that is requiſite to pleaſe, I would preſer you with delight before that King, and in fine, I ſhould love you, if I believed my Heart; but Prince, better regulated Motions are to be Conſulted for our Union, Love muſt be ſilent, and Reaſon ought alone to*

ſpeak,

ſpeak when we aim at a Crown: My endeavours are to reign, and tho I am not vain enough to abandon my ſelf to that fancy, I am ſo ambitious as not to neglect any thing that may place me upon the Throne. Ah! Madam, anſwered *Anthony* after a Paſſionate manner, *when we are ſenſible of Love, Ambition has not that Power over our Actions, and for my part, I call Heaven to Witneſs, I hardly ever dream of Reigning, but I think inceſſantly of you. That is not the way to pleaſe me,* reply'd ſhe, *the Affairs of the Kingdom are much more preſſing than thoſe of our Love. When you have employ'd your thoughts with advantage upon the Throne, you will have time to think agreeably of me: Procure, Sir, your ſelf a Crown, and leave the Care to me of making you be beloved: If I am not as ſenſible as you, I am at leaſt more ſincere, and am willing to avow to you, that with a Crown you would pleaſe me more than the King; but*

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that the King will pleaſe me more than you as long as you are not Crowned. As to the reſt, if you believe theſe Sentiments too ſevere for your love, think that 'tis not to be very indifferent to hear you in private and without anger, and to declare my ſelf in favonr of your uncertain Cabals and doubtful hopes, againſt the ſincere and ſure Offers which the King makes me of his Crown. But, Madam, anſwered *Anthony*, *you have continual favours for* Henry. *This is all I can do for you Prince*, reply'd ſhe, *I will not openly fall out with the King*, (*nor would you Counſel me to do ſo*) *I have neither Forces nor Friends to offer you, we have both of us ſome Pretenſions to the Crown, I am willing to joyn mine to yours: Endeavour on your ſide, while I ſhall Act on mine, and be perſuaded, that if I could be Miſtriſs of the Kingdom, without ſharing it with* Henry, *I would ſhare it with you.*

Theſe

Theſe laſt Wards filled *Anthony* full of joy: He made a thouſand Paſſionate acknowledgments to the Dutcheſs, they both agreed at parting to uſe their Efforts for the procuring Father *Ferrand* to be of their Cabal: *Anthony* perceiving, that oppoſing as he did *Henry*'s Marriage, he would not be contrary to their Union, and the Dutcheſs, believing, that being *Anthonies* Friend, as he had declared himſelf he was, he would ſometimes facilitate their interview.

This Good Father, who did not ſo much fear the Marriage of the Dutcheſs with *Anthony*, as with *Henry*, conſented to favour the Paſſion of thoſe two Lovers. After having exacted from them an authentick Declaration of the purity of their intentions, believing he ſhould ever have means and time enough to deſtroy the tender Commerce he thought fit to entertain, if it ſhould once happen to be

be contrary to his Masters Designs, this Religious acquitted himself worthily of that Commission. *Anthony* not thinking Father *Ferrand* to be a Pensioner of *Spain*, and daily receiving a thousand good Offices from him, declared to him part of his Projects, which the zealous Father, immediately gave notice to of *Philip*. He was very diligent, and rendred himself necessary to the Dutchess, insomuch as she only concealed to him her most secret Designs.

An occasion that offered of serving her, augmented the Confidence she had in him. The King of *Spain* was in no haste to answer the Letters that *Henry* had writ to him concerning the Liberty of the Duke of *Barcellos*. He was still detained at St. *Lucars*; the Dutchess his Mother was extreamly vexed, the People murmured, and the *Jacobin* seeing that this Detension might have ill Consequences,

quences, wrote ſecretly to *Philip*, and at the ſame time promiſed the Dutcheſs, that the Duke of *Medina*, whoſe particular Friend he ſaid he was, would doubtleſs give Liberty to her Son, upon his deſire. And indeed the Duke of *Barcellos* went preſently after from St. *Lucars*. 'Twas given out, that the Duke of *Medina* out of too much precaution had detained him without any Order from Court. Father *Ferrand* ſeemed to be principal Agent in that Affair. The Dutcheſs was full of acknowledgment, and the King of *Spain* by very obliging Letters, deſired this young Duke to paſs into *Spain*, and come and divert himſelf at that Court, pretending to be very deſirous of ſeeing him. But the Duke of *Barcellos* diſtruſted the *Spaniards* Carreſs, and thought not fitting to undertake that Journey. The Dutcheſs his Mother not being willing, he ſhould engage himſelf further with

Leonora,

Leonora, ſent him word, that it was as unſafe for him to be at *Lisbon*, as at St. *Lucar*, ordered him to retire to *Villa Viſola*, where he would be Maſter, and have nothing to fear. What Inſtances ſoever *Leonora* had made to this Duke, he was forced to obey; War, Ambition, Abſence and Pleaſures had almoſt effaced her out of his Heart; and times and the cares of his Fortune, quite diſengaged him from that Paſſion which had never been very violent.

After *Eugenia* had paſſed ſome Months in the Monaſtry ſhe was retired into, the Counſels of her Relations, the Prayers of her Friends, and the neceſſity of her Affairs obliged her to return to *Lisbon*. All the Court Ladies made her their Viſits. The Dutcheſs of *Braganza* was of this number; ſhe made her ſome obliging reproaches upon the difficulties there was to ſee her, where ſhe

was

was in that Convent. *You would hardly conſent to ſee your Relations*, ſaid that Dutcheſs to her ſmiling, *and of all the Men in the World, the Count of* Souza *had only the happineſs of Diſcourſing you there.* Tho *Eugenia* had nothing to reproach her ſelf for that interview, ſhe was however out of Countenance and Confuſed at this Diſcourſe; ſhe was afraid, they would ſuſpect her of having ſome intrigue with a Man who had loved her ſo long a time, and defended her ſelf as well as ſhe could from this Reproach. But the Dutcheſs having obſerved her Diſorder and Bluſhing, fancyed there was ſome intelligence betwixt thoſe two Perſons. *Lewis* of *Granada* who formerly juſtified *Souza*, acquainted the King, that he was in love with *Eugenia*: The Dutcheſs had been told it, and as Gallant Women are ever glad to make it believed, that the moſt ſevere are ingaged in ſome

Intrigue

Intrigue of Galantry, this Dutchess continued maliciously that Railery, and reported every where, that *Eugenia* had a long time had a kindness for *Souza*.

This Widow was extreamly Jealous of her Honour; she was extreamly vexed at *Souza* for having brought upon her that Disgrace, tho she very well knew it was not his fault. She resolved never to see him more, and let him know every time he came to Visit her, that she was indisposed, and could not see any Body. *Souza* knew not by what Crime he had merited all these Cruelties: He was sure, he had never failed in his Respect to *Eugenia*, and had ever Sacrificed all things to her: he perceived, that she could not be ignorant of what he had done for her, and knew too well the severity of her Virtue, to dare to undertake to write to her. She had left off seeing the Abbess of the Convent

she

ſhe had made her retreat to, becauſe ſhe was ever talking to her in favour of him. The Relations of that Widow knowing what the Count had done for her, and ſeeing the Credit he had at Court, were deſirous ſhe ſhould conſent to Marry him; the Siſter of *Don Henry* her Husband, and for whom ſhe had ever had a great inclination, was a great Friend of *Souza*'s Siſter. They both went to ſee her, and *Souza* declared to her his love, and his deſpair. He deſired her to know what *Eugenia* could accuſe him of, and to procure him a moment of Diſcourſe with her. And this Friend promiſed *Souza* and his Siſter to employ all the Power ſhe had over her, to their ſatisfaction.

The End of the Third Part.

6 AU 55

Don Sebastian

KING OF Portugal.

An Historical Novel.

PART IV.

Done out of *French* by
Mr. *FERRAND SPENCE.*

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes, in Russel-street* in *Covent-garden,* 1683.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Don Sebastian, KING OF PORTUGAL.

IN the mean time, the Pope made no great haste to grant *Henry* the Dispensation that his Ambassadour demanded of him. The Cabals of *Spain* were stronger than the Solicitations of *Castel Bianco*. The People grew impatient, and feared the Wars, which the Pretenders to the Crown threatned *Portugal* with after the Death of *Henry*. *Anthony* in all places excited the murmurs; he had gained

gained the Peoples Favour, and the ſuffrages of the Court. *Philip* had notice of all that paſſed: He ordered Father *Ferrand* to ſeek out the means of ſtopping his Progreſſes; which the Father had Infallible ones to do, and reſolved to procure his being Baniſhed from *Lisbon*. *Henry* was but too much diſpoſed to hate him; the Cabals he raiſed every where, and the love he had for the Dutcheſs, were ſuch Crimes, in reſpect of that King, as could not fail of drawing down his vengeance; but Father *Ferrand* was not willing to be the Informer, this was too contrary to the good and devout Character he affected; he would not involve the Dutcheſs in this Affair, he had particular Conſiderations for her: The Friendſhip and Confidence of thoſe two Lovers were neceſſary to him; wherefore he ſo behaved himſelf as to keep them both his Friends. *Leonora* was vexed at the

the Dutcheſs, being ſhe had hindred her Son from coming to *Lisbon*, and fancied, that ſhe alone was the cauſe of this change: The peeks that Love cauſes between perſons of that Sex, become irreconcileable averſions. Father *Ferrand* had ſome acquaintance with *Leonora*, from the time he ſolicited the Liberty of the Duke of *Barcellos*: She had made ſeveral Viſits to this good Father, to learn News of her Lover, and he had diſcovered the hatred ſhe had for the Dutcheſs, when he acquainted her, that the Duke of *Barcellos* had Order to go to *Villa Viſola*.

Chance had put into the *Jacobins* hands a Letter that *Anthony* wrote to the Dutcheſs, in which he let her know, that he had learnt, that his Holineſs would ſpin out the buſineſs of the Diſpenſation ſo long a time, that *Henry* ſhould be dead before an anſwer would be given to it; that he was

too good to ſuffer the perſecutions of ſo uſeleſs an Amour, as was that of the Old Cardinal, and too Cruel if ſhe did not declare her ſelf in favour of a Prince, who would infallibly put the Crown upon her head. This Letter ſaid enough againſt the Duke, and too little againſt the Dutcheſs, to accuſe her of a Formal Intrigue. There needed no more than to ſhew it the King. Father *Ferrand* ſhewed it *Leonora*, as if he had found it by chance. She deſired the Father to give her that Letter: He obſtinately denied it, till he had made her promiſe, ſhe would never declare from whom ſhe had it; and after having given it her, he deſired her not to make any noiſe with it, but to ſhew it the King with as much caution and moderation as was poſſible, if the good of the State obliged her ſo to do. As ſoon as ſhe had this Letter, ſhe bethought her ſelf of the means to ſhew it to

Henry,

Henry, and made choice of *Phœbus Monis*, who was *Vereador* of *Lisbon*, and had great acceſs to the King, and was entirely devoted to *Leonora*, having been one of *Chriſtopher de Tavora* her Fathers Officers. She ſent for him, and told him, that it was important for the good of the State, and for his particular Intereſts, that the King were acquainted with a Letter, which was come to her Hands: And after having ſhew'd it him, ſhe begged him to let *Henry* ſee it, and told him, that ſhe found it in the *Jacobin's* Church, which was the very place where the Dutcheſs had let it fall. *Monis* executed this Commiſſion very punctually. The King ſaw that Letter, and was in an extream fury againſt *Anthony*: He Baniſhed him from Court, and ſent him to his Priory of *Crato*. But notwithſtanding all the meaſures the King took to hinder the Interviews of theſe two Lovers, *Antho-*

ny did not fail to take his leave of the Dutchess; through the industry of the *Jacobin*; they took measures to write to one another, and it was this good Father, who received and convey'd the Letters from and to either party, he was their dearest Confident, and best Friend. They fancied they could not choose a more faithful Correspondent in their Commerce; they imagined, that they would sooner open the Pacquets of all the Court, than those that were addressed to the Religious, who have ever had in *Spain* and *Portugal*, particular Priviledges and Prerogatives.

Eugenia's Sister-in-law, often Discoursed her about Count *de Souza* as she had promised him to do, and desired her with so much earnestness to permit the Count to come and see her, that notwithstanding the repugnance her Scruples gave her to that Visit, she consented to it, yet upon Condition, that it

 should

ſhould be in preſence of that mutual Friend; ſhe immediately ſent Word to the Count *de Souza* to come to *Eugenia's*: How great was the joy of this Lover, who had ſighed ſo long a time for this happineſs! He run thither with eagerneſs, but how great was the trouble, when after having Saluted that Beautiful Widow, he ſaw more ſeverity in her looks than ſhe had ever ſhown him; he likewiſe fancied he ſaw there ſome anger, and was extreamly ſurpriz'd, when *Eugenia's* Siſter being willing to withdraw a little to give them the Liberty of entertaining one another, ſhe ſtaying her, told her, *Is it to abandon me, Siſter, that you have engaged me to this Interview? And the violence I did to my ſelf for your ſake, does it not deſerve you ſhould be as good as your Word to me? I am very unhappy, Madam,* anſwered the Count full of grief and reſpect, *that the ſight of me is ſo great a con-*

ſtraint to you: The love I have ſo long had for you, the endeavours I have uſed, and the care I have taken to conceal it even from your Eyes, ought not they to have appeaſed your Anger? You have not ſo well concealed your Paſſion, ſaid *Eugenia, but that all the Court has known it, it has even ſince ſome few days cauſed reports to run, that are injurious to my Reputation; and notwithſtanding all the preſſing Solicitations of my Siſter, I ſhould not at preſent have conſented to ſee you, if I had not had the Deſign of begging you to ſtifle that Paſſion, and to avoid careſully for the future the occaſions of ſeeing me, far from ſeeking them as you do? Ah! Madam,* cried the Count, *could you put me to a more cruel Torture? Have you forgotten my paſt reſpects? Do you complain of my preſent Carriage? And do you think 'tis in my power to forbear loving you in the future? My Lord,* reply'd ſhe, *I remember with an extream*

tream acknowledgment, all you have done for me; I should even see at present your affection without displeasure, and should with joy persuade my self, that you would ever love me: But I love my Honour, and will follow my Devoir. If I approved your Passion, it would be believed, that I suffered it in my Husbands Life time. It has been already but too much talked of, and I will not give ground for those Calumnies. I loved Don Henry, *and he loved me; I deplore his death; I thought ever to cherish his Memory, and never elsewhere engage a Heart that I have given him. Does not Death break all manner of Engagements, Madam,* reply'd *Souza?* Don Henry's *Ashes, do they exact any fidelity from you? You have ever lived after such a manner, that the most bespattering Persons could not suspect your Conducts: All the World does but too well know, what an excess of kindness you had for* Don Henry. *'Tis well enough known,*

what a veneration I have ever had for you; and if you would render me happy, thoſe Reproaches which you are ſo much afraid of, and which have only been the light ſuſpicion of a Malicious Perſon, would be diſſipated by our Union. The Count endeavoured by theſe reaſons and all others his Wit and Paſſion could inſpire him with, to render *Eugenia* more favourable to his Paſſion, and leſs ſenſible of the Memory of *Don Henry*; but the auſterity of her Virtue made her inflexible: And her Siſter-in-law, who knew the Credit, Paſſion and Deſert of *Souza*, had all the trouble imaginable to obtain from her Siſter, that the Count might ſee her ſometimes; and *Eugenia* would not conſent to it, till he had promiſed he would ſee her but ſeldom, not ſpeak to her of love, nor make any Propoſitions of Marriage as long as her Mourning laſted. *Souza* obey-

ed her, he saw her very rarely, and said not a Word to her of his Passion. But Love knows how to make it self understood without the help of Words, and Discourses the fullest of kindness are not those that are the most persuasive; Tho his Visits were very regular, his Assiduities, his Cares, and all his Actions spoke in favour of a Passion, that his Mouth durst not Explain. *Eugenia*, who had refused to understand the ordinary Language of Love, hearkned to these Interpreters, without being displeased, and was very glad that the severity of her Devoir was deceived by these little Artifices, and that the Carriage of so respectful a Lover stifled all manner of reproaches.

Henry's Love being something reassured by the removal of *Anthony*, he employ'd himself entirely to the Pretensions that the Dutchess had to the Throne, against

the Cabals of all aſpiring Candidates to that Crown: He made known to the Deputies of the States, that he would favour that Dutcheſs in all that ſhould be poſſible; he Solicited the Clergy for her; he Prayed the Nobility; Flattered the Commons; promiſed ſome, threatned others, and at length made ſo many Cabals for the Dutcheſs, that part of the States declared themſelves already in Favour of her Pretenſions. The King of *Spain* cauſed forty thouſand Men to March to the Frontiers of *Portugal*, to joyn Force to the Reaſons and Artifices he had already employ'd. And that nothing might be neglected, he ſent two Perſons of great knowledge to *Lisbon*, in the Quality of Ambaſſadours, that they might make known the Right of his Pretenſions to the King and the States of *Portugal*, with Order however not to make any Act, by which they ſhould

ſhould acknowledge the Juriſdiction of *Henry*. All theſe Agents made no progreſs with him in their Negotiation: His heart had preingaged his Mind in favour of the Dutcheſs; they in vain made Preſents and Promiſes to Perſons of Quality, and to the People for procuring their Suffrages: The Voice of a King however feeble ſoever, has more power than the ſtrongeſt Cabals, and what is moſt difficult to other Men, is ever eaſie to Lovers.

None but the *Jacobin* was capapable of warding the blow that threatned the Pretenſions of the King of *Spain*. The Dutcheſs put that entire Confidence in him, as that ſhe gave him the Letters ſhe wrote to *Anthony*, for the Conveying them to him: And as ſhe one day told this Good Father, ſhe would ſend him one the next morning for that Prince, he acquainted *Leonora* with it the ſame day, that ſhe might cauſe that Letter to be taken from the Man,

who

who uſed to bring them him. *Leonora* ſeeking all occaſions of injuring the Dutcheſs, went to find out *Monis*, and told him, that ſhe knew an infallible means of augmenting his Credit with *Henry*, by rendring him a Signal Service; that he needed only to Way-lay one of the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*'s Servants, and take from him by force or conſent a Letter he was to carry the next morning to the *Jacobin*; and that if he let the King ſee it, it would procure him a Recompence above his hopes. *Monis* was one of thoſe Ambitious Men, who deſiring to advance themſelves at Court, employ'd all manner of means to get into Favour. He accepted the propoſition with joy, and found it no difficult task to get that Letter out of the Mans hands, when he ſpoke to him in the Kings Name. It was very kind, and made appear Correſpondence enough with *Anthny*, to reduce

reduce the King into utter deſpair. This Letter made a great noiſe at Court: Father *Ferrand* ſaw that the Sequels of it could not be ſafe for him. And as People of that Profeſſion are ever ready to change place, without much noiſe and Equipage, he departed the ſame day to return into *Spain*: And all thoſe who were acquainted with this precipitated departure, fancied the King not taking in good part the Advices that this Good Father gave him upon his Marriage, had Commanded him to retire.

Henry being become deſperate with what he had learnt of the Dutcheſs, went to her Houſe in the violence of his Tranſport, and told her all that Choller can inſpire a Jealous Husband with. She endeavourd at firſt to perſuade him, that her Enemies had forg'd that Letter for the preventing the Effect of his kindneſſes. She would then, not being able to deny her

own

own Hand Writing, make *Henry* believe, that ſhe had been put upon by ſurprize to write that Letter, and had been perſwaded it was neceſſary to her Intereſts. But the King not reliſhing any of her Excuſes, and ſtill loading her with reproaches, ſhe told him very haughtily, that he could not complain of her with Juſtice, that not having made him any promiſe, he had no right to ask her any thing; and that if ſhe had had any Complaiſance for him, he ought to be obliged to her for it, and not pretend it was an engagement in her. He would have repreſented to her, all the Cares he had taken to cauſe her to be preferred before the other Pretenders to the Crown; he vow'd to her the Ardour of his Paſſion, and the Deſign he had taken of Marrying her; but ſhe would not ſuffer him to talk long upon that Subject. *I know you would Marry me*, anſwer'd ſhe him very firmly, *I likewiſe diſ-*

poſed

poſed my ſelf to give you my Hand; but you alſo know if love had begun that Union on your ſide, Policy endeavoured to Compleat it on mine, and you have too much Underſtanding and Experience to believe that a Blind Love made me ſeek for this Marriage: If I have any Inclination for Anthony, *I have yet much more for my Grandeur and my Devoir: If you would have made me Queen, I would have Married you, and never have ſeen him. If he could have Crowned me, I would have given him my Hand, and never liſtned to your ſighs: I have conſidered, that the thoughts of my Grandeur requires I ſhould manage both; I thought I might without deceiving you, and without doing my ſelf an injury, have ſome Complaiſance for your Highneſs, and I fancied, my Devoir would permit me to have ſome inclination for a Prince, who ſhewed a great deal of love for me. Your thoughts deceived you,* anſwered *Henry* haughtily,

haughtily, *the Baſtard of a Prince, is but a meer Gentleman, Madam, and it it is to want Diſcretion and Reſpect, to place* Anthony *in your Heart under that Quality in parallel with me. I never make Compariſon*, reply'd the Dutcheſs to him, nettled at this Diſcourſe, Anthony *hath his Merit, you have yours, and I know how to do Juſtice to both. Mine ſhall not be ſo favourable to that Rebel, as yours*, anſwered the King, going away in a rage, *and time will make appear, how much you are miſtaken in your Projects.*

Cardinal *Henry* retir'd in the cruelest vexation he had ever been; he ſhut himſelf up for two hours in his Cloſet, without ſuffering any body to ſee him: *How unhappy am I*, ſaid he, *that I have not been able to defend my heart againſt the Dutcheſs of* Braganza? *Her pretended Affection only aimed at ſeducing me, and my Age and Experience have not*

been

been able to defend me againſt her Artifices; I fancied ſhe had ſome inclination for me; and I knew not, that ſhe was only ſenſible to Ambition, and that a Man of my years, was not likely to enflame any Woman with love: Why had I the Capricious Deſign of Marrying? What is become of the ſevere Virtue I ever made profeſſion of? I formerly ſerved for an Example to all the Kingdom, and am at preſent the Subject of its Laughter: How fatal is my Throne to me! it coſts me my Repoſe, Innocence and Liberty. What Crimes have not Ambition and Love made me already Commit? I have deprived ſome of their Eſtates, Baniſhed others; I perſecute my Nephew with Cruelty; I fruſtrate the Rights of all thoſe who pretend to the Crown, and all this in favour of an ungrateful Woman, who deſpiſes me, and Sacrifices me to a Rival. I muſt abandone that Perfidious Woman, ſee her no more, and recall into my heart

the

the Virtue that I have Banished thence: Alas! it rendred me happy and peaceable, and I am at present the most unfortunate of all Men. It was by these and such other like Reflexions, that *Henry* endeavoured to Exhale his Grief, and Cure his Love; he ceased seeing the Dutchess, and no longer favoured her Pretensions. He resolved to give to the Right of the King of *Spain* the Suffrages and Cares he had done to the Pretensions of the Dutchess of *Braganza*. He proposed to the States, to Name *Philip* for his Successour; but as the *Portuguezes* have ever been Enemies to the Government of *Spain*, that Proposition was not kindly received, and the King of *Spain* continued to send Forces upon the Frontiers of *Portugal*. These Warlike Preparations alarmed all the Neighbouring Princes: The Pope being willing to take advantage of that occasion, to become Arbitrator

of

of the Christian Princes, caused his Mediation to be offered to *Philip* for the pacifying mutters, and reconciling those differences. But the King of *Spain*, who would appear as Submissive to the Pope as he was Fixed to his Interests, did not refuse his Offers, he made his acknowledgments to the *Nuncio*; he likewise accepted them in General terms; he was too much a Politician openly to refuse that Mediation; but not being willing to give New Examples to Christian Princes of acknowledging the Apostolick See for the Judge of Kingdoms, he spun things out to length, without giving any Positive answer to his Holinesses *Nuncio*; and when he could no longer excuse making Reply, he told him, that the Justice of his Pretensions were so well grounded, and so manifest, that there was no occasion for a Mediator in that Affair; that *Henry* was too well intentioned towards

wards him, and the States of *Portugal* did ſufficiently acknowledge his Right: However, that if any Change happened in Affairs, and it grew neceſſary to chooſe an Arbitratour of that Difference, he would not fail to have recourſe to the Holy Father, as to the Refuge and Judge of all true Chriſtians, and to make uſe in that occaſion of his Holineſſes Zeal.

During all theſe Negotiations, *Henry* whom Age and Truobles had very much weakned, fell Sick, and died about four days after, almoſt in the Arms of the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, who was reconciled to him, but had however employ'd all her Addreſs in vain to perſuade him to make her Succeed in the Kingdom of *Portugal* by his Will. They had not yet had time to think of the Funerals of this Cardinal, when four Deputies from the Iſles of *Terceras*, came to Court to Inform that *Don Sebaſtian* was newly

newly Landed in their Island, and was lodged in the Convent of the *Cordeliers*: That he was Royally Served, and that those Religious had borrowed the most precious Moveables they could find in that Country, and a great quantity of Plate for his use. These News excited New Troubles amongst the People, and new Alarms in the Minds of the Pretenders. *Souza* was sent into those Islands with two Deputies from the Governours of *Lisbon*, to verifie all these things; and the Count had the joy before his departure, to learn from the Mouth of *Eugenia* her self, that he should find her less severe at his return, and she would permit him to propose their Marriage to her Relations. He departed with these hopes, his Voyage was not long; he learnt as soon as he was arriv'd at the Isles of *Terceras*, that *Don Sebastian* was gone from thence

incognito

incognito the Night before; that he would not suffer any one to attend him, nor make known to what place he designed to go. The *Envoys* who were with *Souza*, asked those Religious, who had entertained the King, if they had heard no talk of *Don Henry*? They assured them, that he was killed in Battel. The *Envoys* returned to *Lisbon*, after having to no purpose made exact enquiry after the King: They assured *Eugenia* and all her Relations of *Don Henry*'s death: That Widow was out of Mourning: Her Relations and her Friends knowing the Merit and Birth of *Souza*, pressed her with so much earnestness to conclude that Match, that she suffered her self to be vanquished by the Counts Constancy, and the desires of all his acquaintance. This Marriage was accomplished with great satisfaction on both parts. And nothing had been comparable to the Count of *Souza*'s happiness, if its continuance had been equal to its Charms.

Anthony

Anthony made still new efforts to mount the Throne, and to Marry the Dutchess, and his love enflamed his Ambition. He was Elected for the Defendour of the Publick Liberty in some Cities; he caused himself to be Proclaimed King in others, and having drawn together some few Troops, he Marched towards *Lisbon*, where they would have refused to let him in. But the Dutchess of *Braganza* and her Friends, augmenting the disorder that the approach of those Forces caused in the City, *Anthony* entred it without much resistance, and caused himself to be Proclaimed King by main Force. The Duke of *Alva*, who Commanded the King of *Spains* Forces, being entred *Portugal*, seized all the Cities he met with in his passage: The Pope hearing of the Consternation the *Portuguezes* were reduced to, set Cardinal *Alexander Riano* as his Legate to *Philip*. This

King

King having notice thereof, concluded, that besides the great authority which the Title of Peacemaker of Christendom would bring to the Apostolick See, the Pope would make a Vassal of him who should be Crowned by his Arbitrage. He resolved to take Possession of the Kingdom of *Portugal*, before the Popes Legate could arrive in *Spain*: He sent to the Duke of *Alva* to advance his Conquests with all possible Expedition: Gave Order, that in all places in his Dominions, through which the Legate was to pass, they should detain him there as long as they could, he pretended to be Sick, and sent word to the Legate, when near *Badagoz*, that his indisposition had delayed the Entry he ought to make him, and he desired him to wait some time longer. The Legate desired his leave to come to him *incognito*, which he could not

deny,

deny; but he handſomely declined the Popes Mediation, and told his Legate, that Affairs were too far advanced by Arms, that very few Cities remained for him to Conquer in *Portugal*, and all Kings would repute as weakneſs the regard he ſhould have for his Holineſs. After this Civil refuſal the Legate would have had his Audience of leave to have gone into *Portugal*, in purſuance of his Orders from the Holy See: But *Philip*, fearing that *Anthony* and the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, whom the Pope ſeemed to favour, might draw ſome advantage from the Legates preſence, would not conſent to his departure before he had made his Entry in Form.

In theſe Publick Calamities, no body was happy but the Count *de Souza*; and yet it may be ſaid, that the Zeal he had for the State hindred him from reliſhing perfectly the delights of his Marriage. He

was not born for the Pleaſures of Love, and as he was one day talking amorouſly with *Eugenia*, he was told that a Merchant who came from *Africa*, asked to ſpeak with him; *Souza* troubled at this News, without knowing any reaſon; all *Eugenia*'s Blood was frozen, without being able to tell why, and the Merchant being brought in told *Eugenia*, that he had lately ſeen *Don Henry*: She fainted away at that Name. *Souza*, in an extream Surprize, anſwered the Merchant, *that what he ſaid was falſe, that* Don Henry *was killed in the Battel of* Don Sebaſtian, *and that all the News they had received from* Africa, *had but too well confirmed his death. All the World believed it, my Lord*, anſwered the Merchant, *becauſe* Don Henry *was not ſeen amongſt the other Captives, and* Hamet *for important and ſecret Deſigns, cauſed Perſons of the greateſt Conſideration, who*

who had been taken in that War, to be drawn out from amongſt the Common Priſoners, and concealed apart in unknown Places. The Africans ſet on foot the rumours of their Deaths among the Portugal Priſoners: Don Henry *was of this number, and as theſe ſecret Priſoners have at preſent ſomething more Liberty, he found the means of ſeeing me the day before my departure, and deſired me to go find out* Eugenia *at* Lisbon, *and deſire her from him, to uſe her endeavours to free him out of ſo long a Captivity.* Souza asked the Merchant why *Don Henry* did not write: The Merchant anſwered, *becauſe he wanted the means of doing it, and was only able to ſay to him four Words.* The Count not knowing what Credit to give to the Words of this Merchant, ſeeing on the one ſide great appearance of Truth, and wiſhing on the other that it were all Falſe, found an expedient to get out of

that uncertainty; and after having taken care to recover *Eugenia* out of her Swoon, and given Order to her Maids to get her to Bed; he led that Merchant into a Gallery of his Houſe, where *Don Henry's* Picture hung amongſt ſeveral other Pieces which that Gallery was Adorned with. *I ſhall not believe you*, ſaid *Souza* to him, *except you diſcover amongſt theſe Pieces, the Pourtraict of* Don Henry, *whom you ſay, you lately ſpoke to*: The Merchant would have at firſt exempted himſelf from that Tryal, and told *Souza*, *that the Troubles* Don Henry *had ſuffered in his Captivity, might have ſo changed him, that he did not reſemble what he was formerly*: However having caſt his Eyes upon his Picture, he knew him again immediately, and cryed: *Ah! my Lord, there's* Don Henry's *Portraict, and his misfortunes have not changed his Features*..

Theſe

These words quite ruined *Souza*; he had till that moment questioned his unhappiness; but when he saw this Merchant knew that Portraict to be *Don Henry*'s Picture, he had no hopes left him. He was penetrated with all the grief that a Lover can be sensible of, when his beloved Object is forced from him, and he deprived of the delights of a perfect Love: *Eugenia*'s Beauties, and the Pleasures he had enjoy'd with her came crowding into his Mind. The *Idea* of so many Charms raising the value of the happiness he had possessed, made him know the greatness of the loss he was going to have, and made his grief excessively stinging. This Blow, and those first Reflexions rendred him at first motionless; then walking apace some moments in that Gallery, he told the Merchant, after being something recovered from his disorder, *That he saw a great many*

Difficulties in what he now informed him of, that he would ſend into Africa *to know the Truth of that Affair, and deſired him on his ſide to make uſe of the Correſpondence he had in that Country for the procuring more certain proofs of* Don Henry's *being ſtill alive.* The Merchant promiſed to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to procure thoſe Informations; and *Souza* returned to *Eugenia,* whom they had put to Bed, and who did not remember the News that had ſo much ſurprized her, and occaſioned ſo long a Swoon. *What ailes you, My Lord,* ſaid ſhe to him, ſeeing him oppreſſed with grief, *muſt my fainting needs make you ſo very ſad? or has ſome accident happened to you, that we have reaſon to deplore? Ah! Madam,* anſwered *Souza,* overcome with Grief, and letting himſelf fall into a Chair that was near him, *have you forgotten* Don Henry——*No, no, I remember it very well, he is ſtill alive,*

alive, and you are my Husband *Eugenia* could not reſiſt the anguiſh that this Reflexion oppreſt her with; ſhe fell again into a Swoon; *Souza* was not in a condition to relieve her, and her Women had all the pains imaginable to recover her out of it. *Madam*, ſaid he to her, when ſhe had recovered the uſe of her Senſes, and he had ſent all thoſe out who were in the Chamber, *you muſt not abandon your ſelf to Grief; perhaps this News is not true, the Merchant who brought it us, could give no proofs of it, and you know that a thouſand ſuch falſe reports ran abroad of all thoſe who periſhed in that Battel. No, no,* reply'd ſhe, Don Henry *is living, he is living, he is my Husband, and I am Married to you.* Her tears and her ſighs hindred her for ſome moments, and repeating from time to time, Don Henry *is living, and I am Married again*; Don Henry *is living and you are my Husband*;

ſhe abandoned her ſelf to ſuch a Deſpair as deprived her of her reaſon. She thought it Criminal to look upon *Souza*; ſhe durſt not pronounce his Name; ſhe could not think without horrour of the Engagements they had made. *How unhappy am I, or rather, how guilty, my Lord, ſpare me the Confuſion of ſeeing you*, ſaid ſhe to *Souza*, *begon from hence, never ſee me more, I can no longer ſuffer your Preſence.* She had hardly finiſhed theſe Words, than that ſhe would have recalled them: What ſhe was to *Souza*, what he had done for her, returned into her thoughts, and fearing ſhe had failed in the reſpect ſhe owed ſo good a Husband, ſhe would have repared that fault by ſome kindneſs, but the remembrance of *Don Henry* reproached her immediately with that tender motion, as if it had been the greateſt of Crimes. *Yes, Madam, I muſt leave you*, ſaid *Souza* to her, being ſome-

thing

thing recovered from his amazement, *the delights of love are no part of my fate. It is not the will of Heaven that I find my happineſs here below; I ſhould have believed it perfect might I have been beloved by you, and tho my grief be never ſo great, I muſt renounce it for ever. Do but form to your ſelf all the horrours that this ſeparation gives me, Madam? My Lord, I feell their violence as much as you do,* anſwered *Eugenia, who could not forbear melting into tears. Your love is very different from mine,* reply'd he, *and I have occaſion for more Conſtancy than you; regulate yours according to mine; let us both endeavour to free* Don Henry, *who is no leſs to be pitied than we: He will comfort you for the loſs of me, and nothing can comfort me for yours.*

While *Eugenia* and *Souza* deplored their particular misfortunes, the *Portuguezes* lamented the Publick diſtreſſes. The *Spaniſh* Army was

all about *Lisbon*: *Anthony* was fled under a Diſguiſed habit, and the Dutcheſs of *Braganza* was retired to *Villa Bohen*. *Philip* went to her thither in Perſon; he promiſed her great advantages for her Son, if ſhe would retire to *Villa Viſola*, and recall ſome Forces ſhe had furniſhed *Anthony* withal. That Dutcheſs having loſt all hopes of Reigning, and fearing to be involved in *Anthonies* Ruine, and yet not being willing to abandon that Prince quite to his misfortunes, retired to *Viſola*, upon condition of leaving her Forces with *Anthony*, who fled into *France*, after having made ſome uſeleſs Efforts againſt *Philip*, who ſhortly after entred *Lisbon*, was ſaluted King of *Portugal*; and they ſtifled with great care, the News which the Inhabitants of the *Terceras* ſpread abroad of *Don Sebaſtian's* being alive.

The *Spaniards* were in a peaceable poſſeſſion of the Kingdom of *Portugal*:

Portugal: *Almeida* led a private and ſolitary life at *Venice*, and would not hearken to the vows of any Lover ſince ſhe had loſt *Don Sebaſtian*: She often deplored the misfortunes ſhe was the cauſe of, and as ſhe was one day all alone in her Chamber, thinking of the ſeveral accidents of her life, ſhe was told, that a *Portugal* Gentleman asked to ſpeak with her. She cauſed him to come in; but how great was her ſurprize at the ſight of that *Portugueze*? ſhe gave a great ſhriek, and retired in a fright. *How Princeſs*, ſaid the *Portugal* to her, *does* Don Sebaſtian *make you afraid? Ah Heavens, is it you*, ſaid ſhe, turning languiſhingly towards that Stranger, *is it your Shade that comes to comfort me, or renew my Griefs? I am no Shade my Princeſs*, interupted he, *and I come once more to offer you a Life, which you ſhall ever be Miſtreſs of.* *Almeida* having recovered the uſe of her Senſes,

ſes, told the Maids that came to help her, that ſhe would be alone; and when they were withdrawn, *May, I aſſure my ſelf*, ſaid ſhe trembling, *that I ſee* Don Sebaſtian *once again, and his Death that I ſo much bewailed, and the News of which has for ſo long a time been ſpread through all the World, ſhould it not be real? No*, reply'd ſhe immediately, Don Sebaſtian *died in my Quarrel*, Europe *and* Africa *knew it, I am but too certain it is ſo, and I cannot give tears enough to his death: Impoſtor, leave me to deplore what you cannot reſtore me. No, my Princeſs*, anſwered he, caſting himſelf at her Knees, and kiſſing her Hand a thouſand times, that ſhe had not the force to take away; *I am no Impoſtor, I am that* Don Sebaſtian, *who am come to dry up the Tears you honour his loſs with, and who redemands the affection that you have promiſed him. If you do not know again my Shape, my Voice, and*

the

the Features of my Face; at leaſt remember my Love, 'tis not at all changed, and you have too many teſtimonies to be miſtaken. Ah! Pardon, reply'd *Almeida*, after having well examined him, *I know you again by that Love that was ſo fatal to you: How many Tears have I ſhed for your loſs, Sir, and how often have I wiſhed to die? But tell me for Heavens ſake, by what miracle you could ſave your Life and your Liberty, from the fury of the* Moors. *Recover from your fright, my Princeſs,* ſaid the King to her, *and when you ſhall have taken ſome repoſe, I will relate to you all that has happened to me, ſince I left you in charge with* Souza. *My fright is vaniſhed, Sir,* reply'd ſhe, and offering him a Chair, *and I impatiently long to know your adventures. Since you will not put off this recital till a more Convenient time,* ſaid *Don Sebaſtian* to her, and taking a Seat, *I will give you an account*

of

of the misfortunes that happened to me ſince my abſence from you.

'You have learnt without 'doubt, how baſely all thoſe, who 'were ranged under my Standard, 'to fight on the day of Battel, a-'bandoned me, when Fire was ſet 'on our Amunition: I found my 'ſelf alone in the midſt of the '*Moors*, who attacqued me on all 'ſides: I fought a long time againſt 'a great number, and I reſolved 'rather to loſe my life, than be ta-'ken Priſoner; but the Wound I 'had received in my Right-ſhoul-'der, being unbound in the heat 'of the Fight, the Blood I loſt thro 'that Wound, ſo weakned my 'Arm, that I could no longer lift 'it up to defend my ſelf: I fought 'with my Left Arm, till that 'wearied with ſo many Efforts, I 'fell almoſt without life, amongſt 'the Bodies of the Enemies I had 'Slain. Some Troopers of the

'Regiment

'Regiment of *Mulei Magdelee*, a
'Prince of the Blood Royal of *Mo-*
'*rocco*, having ſeen me fall, ſur-
'rounded me, to ſtrip me of my
'Cloaths; and as the firſt, who ap-
'proached me, was in my reach, I
'run my Sword through his Bo-
'dy, and made him fall dead by
'me. The others irritated at their
'Companions death, would not
'have left me long alive, if they
'had not found it more advanta-
'geous to make me their Priſo-
'ner, than deprive me of life.
'They drew me from that place
'into a little Wood near *Tamiſta*;
'that violence, and the fatigues I
'had ſuffered, making me faint a-
'way, they could not recover me
'in a long time. I had laid aſide
'in the danger I ran, the marks
'that might have diſcovered my
'Quality. But my Armour made
'thoſe People judge I was a conſi-
'derable Perſon; ſome of them
'fell to Diſputing with their Com-
'panions

'panions the gain they might pre-
'tend to from this Prize; others
'pretended to have the better ſhare
'in it, becauſe they had firſt laid
'hands on me; and not being able
'to agree about their ſhares, ſeveral
'of them reſolved to kill me, when
'*Abdeliza*, *Magdelec*'s Siſter, who
'being informed, that her Brother
'was dead, whom ſhe tenderly lo-
'ved, came all in tears at the Head
'of thirty Troopers, in the place
'where we were, and demanded
'of the Men that held me, whom
'ſhe ſaw to be of her Brothers Re-
'giment, what was become of
'him: They aſſured her, that he
'had not been ſo much as wound-
'ed, and his Lieutenant being
'killed by a Muſquet Bullet, and
'falling down at his Feet, it was
'believed, that it had been *Magde-*
'*lec*, who had been killed by that
'ſhot. *Abdeliza* caſt her Eyes upon
'me, the ſtate I was in, raiſed her

'pity

'pity, and after having learnt by
'ſome other particulars, that her
'Brother was living, ſhe asked
'thoſe Troopers who I was, if I
'was ſtill alive, and why they miſ-
'uſed, with ſo much Cruelty, a
'Man who could not defend himſelf.
'They told her, to animate her to
'my ruine, that I had kill'd above
'twenty of their Companions;
'that I was only in a Swoon: But
'this Diſcourſe, far from inſpiring
'her with any hatred to me, as
'thoſe *Barbarians* had promiſed
'themſelves, ſhe had an admirati-
'on and an eſteem for my Cou-
'rage, and Commanded them to
'treat me more gently. She Exa-
'mined me more ſtrictly: Kings
'ever wear certain Characters up-
'on their Faces, that make them
'diſtinguiſhed from other Men:
'ſhe knew I was no Common Per-
'ſon, and the pity ſhe took of my
'Fate, being joyned to the eſteem
'ſhe had already conceived for

'me,

'me, gave birth in her Heart to 'ſome tender Motions, that in-'tereſſed her in my misfortunes. She perceived that I loſt all my 'Blood, and Commanded they 'ſhonld bind up my wounds, and 'I received help, by her Order, even 'from thoſe who would have de-'prived me of life.

'When I recovered out of my 'Swoon, I was ſurpriz'd to meet 'with ſo charitable hands, which 'were zealous to give me eaſe, in-'ſtead of Enemies, who before 'would have deſtroyed me; but 'my ſurprize became much grea-'ter, when I ſaw in the midſt of 'all thoſe People, a Woman who ſet 'them at work, and who appeared 'by her Habit and Air, to be a 'Perſon of a high Rank. *Magde-'lec* happened to come into the 'ſame place, as I was attentive to 'all theſe things. He had been 'told the diſquiets and ardour 'with which his Siſter ſought for

'him.

'him. *Brother*, ſaid ſhe, after ha-
'ving Embraced him, and ſhewn
'him the joy ſhe had for his re-
'turn, *Brother, the ſtate this wretch*
'*is in, has raiſed my Compaſſion: I*
'*beg you would grant me this Priſo-*
'*ner, and I will take care to re-*
'*ward your Men for that loſs.*
'*Magdelec* was called away by o-
'ther Cares, he did not ſtay to
'look upon me, and gave me
'to his Siſter, who cauſed me to be
'carried to her Palace, and had a
'particular care of me during all
'the time I was conſtrained to
'keep my Bed. I got up as ſoon
'as I found I had a little Strength,
'I cauſed my ſelf to be led to *Ab-*
'*deliza's* Appartment, and made
'her a thouſand acknowledgments
'for her Favours. She anſwered
'me very obligingly, and told
'me, that the Noble and Great
'Air ſhe had obſerved in my Per-
'ſon, had obliged her to Succour
'me; that ſhe had conceived a

'great

'great eſteem for me at firſt, and 'did not doubt, but in the ſe-'quel, I would anſwer as I ought, 'ſo many good Sentiments. She 'ſpoke theſe words with a great 'deal of goodneſs, but with a 'certain Air of Haughtineſs, that 'made me know ſhe knew not 'who I was: I anſwered her with 'all poſſible Submiſſion, to keep 'her in her Errour. She would 'know who I was; I told her, that 'I was a Volunteer of an Illuſtrious 'Extraction, and I acted my part ſo 'well, notwithſtanding all the 'Queſtions ſhe asked me upon 'that point, that ſhe did not at all 'ſuſpect I was the King of *Portu-*'*gal.*

'I quickly perceived, that the 'cares ſhe took in my Favour, 'ſurpaſſed ordinary kindneſſes, ſhe 'did not long conceal from me her 'Sentiments. She believed her 'ſelf to be of that Rank and Merit, 'as I ſhould look upon her Paſſion

'as an honour: She made me a 'ſincere Confeſſion of it, and pro-'miſed me a Conſiderable Fortune 'if I was not ungrateful to her 'kindneſſes. Pardon, dear Prin-'ceſs, *ſaid* Don Sebaſtian *to* Almei-'da, if I ſeem'd to have ſome 'kindneſs for her: The ſtate I was 'in reduced to, and the deſire I 'had of ſeeing you again, obliged 'me to that fiction: My Complai-'ſances abuſed her; I did out of 'policy, all that I could have done 'out of Love. *Ah! how afraid am I, Sir*, interrupted *Almeida, you loved that Princeſs? I know her, ſhe is young, ſhe is tender, ſhe has Wit; and though of the Colour of the* Negroes, *her Face is not without Beauties. Don Sebaſtian* vowed he had never loved her, and remov'd her ſuſpicions. 'What kindneſs ſo-'ever, purſued he, that *Abdaliza* 'had for me, my Priſon was not 'the leſs rigorous: That Princeſs 'did not believe that ſhe had chain-

'ed

'ed me ſo faſt as that ſhe might re-
'ly upon the aſſurance of the Fet-
'ters ſhe had given me, and the
'more Paſſion ſhe had for me; the
'more afraid ſhe was to loſe me;
'and I was obſerved and kept ſo
'ſtrict, that I could not give any
'notice of my Captivity.

'In the mean time I learnt that
'the *Portuguezes* ſought for me e-
'very where, that they had asked
'leave of *Hamet* to ſearch amongſt
'the dead and wounded, to ſee
'if they could find me. *Hamet*
'likewiſe fearing ſome ſurprize
'on my part, and being deſi-
'rous to be fully informed of my
'fate, made ſtrict inquiries thro
'all the Army. Some reported I
'was Drowned in the River of
'*Meucaſen* as I fled away; but
'he had ſeen me fight, and could
'not perſuade himſelf, I could be
'capable of running. Some of 'em
'again ſaid, that I muſt needs be
'unknown amongſt the Common
'Priſoners;

'Priſoners; and others aſſured,
'that they had ſeen ſome Troop-
'ers ſeiſe me, and they muſt needs
'have taken away my life. *Abde-*
'*liza* was at the King of *Morocco*'s
'when theſe accounts were given:
'Theſe laſt words filled her full of
'fear and joy; ſhe could have wiſh-
'ed her Priſoner was a King; but
'ſhe feared he ſhould be taken from
'her under that Title. She had of-
'ten commended at Court, the Wit
'and Graceſulneſs of her Priſoner;
'which ſometimes made them railly
'her; and *Hamet* turning towards
'her: Do not you detain the King
'of *Portugal* in your Chains, Ma-
'dam, ſaid he to her ſmiling, and
'is it not to that Quality you have
'given ſo high an eſteem? *Abdeli-*
'*za* bluſhed at this Diſcourſe, and
'her Confuſion confirmed the King
'in that Opinion. He was afraid
'I ſhould eſcape him, and told that
'Princeſs, taking her by the hand:
'Let us go ſee that Illuſtrious Cap-
'tive,

'tive Madam, whom your eſteem
'renders worthy of a Throne, if
'he be not already a King. *Ha-*
'*met* came to *Abdeliza*'s Palace,
'I was brought before him, judge
'what a Confuſion it was to ſuch a
'heart as mine: I had never till
'then been ſenſible of the ſhame of
'my Captivity; I had only ap-
'peared before a Woman, who
'loved me, and knew me not; but
'when I ſaw *Hamet*, and that he
'knew me, Rage and Deſpair ſeiz-
'ed my Soul; and I ſpoke to him
'with ſo much Haughtineſs, that
'he immediately Commanded, I
'ſhould be loaded with Irons, and
'be dragged to the Tower of the
'Old Caſtle. 'Twas in vain that
'*Abdeliza* caſt her ſelf at his Feet,
'and ſhed tears; I was forced a-
'way from that Place, and put in-
'to that Tower, where no Body
'durſt approach within a hundred
'Paces.

'*Hamet*

'*Hamet* judged that the rumour which had been ſpread abroad of my death, might be of advantage to his Deſigns, ſo that he would not undeceive the People: And as he was followed but by very few Courtiers when he went to *Abdeliza*'s, he fancied he might eaſily hinder what paſſed there from being known. He forbade all thoſe who attended him, to ſpeak of my being alive, upon pain of Death, and likewiſe flattered that Princeſs to oblige her to keep ſilence. However when a Month was near paſſed ſince the day of my Impriſonment, ſhe had leave to ſee me. She came thither accompanied only by one of her Women, and told me, after having drawn me aſide, How little ſenſible are you of my kindneſs, Sir, and how Cruel are you to your ſelf, to have ſo obſtinately concealed from me your Quality? You

'ſhould have been perhaps at pre-
'ſent in Peace in your own Terri-
'tories, and you are inſtead of that
'in cares and in troubles. I have
'ever been very ſenſible of your
'Favours, Madam, *ſaid I*, and I
'was deſirour to ſee their Effects
'continue, but was afraid that a
'Confeſſion of what I was might
'have interrupted their Courſe:
'Pardon that fear, Madam, 'tis the
'ſole Motion of my heart, that
'you were not Miſtreſs of, and
'you ſee I endure a very ſe-
'vere Penance for it. She aſſured
'me, ſhe would think of the
'means to deliver me: I prayed
'her to make it known in *Portu-*
'*gal* that I was alive; without
'daring to ſpeak of you for fear of
'diſpleaſing her: But theſe Advices
'were too contrary to her and *Ha-*
'*met's* Deſigns, to employ her ſelf
'for the making them known: She
'feared I ſhould eſcape her, if I
'was delivered by any other than
'her

'her self. She came to see me as
'often as they would give her
'leave, and ever gave me some
'new hopes of recovering my Li-
'berty.

'*Magdelec* perceived the love his
'Sister had for me; he spoke to her
'of it, and she did not deny it;
'as she tenderly loved her, and as
'that Passion was not unbecoming
'her, he endeavoured to second
'her Designs. He told *Hamet*,
'when he had learnt the Conquests
'the King of *Spain* made in my
'Territories, that he ought to op-
'pose that growth of Power: That
'there was a great kindness be-
'tween *Abdelish* and me; that this
'Business might be of advan-
'tage to his State, and that if they
'could make me consent to Marry
'that Princess, the *Moorish* King
'would be sure of me by this Match,
'and might make use of my Right
'and Power against *Spain*, and place
'me at the Head of some Troops for

'the ſtopping his Projects. *Hamet* ſeemed to reliſh theſe reaſons; 'but he had ſecret Engagements 'with *Spain*, that hindered him 'from acting openly: Then *Magdelec*, who ardently deſired to 'place his Siſter upon a Throne, 'told her that the King Conſented 'to their Projects; that he would 'grant me both Liberty and Forces, if I would Marry her, and 'that ſhe needed only to make me 'thoſe Propoſitions. She came to 'ſee me, and ſounded me upon the 'point. The Love I had for you, 'and the Faith I had promiſed you, 'my Princeſs, *purſued he, addreſſing himſelf to* Almeida, were too 'powerful over my Mind to approve of ſuch like Propoſitions: 'My Captivity and the Complaiſances I owed *Abdeliza*, did likewiſe hinder me from denying 'them roughly; and not thinking 'fit either to reject or receive 'em, 'I told her that a Match made in

'Chains

'Chains would become neither her
'nor me, and the Conſequences
'of it could not be promiſing;
'that ſhe ought to be ſo well per-
'ſuaded of my acknowledgment,
'as to believe I ſhould never for-
'get her, though I were at Liber-
'ty; and that if ſhe could procure
'me that advantage, and my return
'into my Dominions, ſhe ſhould
'be abſolute Miſtreſs of my King-
'dom. She ſometimes let her ſelf
'be moved with theſe weak rea-
'ſons; but Suſpicion and Jealouſie
'ſeizing her on a ſuddain, ſhe re-
'proached me as ungrateful and
'perfidious; that I had never loved
'her, and that the tendereſt Motions
'of my heart were for her who
'had cauſed me ſo many misfor-
'tunes. Go periſh then, Cruel Man,
'ſaid ſhe, at parting, in the ſlavery
'you refuſe to be delivered out of.
'*Almeida* ſighed at thoſe words, and
'could no forbear ſhedding tears at
'at that reflexion. Ceaſe to bewaile

'misfortunes, for which I am but 'too well rewarded, Madam, *said* 'Don Sebastian, *seeing her Tears trickle down her Face*, and let the sincerity of my Relation procure me 'Pardon for the trouble my indiscretion has newly given you.

'Her vexation encreased the rigours of my Prison, *continued* 'Don Sebastian; the more she 'was enraged, the worse was I 'Treated: I was oppress't with a 'thousand different troubles; I 'suffered all the ills of the severest 'Imprisonment; I had all the trouble and concern that a King who 'loves his People can be capable of, 'when he has caused the ruine of 'his State. But what lay more 'heavy upon my heart than all this, 'was the grief of being absent from 'you, and not to know what was 'become of you. I sometimes had 'a Design of giving some hopes to *Abdelazar*, that the rigours of my 'Prison might be abated, and ob-

'lige

'lige her to endeavour the pro-
'curing my Liberty. But what
'Reſolution ſoever I had taken, I
'could not conſtrain my ſelf to
'make her any promiſe, contrary
'to the fidelity I had vow'd to you,
'and all my endeavours did only
'ſerve to make her the more re-
'mark how conſtrained and forced
'all my kindneſſes to her was.
'Tho the refuſals I had made of
'Marrying *Abdeliza* had ever been
'coloured with ſome reaſon, and
'attended with kindneſſes; they
'however brought her into deſpair.
'She vow'd every time ſhe left me,
'ſhe would never ſee me more, and
'yet ſtill returned. Sometimes ſhe
'would make me the bittereſt Re-
'proaches, and in an inſtant after
'load me with Careſſes; I ſome-
'times flattered my ſelf with be-
'lieving, that in the different Moti-
'ons which agitated her, had ſhe
'been abſolute Miſtreſs of my Fate,
'ſhe would have ſet me at Liber-

'ty, notwithſtanding her vexation
'and my refuſals; which I was ſure
'of one day, when after having
'made me the higheſt Reproaches as
'her Cuſtom was, ſhe told me with
'the moſt paſſionate Air imagina-
'ble, *Well Cruel Man, be inſenſible of my Paſſion, ſince you are willing; but do not hinder me at leaſt from loving you, and do not oppoſe my endeavours. Doſt thou love thy Priſon better than thy Throne? Cannot you make ſome attempts to ſecond my deſires? Thy Kingdom and my Kindneſſes are not they worth thy diſſembling for ſome moments; pretend to love me, promiſe to Marry me; deceive me, I conſent to it, provided thou delivereſt thy ſelf out of Slavery, and flattereſt but my Error.* 'I own I was moved at
'this Diſcourſe, and her ſo tender-
'ly deſiriug to be deceived would
'have hindred me, though I could
'have been capable of abuſing her.
'No, Princeſs, ſaid I to her, the

'pains

'pains you take in my favour, 'and the Tenderneſs you have for 'me, ought to be otherwiſe Re-'compenſed than by Fiction. I 'cannot conſent to deceive any 'Body, and leſs you than any one 'ſoever: I have for you all the 'tendereſt acknowledgment that a 'heart can be capable of; I have 'no repugnance for the Match 'you propoſe to me; but I am 'born free, and I have ſeen my-'ſelf a King; I cannot ſuffer to 'be conſtrained; and your forcing 'me to love, is enough to make 'me hate, ſet me at Liberty and 'promiſe your ſelf all things from 'my Acknowledgments. Well, Sir, 'anſwered ſhe, I muſt endeavour 'to ſatisfie you; I muſt Solicite 'your freedom, tho you flie from 'me, and make me paſs the reſt 'of my Days in the affliction of not 'ſeeing you. Having ſaid theſe 'words, ſhe left me, and gave me 'reaſon to believe ſhe would do 'all that was poſſible, to procure

'me my Liberty, without exacting 'any of the Conditions she had 'propoſed to me. She came to 'tell me ſome days after, that ſhe 'had made very preſſing Solicita-'tions for my Libery; that the 'King had at length conſented to 'my enlargment; and that he had 'only asked eight days to take 'meaſures in that Affair; that this 'time being expired, I ſhould be 'no longer in ſo ſtrict a Priſon, 'and I might then write, and ſpeak, 'and do all that was neceſſary for 'the procuring my Ranſom. You 'ſhall be free as you deſired, ſaid 'ſhe to me ſighing, and you may 'leave me and forget me too, if 'you will, without fearing my re-'proaches or my preſence, which 'I have ſo often wearied you with-'al. This News gave me all the 'joy I was capable of in my mis-'fortunes. I kiſſed *Abdeliza*'s hands 'a thouſand times, and aſſured her 'I ſhould never forget her Fa-'vours. However, ſhe told me

'languiſh-

'languiſhingly, you will aban-
'don and quit me with all the
'joy a heart can be capable of.
'You already feell the Motions
'of it, and cannot deny them.
'You never was ſo kind, nor I
'more Charm'd, and Tranſported
'with the delight of it; and yet,
'alas! you never gave me ſo many
'marks of your averſion. I eaſily
'perceived, I had ſeem'd too much
'pleas'd. I was ſorry, and uſed
'my endeavours to perſuade her,
'that this joy had no other Ob-
'ject than Liberty, and I was
'at firſt ſo tranſported with thoſe
'hopes, that I was not able to
'conſider the Conſequences. I re-
'aſſured her as well as I could. I
'wiped of the Tears which trickled
'from her Eyes. I deſired her to
'ſend Letters into *Portugal* in my
'name, being they would neither
'give me leave to write, or ſuffer
'me to have either Paper or Pens;
'which ſhe promiſed me to do, and
'did indeed write thither. But I

'have

'have been ſince informed, that all
'the Letters were Intercepted, and
'no Paſſage was given to any
'News of me into my Dominions.
'You may judge with what im-
'patience I waited till the term was
'expired, when my Slavery was
'to end, and what a delight it was
'to me to fancy, I ſhould return
'to you. But the eight days were
'not yet at an end when the Prin-
'ceſs came to me, and told me
'with a great deal of Grief, that
'her Brother enraged at my Refu-
'ſals, had diſſuaded the King from
'ſending me back; that he had gi-
'ven him to underſtand, that I had
'rendred my ſelf unworthy of that
'Favour, by deſpiſing to Alie my
'my ſelf to his Blood; and that as
'long as he detain'd me in his Pri-
'ſons, I ſhould ſerve for an Ho-
'ſtage to him againſt the Enterpri-
'zes of the King of *Spain*, and
'againſt the Riſings of the *Portu-*
'*gals*. Theſe Reaſons, ſaid ſhe to
'me, have been too hard for my

'Prayers

'Prayers, and the King has Com-
'manded me to tell you for the laſt
'time, that our Marriage was the
'only means that could reſtore you
'to your Liberty. Well, Madam,
'if there are no other means to
'become free, anſwered I her ha-
'ſtily, I muſt reſolve to die in Sla-
'very. That is too much, reply'd
'ſhe to me in a Tranſport, your
'obſtinacy proceeds even to out-
'rage; do you think that what I
'ſay is only an Artifice of my Paſſi-
'on? Can you be ignorant of
'what I have done for you, Cruel
'Man as you are? If I had not
'lov'd you more than my ſelf,
'would I have Solicited your en-
'largement? Who oblig'd me to do
'that violence to my ſelf? I Re-
'proached her with the little love
'ſhe had for me; that ſhe ſhould
'never make me conſent to our
'Union by that conſtraint; that
'ſhe ought to be well enough ac-
'quainted with the Delicacy of my

'Virtue

'Virtue in that point; and that in-
'fine, if I did not recover my Li-
'berty by her means, I ſhould e-
'ver believe, ſhe alone detained me
'in Priſon, and this thought would
'quickly cauſe my Death. In
'ſhort, I ſo moved and perſuaded
'her, that ſhe aſſured me at part-
'ing, ſhe would loſe her life, but
'ſhe would procure my Liberty,
'and when ſhe ſaw me again, it
'ſhould be to bring me News of
'my Delivery.

'And indeed I was near fifteen
'days without ſeeing her, and was
'aſtoniſhed, that one Evening very
'late ſhe came into my Chamber,
'accompanied with the Keeper of
'the Tower I was in, and bid me
'ſoftly be ready the next morning
'very early, and follow with Con-
'fidence the Perſon, who ſhould
'ſhew me her Cyphers. I durſt
'not return her thanks for fear of
'being heard by the Keeper, ſhe
'withdrew, and I paſſed the Night

'in

'in ſuch an uncertainty, that it 'was as tireſome as my troubles, 'not being able to perſuade my 'ſelf, that *Abdeliza* would favour 'my Eſcape. As ſoon as the day 'began to appear a *Renegado* entred 'my Chamber, and took off my 'Irons, telling me, You are free, 'Sir, if you will but follow me. 'I promiſed to Reward Nobly 'this good Office, and followed 'him. We went down into the 'Ditch of the Caſtle by Ladders 'and Ropes which were prepared 'for that purpoſe, and paſſing under 'the Port-Cullis, we entred into a 'little Sandy Sink, that the Sea 'fills when the Tyde comes in, but 'it having been two hours Ebb, it 'had left dry. This Sink brought 'us in leſs than a quarter of an hour 'to a great Road, where we found 'a Man waiting for us with two 'Horſes. I mounted one, and my 'Guide another. We came in leſs 'than two hours upon the Sea-

'ſhore,

'shore, where I found with a great 'deal of Grief and amazement, *Abdeliza* in a Christian Habit, gi-'ving order for the fitting of a 'Ship, she had prepared for us. 'Well, Sir, said she accosting me, 'will you believe that I constrain 'you at present, and will you 'have as much aversion for *Abdeli-'za* in a Christian Habit, as in the 'Dress of an *African*? Madam, I 'am so Confused, as I cannot make 'you an answer, reply'd I, let us 'think of getting from this Shore, 'and we will see afterwards what 'is to be done.

'I had hardly finished these 'Words, than *Magdalec* appeared 'upon the Sea shore at the Head 'of Sixty Troopers. *Abdeliza* cal-'led out to hoist up Sails; but the 'Ship was still at Anchor, and 'not one of the Seamen durst offer 'to weigh it. Hearing *Magdalec's* 'Voice they went in their Boat 'to bring him him on Board.

'Some

'Some of them Seized *Abdeliza*, 'who would have caſt her ſelf in- 'to the Sea. Others fell upon me, 'without knowing me, and I was 'hurried back to Priſon, without 'knowing what was become of 'that unfortunate Princeſs. What 'ſad Reflexions was I loaded with al 'in that Place! The hopes I had 'of being ſuddenly at Liberty en- 'hanced the afflictions of my Pri- 'ſon: I fancied, that after ſo dan- 'gerous an attempt, I ſhould ne- 'ver have again the opportunity 'to eſcape. They kept me ever in 'ſight: I no longer ſaw *Abdeliza*; 'no one Comforted me in my 'misfortunes, and I had no hopes 'left of getting out. I ſometimes 'feared, that the Crueltie of *Ha- 'met* might cauſe that Princeſs to 'to be put to Death; I repented 'my having ſo little Complaiſance 'for her, I reproached my ſelf in- 'ceſſantly for being the cauſe of 'her misfortune: All theſe thoughts

'put

'put me into mortal Agonies, and
'yet it was not these that were the
'most sensible, when I consider'd
'on the horrour of being separated
'from my Dear *Almeida*, when I
'thought of your Charms, when I
'made Reflexion on the Delights
'we enjoy'd at the beginning of
'our Love, when I figured to my
'self the mortal disquiets you would
'be in, hearing no Tydings of me;
'when I considered, that I could
'not learn any thing of you, and
'that you were perhaps dead of
'Grief, Despair seized my Soul,
'and made me lose my Reason.

'However, as in the greatest
'misfortunes there ever remains
'some glimpse of hopes, which
'seems only to support us for the
'prolonging our sufferings; I re-
'membred the kindnesses of *Abde-*
'*liza*, the power she had over her
'Brother, the Credit he had at the
'Court of *Morocco*, and told my
'self, that while she was living, I

'ought

'ought not deſpair of my ſafety.
'I one day ventured to ask my
'Keeper, what was become of that
'Princeſs. She is dead, ſaid he to
'me ſurlily, and you'll undergo
'the ſame Fate very ſuddenly.
'Death will never affright me, an-
'ſwered I, if it only aims at me.
'But I ſhould be extreamly griev'd
'if I had been the cauſe of her Ru-
'ine. Then you are never to be
'Comforted, reply'd he, ſhe died
'for the Love of you. I Conjured
'this Keeper by all that I fancied
'had the moſt power over him, to
'make me a faithful recital of all
'had happened to *Abdeliza*. I
'could learn nothing, but what he
'had already told me, and he
'would no longer hear me, nor
'ſpeak to me. I had an extream
'regret for her loſs; I had all the
'Grief I could have been ſenſible of
'for her Death, if I had really lov'd
'her. Pity, Acknowledgment, my
'own Intereſt, and my Remorſes

'met

'met all in my Mind to torment
'me, and never was Grief equal to
'that I groaned under in my Prison
'after this Information. About the
'same time I was told, that *Mag-*
'*delec* supposing I had Seduced his
'Sister; and justly irritated against
'her Enterprize would punish me
'by a very rigorous sort of Death.
'I prepared my self for all, that the
'Crueltie of those *Barbarians* could
'make me suffer, and Death seemed
'to me, the mildest punishment
'that could happen to me. And in
'truth, I have been since acquaint-
'ed, that *Magdelec* employ'd all
'the Credit he had with the King,
'to put me to Death, and *Hamet*
'had even consented to Sign the
'Bill; but that his Counsel had not
'judged it for his Interest to take
'away my life, and the posture
'which the Affairs of *Portugal* and
'*Spain* were in, they fancied I
'should not be unuseful to the King
'of *Morocco*.

'I

'I had been neer a Year in this 'deſpair, when they came and told 'me, that I had leave to return in- 'to *Portugal*: The King of *Spain* 'had made conſiderable preparati- 'ons for War; his Conqueſts in my 'Kingdom were very Succeſsful and 'Great; there ran a Rumour every 'where, that he would carry the 'War into *Africa*; they likewiſe 'believed in that Country, that he 'had a Deſign of Beſieging *Alara-* 'che and *Tangier*. *Hamet* alarmed 'at the News, repented he had 'helped to perſuade the World I 'was dead. His Counſel reſolv'd 'to ſet me at Liberty, to the in- 'tent, that my Perſon might re- 'duce the *Portugals* to their Duty, 'and interrupt the Courſe of the '*Spaniards* Victories. I was not 'ſenſible of the joy that my delivery 'ought to give me; my hopes had 'been ſo often croſt, and had been 'ſo often turned into Deſpair, that 'I durſt not truſt them. I ſaw

'wit out

'without Emotion my Prison Doors 'opened; I followed my Leader 'without speaking; but seeing he 'led me to a Tower, of almost as 'difficult an access as that I had 'been Imprisoned in, I asked my 'Guide in a rage, if they only 'changed my Prison, and if they 'believed an alteration of sufferings 'would be a Comfort to me; he 'bid me follow him, without in-'forming me whither I went; and 'when I was entred a Chamber 'neat enough for a Prison, he left 'me alone, and returning, shut all 'the Doors. I had hardly been 'there a Quarter of an Hour, but I 'saw *Abdelma* come out of a 'Neighbouring Chamber, leaning 'upon one of her Slaves, and was 'so changed and so dejected, that 'I fancied I rather saw her Ghost 'than her Person. *What! an En-chantment!* cried I at the sight of her; and casting my self at her Feet, *Princess is it possible that I see*

you

you again? I am Comforted for all my misfortunes, seeing you are still alive, tho I had been told the contrary, and can delare to you how sensible I am of all you have done for me.

'Sir, said she to me, raising me, 'and embracing me tenderly, I 'could have wished to have freed 'you out of Captivity even at the 'Expence of my life, I have suf-'fered my Prison with patience, 'when I considered the occasion of 'it, and I have been more sensible 'of the rigours of yours than of all 'I have endured in mine. I Par-'don my Brother, *continued she, 'bathing my Face with her Tears,* 'all that his anger could make me 'suffer, since he has granted me 'the happiness of seeing you once 'again. Go, begone, Sir, I will 'not retard your Joy nor your Li-'berty, you have been too long in 'our Prisons, and I ask you Par-'don for all the Cruelties you have 'suffered there; Pardon them for

'my

'my loves ſake; 'tis violence e-
'nough to renounce the happineſs
'of ſeeing you, for you to make
'it that Sacrifice. Begone, Sir,
'ſaid ſhe to me, Embracing me, my
'Confinement is not ſo ſtrict, but
'that I have given Orders for all
'which is neceſſary for your depar-
'ture: You will find at your going
'from hence a Slave, who will
'Conduct you to a Ship I have
'cauſed to be prepared for you,
'and will furniſh you with all
'you have occaſion for in the
'Voyage. This Slave is faithful to
'me, give him leave to follow you
'every where, that he may ſend
'me Tydings of you, and put you
'in Mind of me, if you ſhould
'forget me. Adieu, Sir, I am
'loath to detain you any longer
'in Priſon; the pleaſure I have
'had coſts you very dear. Adieu,
'repeated ſhe ſeveral times, ſhed-
'ing a torrent of Tears; live hap-
'py, and remember me. After

'having

'having ſaid theſe Words ſhe quit-
'ted me, leaning upon the Maid
'that attended her; I ſaw her fall
'into a Swoon a moment after up-
'the Cuſhions of her Chamber,
'that were neareſt to the Door: I
'would have run to have helpt
'her, but my Guide forc'd me
'from thence, and told me he had
'orders not to ſuffer me any longer
'in that place.

'Having much more pity of the
'Condition I left that poor Prin-
'ceſs in, than joy for having re-
'covered my Liberty, I enquired
'ſecretly at the Port, as ſoon as I
'was arrived there, of the Place
'you were retreated to: No one
'could tell me any thing certain,
'and ſome Marriners acquainted
'me, they had ſeen you in the Iſles
'of *Terceras*. I Embarqued in the
'Veſſel the Slave *Abdeliza* had gi-
'ven me had brought me to: We
'arrived at *Angra*, where the ru-

'mour of my return being arriv'd
'ſooner than my ſelf, I perceived
'a far off, being ſtill at Sea, that
'all the People were at the Port
'to ſee us Diſembarque. I did not
'think it convenient to make
'known my arrival to all that Po-
'pulace, who are more Inconſtant
'and Seditious in that Country
'than in any other place. I went
'into the long Boat, after having
'told the Captain of the Ship, that
'he ſhould go a-ſhore with all his
'Equipage at an Iſland farther of,
'and not divulge my arrival; and
'I went in the Night to a Convent
'the *Cordeliers* have in that Iſland.
'I remained there eight days, cau-
'ſing ſearch to be made for you in
'all the Neighbouring Iſlands; but
'*Abdeliza*'s Slave venturing to go
'out, was of a ſuddain environed
'by a Crowd of People, who
'asking him where I was, taking
'him for King *Mahumet*, and re-
'proaching him that he was the

'cauſe

'eauſe of all the Wars, they aſſaſſi-
'nated him Cruelly in that place.
'This Sedition made me know,
'there was no ſafety for me in
'thoſe Ports; and hearing you
'were not there, I went from
'thence as unknown as I came
'thither. I Embarqued again in
'my Ship, and having at length
'learnt with a great deal of pain
'and care, that you were at *Ve-*
'*nice*, preferring the pleaſure of
'ſeeing you, before the Care of
'my re-eſtabliſhment, and longing
'with impatience to know what
'ſhare I had in your heart, I come
'to render you all my love, and
'aſſure you, that I ſhall only en-
'deavour to get again upon the
'Throne for the placing you there
'with me. *Almeida* tranſported with joy, to ſee the Conſtancy and return of *Don Sebaſtian*, had all thoſe Complaiſances for him, that a tender and an acknowledging heart can be capable of. They

Deliberated together about returning into his Kingdom, of making Cabals in *Portugal*, and procuring Troops for the re-entring it. He reſolved to give notice of his return to the Miniſters of his Kingdom, whom he had found the moſt Zealous, and ſent into ſeveral places to demand Succours of the Princes who had been his Friends.

Don Henry was releaſed out of Slavery by the Cares of *Eugenia* and *Souza* in that time. Upon his return he learnt that *Eugenia* was Married again; and when he was arrived at *Lisbon*, not daring to enter his own Houſe, nor ask to ſee his Wife, he went to lodge at one of his Friends, who acquainted him with all the particulars that could Juſtifie her, and give him ſome Conſolation in this misfortune. She came to him as ſoon as ſhe had learnt where he was; caſt her ſelf at his Feet, and watered

tered them with Floods of Tears. She told him all that her Affection and Innocence could Suggeſt in her Vindication. He was moved; but her delicacy could not rely upon all theſe reaſons: She prayed him with all the earneſtneſs imaginable, to permit her to paſs the reſt of her time in a Convent; and he could not refuſe her ſo juſt a demand, notwithſtanding all the kindneſſes he had for her. The Count of *Souza*, who, ſince the News of *Don Henry*'s being alive, had paſſed his days in the greateſt Grief imaginable, and had abſtained from ſeeing *Eugenia* ſince that time, diſguſted with the World, and having no tie that could retain him, reſolved to put himſelf into the Order of *S. Dominick*, and was ſhut up the reſt of his days in the Convent of *Beneſiges*, half a League from *Lisbon*, where he died in the Sweets of a Holy Life, as the Graveſt Authors do aſſure, who have

written the Hiſtory of *Portugal*.

What Care ſoever *Don Sebaſtian* had taken to conceal his return, the rumour ran quickly at *Venice*, that a Stranger was arrived there, who had the Name and Reſemblance of *Don Sebaſtian*. Even ſome *Portugals*, who were in that City having Examined his Shape, his Face, and his Voice, knew him for their King. The News of which being come to the Ears of the Republick, and the *Venetians* fearing a Quarrel with the *Spaniards*, thought themſelves oblig'd to ſeize *Don Sebaſtian*, and give notice to the Court of *Spain* of all that paſſed amongſt them upon that account. The *Spaniards* aſſured the Republick, that this *Don Sebaſtian* was an Impoſtour, and deſired he might be proceeded againſt as ſuch, Commiſſioners were deputed before whom he maintained with firmneſs, that he was *Don Sebaſtian*; that he had been detained till then in the Priſons

ſons of *Africa*; and that he came to recover the Crown that was due to him by his Birth. The *Portuguezes*, who were in that City maintained his aſſeverations: *Almeida* aſcertained he had told her things that only *Don Sebaſtian* could know. He ſhewed upon his Body very particular Marks that Nature had Imprinted there, and whiuh he was obſerv'd to have when he was King of *Portugal*. He appealed to his Judges, the *Venetians* of great Conſideration, who had been Ambaſſadours for the Republick in his Kingdom, and told them the moſt ſecret Affairs they had particularly treated of at that time with him. In fine, he ſo well repreſented all the Proofs, and all the Circumſtances that might make him known to be the King, that *Don Sebaſtians* Judges could not do any thing more than Baniſh him from *Venice*. *Almeida* would have followed him, to help him to ſup-

port his misfortunes; but he cauſed her to ſtay in that City, till he ſhould have ſettled his Affairs. He made towards *Tuſcany*, where he thought to meet with ſome Friends, and ſome favourable Witneſſes who had been at the Battel.

The Great Duke of *Tuſcany* promiſed to furniſh him with ſome Troops. The Dutcheſs of *Parma* was his Couſin; he went to implore her Succours: She received him with all the Joy and all the Kindneſs that a Good Relation can be capable of; but ſhe could neither grant him Forces nor Money: All the Favour ſhe could do him, was to give him an Equipage becoming his Quality. He thought convenient to ſend to the *Cortes* or States of *Portugal*, to give them notice of the ſtate he was in, and where he was. The Dutcheſs furniſhed him with People of great Experience in thoſe kind of Negotiations. They went and acquainted the States of

Portugal

Portugal with the Fate of their King. This Deputation cauſed great joy and ſurprize through all the Kingdom. They ſent to *Don Sebaſtian*, ſix of the Principal Men of their Aſſemblies. They ſaw him; the reſpect which the Majeſty of Kings occaſions, ſeized them at firſt ſight: *Don Henry* and *Phœbus Monis* were of the Number of theſe Envoy's, they could not miſtake him, and Embracing his Knees, they conjured him to deliver them from the oppreſſion of the *Spaniards*. The others for fear of being miſtaken by too much reſemblance, asked the King ſeveral Queſtions, which no one but *Don Sebaſtian* could reply to. They were likewiſe ſurpriz'd to ſee ſo much preſence of Mind, and ſo much Memory in his Anſwers. Theſe Envoys returned into *Portugal*, and reported, that it was the real *Don Sebaſtian* they had ſpoke to. The Partizans of *Spain*, whom all the Kingdom was full of, accuſed

theſe

theſe Envoys of Impoſture, and mantained that they had ſuffered themſelves to be Suborned by an Impoſtour. Others demanded that *Don Sebaſtian* ſhould come in Perſon himſelf to the Aſſembly of the States General, to be Examined there in all the Forms. He was ready to depart to be preſent there, but the Dutcheſs of *Parma*, and ſome of his Friends, who were about him, hindred him, telling him, that the States were only Compoſed of People Pentioners to the *Spaniards*, that the true *Portugals* were no longer Maſters there, and that there was no ſafety for him.

As *Don Sebaſtian* was preparing to enter *Spain* at the head of ſome Forces, the *Spaniards* cauſed him to be Seized, to prevent his doing ſo, he was carried to *Naples*, and notwithſtanding the Publick Ignominies they made him ſuffer, he always made appear the greatneſs of his Soul, and never bely'd his Character

racter in the leaſt. They drew up his Proceſs a-new, they would have put him to death in the Forms; but notwithſtanding all that the worſt of Envy was capable of inventing againſt him, the injuſtice of his Judges durſt not attempt the life of ſo great a King, and Condemned him to the Gallies for to appeaſe in ſome manner the rage of his Enemies. *Almeida* entred the Priſon juſt after the Sentence had been read to him. What a Deſolation for her and for him! The Grief of thoſe two Lovers is not to be expreſſed. But that Princeſs more lively reſenting that *Don Sebaſtian* had all thoſe outrages done to him, died in his Arms of Grief and Regret, for having reduced ſo Great a King into ſo deplorable a Condition. He was Shaved and carried to the Gallies. The moſt Tragical Hiſtorians durſt never offer to our Eyes, ſuch a ſpectacle, as to ſee Chain'd, in the midſt of a hundred

Malefactors

Malefactors of the Scum of the People, a Formidable and Powerful King, whose Mind and Body were enriched with a thousand Beautiful Qualities, and to whom no other Crime can be imputed than his misfortunes.

In the mean time the *Portuguezes* being impatient of the *Spanish* Yoke, and ever bestowing some sighs to the memory of *Don Sebastian*, leagued together, and openly demanded their King, but it was in vain; one rarely consents to restore a Crown, and Policy abhors that effeminate Virtue. The *Spaniards* foreseeing the ill Consequences of these Cabals and Leagues, and fearing that *Don Sebastian*, whom they ever took for an Impostour, might be still capable, notwithstanding the deplorable Condition he was reduced to, to deprive them of the Crown of *Portugal*, resolved to make sure of his Person. They took him from the Gallies, they caused him to be carried secretly into *Spain*, and Imprisoned him in the Castle of Saint *Lucar*, where 'tis reported, this deplorable King was Poysoned in a short time after, and with so Tragical an End did Crown a Life that had been filled with so many Misfortunes.

FINIS.

Two New

NOVELS.

I. The ART of making

LOVE

Without Speaking, Writing or Enterview of the LOVERS.

II. The FATAL BEAUTY

OF

AGNES de CASTRO;

Taken out of the

HISTORY

OF

PORTUGAL.

Translated out of the *French* by *P.B.G.*

Licensed, *May* 19th. 1688.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bently* in *Russel-street*, in *Common-Garden*. 1688.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Virtuouſly Accompliſhed LADY;

My LADY

CHARDIN.

Madam,

THough Virtue, Honour, and all the other Accompliſhments of the Mind, are not to be reflected on with the leaſt grain of Oſtentation, by thoſe, that the Heavens have endowed with ſuch eminent Quallities: Yet certainly, Madam, thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons, repreſented in this ſmall piece, which I Humbly offer you, would have thought themſelves particularly obliged to

kind Heaven, if it had produc'd in their time, so exact a Pattern o their own Perfections, as you are Madam; in which without the least scruple or offence to Modesty, they might have admired, with as much Justice as Delight those Accomplishments, which did so visibly mark in their own Persons so great a difference from the rest of the World. Yes Madam, in you they might have lov'd the rare Qualities which were so consonant to those which adorn'd themselves, and which modesty would not permit them to applaude in their own Persons.

Is it not therefore, with great Justice, Madam, that I have sheltered this little, but true piece of History, under your safe protection. You who has so great a share in it; you Ma-

dam, in whom all the glittering Characters of Persons, as great in their Perfections of Minds, as they were in their Births, do so greatly abound, you, Madam, who has so just a discernment in all that is excellently good, who has so nice a Judgment in the Criticism's of your own Dialect, and who is so great a Judge of our's. Finally, you, Madam, who can best Judge of the equity with which I have proceeded, in presenting to our English World, the true and lively Characters of three Persons so remarkable.

But, Madam, that you may not be inticed in your turn into some agreable rapture, by too long a contemplation these Excellent Persons Merits, give me leave to draw the Curtain over it, and to divert you with a

pretty

pretty piece of Turkish gallantry, in which you may behold a certain way of Courtship, as pleasant, as new to us Europeans; *I am sensible, Madam, it were but reasonable, I should give you some more particular accounts of these two Novels; but that having been done already, sufficiently by the* French *Author, I shall desist therefore from giving you any further diversion, from your more serious reflections, and shall only take the Liberty of subscribing my self,*

6 AU 55

Madam,

Your most humble Servant

P. Bellon.

THE

ART

Of making

LOVE

WITHOUT

Speaking, Writing, or Enter-view of the LOVERS.

A Pleasant

NOVEL.

Translated from the French.

LONDON,

LONDON, Printed for *R. Bentley* in *Russel-street*, in *Common-Garden*. 1688.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE ART Of making LOVE WITHOUT Speaking, Writing, or Enterveiw of the LOVERS.

SInce I had the Honour, Sir, of entertaining you with a Dumb Language, that the *Turks* uſe to Expreſs without Speaking, without Writing, and without Seeing one another, the ſtrongeſt of all the Paſſions. You have

have been exceedingly preſſing in obliging me to put in Writing that which I had Communicated to you in a familiar Converſation. You extreamly puſle me in it, and I aſſure you that I had beg'd your excuſe, had I but known the difference betwixt a particular Diſcourſe of two Perſons in which all freedom is admitted, and from whence all Affectation is baniſh'd, and a ſtuddied Diſcourſe, which peradventure you will publiſh, and ſo cauſe it to be Criticis'd, in its Phraſe, Method, Words, and in all Things elſe which thoſe that Write are oblig'd to obſerve.

I am not Ignorant of the hazard I run, I prepare my ſelf againſt all the troubleſome conſequences, that my temerity will draw on me. You are oblig'd to maintain my Reputation, ſeeing you have firſt engag'd me to ſatisfie your Curioſity, without giving me

me the leasure of reflecting on the difficulty of my enterprise. And if Love is counted the Shipwrack of Liberties and Hearts, he may well be that of my Pen also. Be it what it will, spare me, I pray you, and expose not this small Peice to the public, who will not prove so kind as you are, and that will not consider, that my design is but to Divert you in a manner of making Love, which is wholly new.

There are divers ways of expressing that Passion. The first School in that, is that of Nature, and all those Lessons which the Poets have given us on that Subject, would remain very useless without the Aid and Assistance of this Universal School Mistriss.

Though the Love of the Brutes is necessary to the Conservation of their Species, Nature has added to it the seasoning of some

preparatory Agreements, to quicken the Senſes and to ſtir up the Natural Heat.

Man, the moſt rational and ſenſual of Animals, finds the pleaſure too ſhort, and endeavours to prolong it, by new Inventions, he ſets to work all ſorts of Means, to expreſs unto the belov'd object, what he makes us to feel, and theſe Troubles which he cauſes in a Lovers Heart; who ſometimes expreſſes himſelf with the Voice, who employs Writing to ſet forth in the moſt moving Manner that Ardor which conſumes him, and who in defect of Voice and Writing endeavours to expreſs by the different Motions of his Face the Sentiments of his Heart.

Theſe are the uſual ways of making Love in a Country of Freedom, where Communication is eaſily obtain'd, and where Perſons can See, Speak, and Write to one another. There

There are Nation that enjoy not thoſe advantages. The greateſt part of the *Turks* can neither Write, nor Read, neither have they the freedom of Converſing with Women; yet are they not inſenſible. On the contrary it appears that the Eaſtern People are more apt to Love then any other Nation; They wholly Abandon themſelves to it, there they fix their ſovereign good, they raiſe their Paſſion even to a Fury, and I have ſeen ſome in their Rage to Stab their Limbs with D ggers, and then to drop burning Brimſtone in the Wounds.

There is no wonder therefore that People of ſo Hot Tempers, when they want the ordinary means of making known their Paſſion, endeavour to invent extraordinary ones. Flowers, Leaves, Fruits, Aromatick Woods, Gold, Silver, all Colours, Stuffs, and in fine, almoſt all things that are uſe-

ful in the Commerce of Life, enter in that of Love.

All those things which the *Turks* call *Selam's*, Salutes, have their signification, and their Natural or Allegorical Valour, much like the Old way of Poetry, so that a little packet about the bigness of a Thumb does form by the several things which it contains, a very expressive Discourse.

This way of Expressing a Passion, will appear to you as extravagant as new. Yet it wants not its Agreements also, and though it proceeds but from a great want of Liberty, and a defect in the most Common of Arts, which is that of Writing and Reading, yet it is so Gallant and Ingenious, that those that can both Write and Read, make use of it also, and believe that those *Selams*, have more force and make a greater impression on the mind, then the Characters of a Letter.

To

To Initiate you with delight into the Commerce of that Dumb Love, and to give you a perfect Knowledg of it. You must be introduc'd by the Knowledg of those things, which Compose that Language.

I have reduc'd them in an Alphabetical Order, to ease the finding out of those Names. I have Compos'd divers Letters with them, to shew you the way of their Order, and I have Inserted them in a Gallant and true Hystory, to give them more Agreement, and the more to engage you to the reading of them.

The

The Alphabetical Dictionary of the Dumb Language, containing the Name, Signification, Worth, and Interpretation of the *Selams*.

A

A *Ina*, Looking-Glass.

Kourban, olaim, boyunga, I shall become your Slave.

Yeuzum sureim païngna ... I shall rub my Face with your Feet.

Al. Red.

Chimglumj aldung, dgianumj al, you have taken my Liberty, take also my Soul.

Asma, a great stock of a Vine.

Yerdekj Yuzu basma, tread not on a Face that is on the ground, dispise

diſpiſe not thoſe that are ſubmitted to you.

Atlas. Sattin. *Kimſe yuzumé bakmas.* No body caſt their Eyes on me.

Arpa. Barley.

Tchekmé bizj ſarpa, produce no difficulties.

Alma, Apple.

Benden Alma, take me not.

Kuſtaglighé kalina, excuſe my Freedom.

Aktché, Aſper, Half-peny.

Ghetchenelum bir hoktché, lets divert our ſelves together.

Altum, ſequin, Peice of Gold.

Albenj ſatun, take me, and ſell me, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Amberboj, Ambretta, Flower.

Ikimus birboj, we are the ſame height.

Aſtar, courſe Cloth.

Evignuzj ghieuſter, ſhew me where's your Houſe.

Ak, White, living.

Aklum aldung, you have ſeis'd my mind

mind, I am no longer mine.

Amber, Amber.

Amver, ſatisfie my Paſſion.

Aſma yagraghj, Vine Leaf.

Yuzum yagung topaghj, my Journey is the Earth under your Feet, where I lay my ſelf under your Feet.

Armouth, Pair.

Albenden bir mout, take a buſhel from me, that is, ſatisfie you fully.

B.

Badian hindj, Indian Anis.

Senden gairj doſtum yok Chimdj, I have no other Friend but you.

Bakla, Beane Benj goinunga ſakla; hide me in your Boſom.

Balmounj, Wax.

Echkund Artudj dgenounumj your Love has increas'd my folly, or, I love you even to folly.

Bolgour, beaten Wheat.

Euden

Eiden Evé Kalghir, you run from Houſe to Houſe, from Fair to Fair.

Bogdaj, Wheat.

Tchekilmez echkung yaj, let not the bow of your Love be drawn, or, exerciſe not over me the power of Love.

Beiruldgé, ſmall white Bean.

Bizé ghel bou ghedgé come and ſee us this night.

Koulun olaim ulundgé, I ſhall be your ſlave till Death.

Badem. Almond.

Bozwktur Madem, my inwards are tainted, I am peirs'd with Sorrow.

Neguzel adew, ah! the Beautiful Man.

Biber, Pepper.

Bizé birbellj L'herber, we know aſſuredly.

Buberié, Roſmary.

Ghel berié: Approach near me.

Beyaz, White.

Bir teſter bizé yaz, Write to us a Note.

Bez,

Bez, Cloth.

Bez dum, I have wearyed, tired, my ſelf.

C.

Cheker Kamichj, Sugar Cane.

Um rum gunechj, Son of my life.

Cheſtalj, Peach.

Yetter etting bizé alj, you have deceiv'd us ſufficiently.

Cheker, Sugar.

Senj Madem techeker, my own Nature draws you, or we both Sympathize.

Chemamé, Pomander, or ſweet Apple.

Sabghideris hamame, we ſhall go to morow to the Bath.

Chiché, Glaſs.

Kaïl olman bou iché, I conſent not to this buſineſs.

Chab, Alum.

Bize bir chaſj dgeuab, give us a ſincere anſwer.

D. *Dgeuiz*,

D.

Dgeuiz, Nut.

Nedurbizé dgeürigniz, you give us much trouble.

Dug mé, Button.

Bone mungnu kimseyé Amé, submit your self to no Body.

Darj, Millet.

Benj yaktj echkum narj, the fire of Love hath Burnt me.

Deriaj, Sea green.

Tchekilurmj demjr yaj, Canan Iron bow be drawn?

That is to express a strong resolution.

Dartchin, Cinamon.

Biz Tchekeris hardgin, we will be at the expence.

Dé mir, Iron.

Beneridum sen semir, I parch, and you fatten.

Dginghiarj, grass green.

Dgenghimus var, we are in quarrel.

E.

Ekmek, Bread.
Erik, Plumb.
Eridik, we are Melted.
Eudagadgj, Aloes Wood.
Bachimumd il adgj, Remedy of my head.
Eſſirgan, Nettle.
Birj biriniz eſſirghen, take compaſſion of one another.
Lazum oldu ſenj eupmek, it is neceſſary that I ſhould kiſs you.

F.

Furſelek.
Yacnmé ej ledum dilek, I have made an humble petition to my Miſtris.
Fiſtik, Piſtache.
Sizé Kuſtuk, I am angry with you.
FragFourj, Porcelain.
Yolun duchtukche guel berj, viſit us if

if occaſion ſerves.
Feſlighen, the Herb Baſil.
Senj ſiriemdé beſleyen, I ſhall raiſe you in my breaſt.
Fonduk, Haiſel Nut.
Felattuk, we are broke off.

G.

Ghemik, Bone.
Nedurgher danuna omik, who has made this *Succon* at your neck
Gul, Roſe.
Guldurdum bejn you made me laugh, otherwiſe.
Benaglarum ſen gul, I weep and you laugh.
Gulgulj, Roſe Colour.
Sinem bulbulj, Nightingal of my boſom.
Gulpemhé, Peach Bloſom Colour.
Serdam bil ſendé, learn my paſſion, what Torments me.
Ghionluk, Incenſe.
Bizé Ograrſen bir Ghionluk, If you ſhould come to ſee us one day.

H.

Hilal, Earpick.
Benj bilé al, Take me along with you.
Aſſir, mat.
Sangna olaim eſſir, I ſhall be your ſlave.
Havaj gall Colour.
Tenha aldun mj odaj, have you choſen a ſecret Chamber out of the way?
Hindiſtan dgeuizi, Indian Nut.
Atchun gnuz, *tengnuzj*, Open your breaſt.
Hindj, Nutmeg.
Benaglarum guler kendj, I weep, and ſhe laughs.
Halj, Carpet.
Nerd bhalungj, how do you?

I.

Indgir, Figg.
Benj chimler adgj, does no Body pitey me? *Iplik*,

Iplik, new tired.

Gäir doſtumlenſick, divert your ſelf with your other Miſtris *otherwiſe*. *Sangna Lazum mj biblick*, ſtand you in need of being more clear'd.

Jeſſemin, Jeſſmine.

Sangna ettum jemin, I have Sworn to you, *otherwiſe Ahumden eridj Zemin*, my ſighs cauſe the Earth to open.

Ibrichim, twiſted Silk.

Allaha kaldj ichim, I have laid my buſineſs on God.

Judgj, Pearl.

Guzellerum, *ſenſen ghendgj*, you are a treaſure of Youth and Beauty.

Ikj kardak kanj, a kind of Coral.

Hageba, *ne ichler numidgia dgiani*; By your leave, what does the Soul of my Soul.

Ilimon, Lemon.

Ilumumus var, we are inform'd,

Igné, Point.

Ghiewz ſundé olaim dugmé, I will

cleave to your boſom, as a button to your Veſt.

K.

Kachek, Spoon.

Ayak Larumus dolachek, let's twiſt our Leggs together.

Kiretch, Lime.

Doſtum ichj iſſe, birinden var ghetch. If you have two Miſtriſſes, you muſt abandon one.

Kabouk ſis fonduk, a nut kernel.

Biz ſizé omduk, you are all my hope.

Klaboudon, Gold-twiſted on Silk.

Iki yuzlu, Traitor, double-fac'd Man.

Krmizj, Crimſon-Red.

Bangna miej ſerzen nazj, It is not with me that you muſt act the Proud one.

Keſtané, Cheſnut.

Keſſelidik, we have ſeparated our ſelves.

Echkunden oldum meſtané, I am drunk

drunk and troubled with love.

Kalem, writing Pen.

Benum itchun, tchekmé elem, ſuffer nothing for love of me.

Khare, Taby.

Yureghim yare, my Heart is to what I love.

Kieten, Flax.

Umrume yeten, ſufficient during life.

Kouroum, ſout.

Nege guler yarum, what makes my Miſtris to laugh?

Kilim, Woolen Carpet.

Yeter ettim bize Zouloum, you have ſufficiently uſed me cruelly.

Kibritj, Brimſtone Colour.

Yanum den kon oitj, drive that Dog from near you.

Khiar, Cow-comber.

Korkarum unglar doyar, I fear it might be perceiv'd.

Kau, a Match.

Hhalkj bachingden ſaw, ſeparate your ſelf from ſo much People.

Khourma, Date.

Muradigna irma, execute not your design.

Katiſe, Velvet.

Yeter ettin latiffe, you have jeſted long enough.

Kiomour, Coal.

Ben ülurem, ſize eumur, I am willing to dye, ſo you live.

Kacoule, Indian Anis.

Ouyarmiſen ma koule, do you conſent to what is juſt?

Kiaghit, Paper.

Hholkj backinden daghit, ſend the People from you.

Kalaj, Pewter.

Senj aldatmak kolaj, you permit your ſelf to be eaſily deceiv'd.

Kenevis, Canvas.

Yaren gherge bile iz. To morrow we will paſs the night together.

Korenfil, Clove.

Karorum yok, you have no Conſtancy.

Kaiſsj. Apricock.

Boulamadum ſenden eiſsj, I find nothing better then you.

Kiraz,

Kiraz, Cherry.

Bize ver bir raz, give your ſelf a little.

Kebe, thick covering of Horſe hair.

Sout Chume teube, I repent me of my Fault.

L.

Laden, Ladanum.

Boulaſen Merladen, God return it you.

Lale, Tulip.

Kaddumj dunderdum halile, You have winded my Body as an Ear-pick. *That is to ſay*, I have done all you pleas'd.

Lahana, Cabage.

Neme bouldum behune, what pretence is that?

Sule, Pipe Nut.

Tchatladum gule gule, I have burſt my ſelf with Laughing.

M.

Makas, Ciſers.
Benj kapigne as, hang me at your door.
Miſſir bogdaj, Buck Wheat.
Sen ulurſen birdahj, If you dye, there are others.
Menevich, Crimſon Violet.
Yazuktur bize bou itch, there's conſcience in uſing us thus.
Merdgmek, lentile,
Hana oldu bou dge emek, all my ſervices are loſt.
Menekche, Violet.
Albenj okche. Take me, and careſs me.
Madanos. Parſley.
Tenhamj Euignuz, is your Houſe, out of the Way?
Merdgian, Coral.
Malum ſenum durhardgin; diſpoſe of my means.
Mechin, Turky Leather.
Yoktur echim, you have not your like.

Mercin,

Mercin, Mirtle.

Allag ſeni bangna verſin, God give you to me.

Mavj, Blew.

Mail oldum, I am fallen in love.

Mazj. Gall-nut.

Nedur bize nazj. whence comes this hautineſs?

Muskuroumj, Wall-flower.

Tchek owtch kourumj, I am yours.

Mor, Violet Colour.

Senj ſevelu oldum khior, your Soul has made me become blind,

N.

Nar. Pomgranate.

Yureghim yamar. My heart burns.

Nohoud. Pitch.

Derdumden oldum bejhhod. My pain takes away my ſenſes.

Nane, Mint.

Sevichelum dgiane, let's love with all our hearts.

Nerkez. Marry-gold-flower.

Koum olaim herkez. I'le be your ſlave on all occaſions. B 5 *Ne-*

Nebat cheker, Sugar-candy.
Neubet ignize kaik oldum, I yeild, that you have your turn.

O.

Orondghek, Spider.
Gurmedum yuzum doinge, I cannot be satiated with seeing you.
Ouvez.
Yanuma ghel birez. draw near me.

P.

Pirindge. Rice.
Eteme bize ele gulindge, expose me not to laughter.
Pambork. Cotton.
Ghel bize Konouk. Come, and lye at our House.
Para, a small peice of Silver.
Ghel Ardun Ara, come and seek me out.

R.

Rezene : Fenel.
Rutek gherek ghezene, Inconſtancy muſt be puniſh'd
Ratfic tachj, Antimony Mineral.
Akar, ghieuzumum yachj, my Eyes melt into Tears.

S.

Sarj. Yellow.
Sarilatum, let us embrace.
Satche. Hairs.
Batchimetadge. Crown of my head.
Saman. Straw.
Allakton boulaman, God forgive thee.
Boulachaluw bir Zaman, let us meet ſome where.
Sunghier. Spunge.
Etme ſeuſum inkiar, keep your word.
Sarrmuffak, Garlick.
Birghedge ſarilſak, we muſt paſs the night toge ther

Saboun, Sope.

Ettinbene ſaboun. You make me Sick.

Supurghe, a Broom.

Benj bir yol eſſirghe. Once take pity of me.

Sidgim. Packthread.

Nedur ſoutchum, what is my fault?

Sirma, Gold-wyer.

Yuzungnu bende najrma. Turn not your face away from me, abandon me not.

Sandal, Tafety.

Yeter oldu bize bouſal; That cheat is ſufficient.

Surſam, Grain of——

Sangna bir ſeus deſſem, If I told you a word.

Sumboul, a jacinth.

Khoudadan boul, God reward you.

Servj, Cyprus-tree.

Zeter ettin dgeurj. You have caus'd us trouble enough.

Sarmachik, Joy.

Yum hej boulachik. Retire, draggle-tail.

Sakiz.

Sakiz. Maſtick.

Ghel bize kiz. Draw near me; you fair Maid.

T.

Toprak. Earth.

Eskj ſeudugungj ırak, leave your ancient Love.

Kiaadge bize bak, behold us ſometimes.

Tire, twiſted thread.

Kalbime ghire. Enter into my Heart.

Tchira, Oyly-wood.

Echking ile oldum khira. Your love has made me as lean as a rake, or, as a Skeelton.

Timin A peice of five Pence.

Seudugungna aile yemim: Oath of fidelity to his Miſtriſs.

Boulamodum ſiz den yemin: You have no word.

Frnak, a Finger-nail.

Kazak. Ruſtick, clowniſh, inhuman.

Tulbend.

Tulbend. Cambreſine.

Echkum getchtj bize bend. Love has bound us together.

Troup, Radiſh.

Evigniz yolt ſarp, It is difficult to get into your Houſe.

Tchola, Cloath.

Khalumuze birbacha, conſider the condition I am in.

Tach, Stone.

Koialum bir yaſtiga bach, let us reſt our head on the ſame pillow.

Tel. Golden-thread.

Bizeghel, come to us.

Touroddte. Orange.

Toutzun ſenj koulendge, may all evils fall on thee.

Taxta, Board, or Plank.

Dourmaſ-ſon akta, you are not true to your word.

Tchimchir, Box-wood.

Aklum bachina deujchir, recollect your mind.

Tougla, Confederacy.

Tarem bize Ogra. Come to ſee us to morrow.

Tutun,

Tuhin Tobaco.
Kalbimus bitum, my heart is whole.

V.

Unnap. a Jujube.
Bangno yap, do of me what you pleaſe.
Uzum, a Reaſon.
Ichj ghieulum. Both my Eyes.
Uſtupj, Toe, or Flax.
Yarum bangna kuſtumj, my Miſtris is angry with me.
Ouve.——
Yanuma ghel hir ez. Come a little on my ſide.
Uſkulen uſtupj, Toe and Flax mixt together.
Yanun lakaj ben keſtjmj. Has my Miſtris broke off with me?

Z.

Zambak. Lily.
Ben upein, ſenbak, I'lkiſs, while you'l be looking.

Zengebil,

Zengebil, Ginger.

Senj ſeverem ſendebil. Know that I love you.

Zoitun, an Olive.

Ugnum dengheth ſun mejtun. May thy Corpſe paſs before me.

A

Gallant and True HISTORY.

IT is the Cuſtom amongſt the *Turks*, to paſs the three Feſtival Days of the *Bayram*, in public rejoycings. Thoſe Sultaneſſes that have their particular Palaces in the City of *Conſtantinople* and near unto it, go to the *Seraglio* to Viſit the Sultaneſſes, which at other times are not ſeen. There they paſs theſe three days, in Sports, Feaſts and Dances.

Thoſe amongſt the Slaves, that are not Employ'd in Singing or Dancing, which makes the Chief Divertiſement of the Princes, retire themſelves in ſome Appartment, where they Sport amongſt themſelves. One

One day that *Bournaz Atidgé*, the Sultaneſs, Siſter to *Sultan Morat*, was at the *Seraglio* with *Tarhain* Sultaneſs *Validé*, Mother to the Grand Segnior now Reigning. Thoſe two Sultaneſſes who were very good Friends, being deſirous to entertain themſelves in Private, diſmiſs'd their Slaves.

Some of them very good friends, ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, that they might with more freedom entertain one another. They turn'd their Converſation on the Love of *Gulbeas* white roſe. She was the principal Slave of the Sultaneſs *Validé*; That Maid, at firſt made ſome reſiſtance, either through Modeſty, or to ſpare her ſelf the Sorrow of the remembrance of a Beloved Lover. Yet ſhe yeilded at laſt to her Companions Importunities.

She told them that ſhe had paſs'd divers years without knowing what was Love, though ſhe daily heard

heard her Companions Diſcourſe of that Paſſion; which produced ſuch ſtrange Effects in thoſe Maids mind, that ſhe could perceive them to paſs in an inſtant, from joy to ſadneſs, and from Love to their Jealouſy, and Deſire, and that Faces would change as frequently as their Hearts were agitated with different Paſſions: That ſo Woful a Condition had caus'd her to fear ſuch like Engagements, and that ſhe had ſhun'd them as much as ſhe could: But at laſt, ſaid ſhe, Love anger'd at my reſiſtance, forc'd me to yeild to his Power, and inſpired in me ſome Feelings of Tenderneſs for a Young *Turk*, Neighbour to a *Jew*, with whom I Boarded, to Learn the Exerciſes of Reading, Writing, Singing, Playing on Divers Inſtruments, and Dancing, in Order to be Admitted into the *Seraglio*.

This *Turk* named *Iſſouf*, Son to *Mahomet* Baſſa, was both Neighbour

bour and good Friend to the *Jew*, and he did frequently come to his Houſe, to hear me Sing. He conceiv'd ſo ſtrong a Paſſion for me, that he paſs'd both Days and Nights at his Window, or in his Garden to ſee me: And one day, he ventur'd to ſpake to me of his Love, but his Diſcourſes made ſo ſmall Impreſſion on my mind, that I had not at that time the leaſt Sentiment of Tenderneſs for him.

Sometime after that Perſon who had put me to the *Jew*, finding me ſufficiently Inſtructed, Preſented me to the Sultaneſs my Miſtriſs. Abſence, which is a great Remedy againſt Love, inſtead of alaying *Iſſouf's* Paſſion, ſerv'd but to increaſe it, while I liv'd, without the leaſt diſturbance in the *Seraglio*, where Love had not yet diſturb'd my Reſt.

He did endeavour by all ſorts of means to learn ſome News of the

the Perſon he lov'd; all his endeavours were fruitleſs, The Gates of the Womens Apartment are inacceſſible places. Thoſe Cerberuſes that keep them, enraged and deſperate to find themſelves depriv'd of that which might render them agreeable to ſo many Beauties which they have under their Conduct, become Jealous, and have more Eyes then *Argus* to examine all their Actions.

So many difficulties had a moſt repuls'd *Iſſouf*, who had conſumated three years in fruitleſs Attempts. He did Abandon himſelf to Grief and complaining, when one of his Friends who ſhar'd in his Sorrow, inform'd him that a Jewiſh Woman Merchant, named *Boullaſter*, had free Acceſs in the *Seraglio*, where ſhe ſold a great many Jewels to the Sultaneſſes.

Iſſouf who had Wit, and Means, made good uſe of his Friends Advice, and built great Hopes on it, being

ing perſwaded that Money overcomes all difficulties, and that Liberality moves the moſt obdurate Hearts. He reſolv'd to confide his Love to this Jewiſh Woman, and to engage her in his Concerns.

The Enterpriſe was not very difficult, conſiderable Preſents, and Promiſes of Reiterating them upon a favourable Succeſs, did engage the Jewiſh Woman to ſerve *Iſſouf* in his Amours.

He put into her hands a Pair of Pendants of Emeralds cut in the ſhape of Pairs, a pair of Diamond Bracelets, and the Buckles of a Girdle ſet with Rubies, in Enamel'd Gold. He Accompanyed this Preſent with a Billet, and a Seliman, put up in a Watch Caſe of Enamel'd Gold, ſet with Diamonds. He Conjur'd his Meſſenger to uſe all her Induſtry to perſwade and convince me of the exceſs of his Love, and to repreſent to me the Diſorders which that

that Paſſion had made in his Heart, the deplorable Condition in which it had reduc'd him, that I had been almoſt three years in the *Seraglio*, and could not all that while learn any News of me, that he was ready to Dye if all that he had ſuffer'd for me was not capable to molifie me, and to inſpire ſome kindneſs for him in my Breaſt.

The Jewiſh Woman, who was very Dextrous and Prudent, coming to the *Seraglio* as ſhe us'd to do, took her time when the Sultaneſs was not viſible, and ſeeking of an opportunity of ſpeaking to me conveniently, requeſted that I ſhould give her leave to reſt her ſelf a while in my Apartment, which I could not in Civility refuſe her, I being ſhe which this Jewiſh Merchant beſt knew, by reaſon of my Place of Treaſurer to the Sultaneſs, to which I had been advanc'd, in a ſhort time,

through

through the Sultaneſſes ſingular Bounty.

Women are naturally Curious, I inform'd my ſelf of the quality of her Jewels. She heightned their Beauties and Perfections, pulling out of her Boſom a box in which thoſe things were put up, ſhe ſhew'd them me.

The fires and ſparklings of thoſe precious Stones, on which I moſt earneſtly gaz'd, with an envious Eye, invited me to put them on me for a while.

The Jewiſh Woman, who perceiv'd that I was coming to the Lure, and that this dreſs pleas'd me, did invite me with her praiſes to frequently Conſult a ſmall Looking-glaſs which I had found by chance, which made me obſerve an extraordinary redneſs on my Face, caus'd by a Vexation, that Fortune had not favour'd me, with ſuch a like Treaſure.

Boullaſter

Boullufter who eaſily perceiv'd what paſs'd in my Heart, knowing that every moment was precious, thought it high time to Play her Part, and to diſcover to me *Iſſouf's* Paſſion in giving me his Letter and Preſent.

Charming *Gulbeas*, ſaid ſhe, I muſt confeſs to you how much I am ſurpris'd that the Sultan is not yet taken with your Beauty, and with ſo many Graces which I obſerve in your Face; there is nothing in you but what is capable to Produce Love, and if that Emperor had once ſeen you in this Dreſs, the Sultaneſs would conceive ſome Jealouſie thereon, and I eaſily believe what has been told me of the Paſſion of a Young *Turk* whoſe Name is *Iſſouf*.

Though I had not heard him mention'd ſince I had been Admitted into the *Seraglio*, no more then of the *Jew* with whom I had

liv'd, that Name made me change Colour, for that young Man's Paſſion was not unknown to me, ſeeing he had entertain'd me with it before. I did all I could to diſguiſe my Surpriſal, and to Conceal the Motions of my Soul, but that Poiſon that had thrown it ſelf there and ſo long fomented, without perceiving it, diſcover'd it ſelf againſt my will by a Sigh drawn from the bottom of my Heart, which I could not for my Life retain.

Boullaſter made ſo good uſe of the diſorder in which ſhe perceiv'd me to be, and made me ſo lively a draft of *Iſſouf's* Paſſion, and Merit, that laying aſide her indifferency in that buſineſs, ſhe made an end of engaging me, in preſenting me with the Box of Diamonds. I thought at firſt that it had been a Watch: My Curioſity invited me to open it, but in lieu of a Watch Movement I found in it a Billet.

Honour

Honour made me immediately ſhut it up again, and return it to the Woman. I Counterfeited the Angry Body, yet would I gladly have been inform'd of the Contents of that Billet, not doubting but that it was *Iſſouf's*, Declaration of Love, who began to pleaſe me. The Jewiſh Woman who had too much of Experience not to diſcern my feigning, did Preſs me to take the Box, I did it proteſting it was meerly in Complaiſance, and to free me from her Importunities.

I pulling out the Billet found under it a little Packet which inclos'd a Selam, but becauſe I can Read well, I inſtantly open'd the Billet, which was expreſs'd in theſe Terms.

To See and to Love you Divine Gulbeas have been to me the ſame thing. The Gods who have made you ſo Fair, ought to have made you

more ſenſible alſo, or not have poſſeſs'd me with ſo much Love, and ſo little of hopes. My Paſſion is as Ancient as the knowledge which I have had of your Merit, and Time which Conſumes all things has ſerv'd but to increaſe it. There are paſs'd divers years ſince I am no more my ſelf, and that I live but for you. I paſs both days and nights in that part of the Garden, *where I did hear you Sing, and Play on your Inſtruments, and from whence I did ſometimes ſpake to you. That place once the Confident of my Delights, is now the ſame of my Sorrow, and will ſoon be that of my Death, if you cauſe not my Deſtiny to alter, not being any longer capable of Life without ſeing you. I am not Ignorant of the difficulty of the Attempt; but moſt Incomparable Beauty, if you will afford me but a little pitty, who Languiſhes for you, and the happineſs of caſting my ſelf down at your Feet, leave all the reſt to Prudent*

Boullasters *Cares, she will know how to manage my Bliss and your Reputation.*

The Reading of this Billet gave me the Curiosity of unfolding the Selam. It was Compos'd of a grain of Grape, a little Race of Ginger, a small piece of Cole, and Alum, lapp'd up in white and yellow Silk, which signified as follows.

I wish, My Eyes, that you were perfectly inform'd of that Love which I feel for you. It deprives me of my self, and if you take not pitty of the Condition I am in, I shall Dye while you will enjoy an happy Life: Honour me with an Answer, and put an end to my sufferings.

Though I feign'd not to be well pleas'd at this Declaration which I thought something too free, my Heart was very well satisfied with

Iſſouf's Conſtancy. It ſpoke to me in his behalf, and there needed not any great effects to perſwade me of his Love, and to inſpire in me ſome tenderneſs towards him.

The Jewiſh Woman, who ſtudied my Countenance, perceiving the Effects of the Letter, and of the Selam, did preſently offer me the Jewels with which I was already adorn'd. My reaſon, which was not yet wholly prepoſſeſs'd, made me to refuſe them, and to Repreſent to her the wrong which it might do to my Reputation, ſhould the Sultaneſs diſcover it, and that I could not accept of a preſent that would be the cauſe of my Ruine. At the ſame time I undid thoſe Jewels which I return'd her with the Box, retaining nothing but the Letter and the Selam.

Boullaſter who a long Practice had render'd expert, was of Opinion that ſometimes a too great

earneſtneſs

earneſtneſs, does impede the ſucceſs which is moſt deſir'd, did endeavour to convince me by a means to which I could make no reſiſtance.

She told me that my Beauty being Aſſiſted with ſo powerful an Addition, I might pleaſe the Grand Segnior, and peradventure be made Sultaneſs. The Ambition of Reigning, at leaſt in an Emperors Heart, carried it above my Reaſon, and made me conſent to receive the Preſent.

She would gladly have had me as ready to have receiv'd *Iſſouf* in my Appartment: My Heart did not reject the propoſition, had not my reaſon render'd me inexorable. Finally after long inſtances and reiterated intreaties, I conſented to ſee him in the Garden.

Boullaſter could have wiſh'd (to acquit her ſelf handſomly of her Commiſſion) that I had given her

an Anſwer; Honour and Reaſon oppos'd it, but Love did engage me to let him know by a Selam, that his Paſſion was not unpleaſing to me, it was lapp'd up in an Handkercheif of Silk Embroider'd with Gold, wrought with my own Hand, after which the Woman retir'd, pretending before my Companions, who had ſurpris'd us in the Converſation, that ſhe left thoſe Jewels with me, that I might ſhew them to the Sultaneſs.

Iſſouf impatient to learn the ſucceſs of his enterpriſe expected his Agents return, who made him an exact Relation of all that had paſs'd, and gave him that Handkercheif which I had ſent him.

The Joy which he reſented at the receit of this aſſurance of the acceptance of his Paſſion, did Tranſport him in ſuch manner, that without examining what it contain'd, he kiſs'd it a thouſand times, and water'd it with his Tears

Tears, with the most tender Expressions, that Love could inspire.

Boullaster who would not interrupt him during the height of his Transport, when he was come to himself again a little, made him to take Notice of the Selam. It was *Isabella* Silk, a Sprig of *Jessemy*, a little bit of Spunge, some Time, and some Mirtle.

I cannot express to you the excess of the Joy which *Issouf* conceiv'd at it, it was so great that he was struck Speechless, and that Rapture had lasted longer, if *Boullaster*, as Curious, as he was Contented, had not press'd him to give her the Exposition of it. *I accept your Vows*, said the Selam, *be perswaded of my Constancy, provided you be so I pray Heaven to bestow you on me, and that our Souls may be inseparably joyn'd together.*

Is it possible most Amiable *Gulbeas*, said *Issouf*, that my Passion,

is agreeable to, you is it not to deceive me, and to Laugh at my Grief, that thus you seek to engage me further, and kissing the Handkercheif, he said, dear Pledge of the fidelity of she who I adore, will you be it also of the sincerity of her Heart. Then Addressing himself to the Selam, and you Dumb Mouth, will you assure me the duration of her new Born Love?

He had said more; but all Moments were Precious to prepare himself for this Enterview.

The difficulty of this enterprise did cast him in a new Sorrow, and plung'd him in a Melancholy more profound then the former. He was in a dispair of finding in the *Seraglio*, a Friend so faithful as to be trusted with his Amours, and his Impatiency did increase, still as he grew nearer the so desired time.

After

After he had much Tormented himself on the means of bringing about his design, he remembred that there was a Master Gardner nam'd, *Ousta Mehemet*, who was greatly oblig'd to his Father, and that that consideration, might engage him to do him Service, he resolv'd to find him out.

Ousta Mehemet, who had preserv'd for *Issouf* a natural Inclination, receiv'd him with Demonstrations of a perfect Friendship, and great protestations of acknowledgments of the good Offices which he had receiv'd from the *Bassa*, his Father.

Though *Issouf* was satisfied of *Mehemets* fidelity, and that he doubted not but that though he should not grant him the favour which he was about to ask of him, that he would however keep his secret, he however exacted from him an Oath, on the Head of the Prophet, never to reveal that which

he would intruſt him with, which he eaſily obtain'd from *Mehemet*.

Iſſouf diſcovered his Paſſion to his Friend in ſuch ſenſible Terms, and ſo preſſing, that though he had not had any mind to ſerve him, it was no longer in his power to refuſe him. *I Love, moſt faithful* Mehemet, *but what ſerves my Love, when that I cannot ſpake to the Object of my Vows. I Love a Fair One, Priſoner in this Place, the inward part of the* Seraglio *which is Guardian of this Treaſure, is almoſt Penetrable, or at leaſt the Acceſs is ſo difficult, that it cannot be attempted without a great hazard; Yet that is not the thing which detains* Me, *my Paſſion which is beyond all limits would make me to undertake all things, if that ſhe whom I Love would conſent to it. I have only obtain'd to ſee her from a little Garden of Flowers which is juſt under the Sultaneſſe's Appartment. You,*

My

My Dear Mehemet, *muſt facilitate the entry of it to me, on you depends the ſucceſs of this Enterpriſe; I have Built on your Friendſhip; and if ever you have lov'd, you will judge of the Importancy of the Service, and the greatneſs of the Obligation, that I ſhall be indebted to you for it.*

That Declaration had made too great an Impreſſion on this Old Mans Mind, the remembrance of thoſe Diſorders which a like Paſſion had formerly Caus'd in his Breaſt, did make him condeſcend with eaſe to *Iſſouf's* requeſt, without conſidering the danger unto which he expos'd himſelf, ſhould the intreague be diſcover'd. He promiſed to introduce him under a Gardiners habit, and that he had no more to do, but to obſerve my appointed time.

Iſſouf did preſently diſpatch *Boullaſter* to the *Seraglio*, he gave her no Letter, his Joy was too great

great to permit him to write. He only gave her a ſmall Selam, compos'd of a grain of *Pomegranate* a little piece of *Unctious* Wood, lapp'd in white Silk, a Gray-pea, a little piece of Suggar Cane, and the kernel of an Hazel Nut, all which did ſpake thus.

The fire which your love has kindled in my Heart, has reduc'd me to ſuch a Condition, that if you take not pitty of me and that if like the Sun, you enlighten not my mind, I ſhall ſoon looſe that with my life.

Though I was highly poſſeſs'd with Love, I had ſtill ſome reaſon left me, I was kept in with fear, I dreaded leaſt the intreague ſhould be diſcover'd, and that the Sultaneſs ſhould cauſe me to be ſeverely Puniſh'd: Thus I would, yet would not, yet at laſt I was forc'd to yeild to the *Syrenes* Enchantments. I promiſs'd her that the next day at nine I would render my ſelf in a low room which

anſwer'd

anſwer'd on the Garden, and which was parted from it but by a Lattice Window, of which I ſhould open a ſmall wicket, which would be the ſign of my coming, that that was the moſt favourable time, that the Sultaneſs did uſually reſt, and her Women alſo, after breakfaſts; and that all the Eunuchs were on the outſide of the Gate, to prevent all noiſe.

Iſſouf had like to have dyed, at the receit of this news, which did cauſe him ſome reſtleſſneſs, through the apprehenſions that his ill Fortune might make him miſcarry in this attempt. He paſs'd the whole night with terrible apprehenſions, mixt of fear and hope.

He render'd himſelf at the *Seraglio*, at the appointed hour. *Mehemet* caus'd him to change his rich habit for a Gardiners dreſs, made of a courſe red Serge, with a cap a Foot long, of the ſame Stuff.

Stuff. He put a Spade in his hand, and conducted him to the Garden ordering him to dig a border just under the Windows of that Appartment; at every stroke the new Gardner would lift up his Eyes, to observe whither the wicket did open; but unluckily, the Sultaness being fallen asleep a little latter then usually, the Gardner had leasure to dig almost all the border, before I could come to the Rendevouz.

He was very impatient, as I was inform'd, he would some time hear your great flyes, which seeking for passage would strike against the Lattice, which made him fancy that I was looking and laughing at his slavery.

When I came near the Window, and that through the Lattice, I perceiv'd *Issouf* with the Spade in his hand, I no longer doubted of the strength of his love, and though it was a little uneasy to

me

me to ſee a Perſon of his Quality digging of the ground, to enjoy one moment the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me, it gave me a ſecret joy, and without reflecting on what my abſence might make him to ſuffer, I took a great delight in conſidering of him without ſhewing my ſelf. But he having work'd a conſiderable time, and that ſo harſh an exerciſe to ſo tender a Body, did oblige him, to reſt often on his Spade, and to caſt up his Eyes from time to time on the place where I was to appear, I open'd the wicket, and ſaw *Iſſouf* Pain to redouble, the Spade fell out of his hands, he remain'd without motion, like a ſtatue, but by good Fortune he was not perceiv'd, *Mehemet* who had forſeen the conſequences of this firſt ſight, had ſet the Gardners at ſome diſtance, who were to have work'd in the ſame place.

There is no greater trouble, then

then to be in presence of that one loves, and not in power to declare ones grief. That which *Issouf* did suffer by being depriv'd of speaking to me because of the nearness of the Sultaness's appartment, was as troublesom to me as to himself, and notwithstanding all the reservedness which I pretended to, I suffered no less then he did. By good Fortune the Dumb Language, which is very much us'd in this Court, and that we perfectly understood, did so well supply the defects of our Voices, that we separated well satisfied with one another. The Eyes, the motions of the face, the signs of the Fingers, and the gestures of the Body, did all speak more then the most fluent tongue could have utter'd, which is frequently Dumb in such occasions, and says nothing at all for having too much to say. We did so please our selves in this conversation, that it had

had continu'd longer, if I had not heard ſome treading in the *Sultaneſs's* appartment, which oblig'd me to make ſigns to *Iſſouf* to retire; and ſo I ſhut the wicket.

During all our intreagues, *Boullaſter*, who was now the confident of our mutual amours, made diverſe Journeys to the *Seraglio*. I took no leſs delight at the news of my lovely *Iſſouf*, then he did of his dear *Gulbeds*. He was very rich, and did promiſe me to uſe all his Endeavours, and to employ all his Friends, to get me out of the *Seraglio*, and to marry me. This had not doubtleſs deceiv'd my hopes, if a precipitated Death caus'd by the Plague had not depriv'd me of my only Joy.

Sobbs and ſighs, mix'd with Tears, interrupted *Gulbeh's* relation, and the ſtrength of her grief having diſenabled her from finiſhing, ſhe intreated one of her Companions, to whom ſhe had

had discovered her secret, to go on with the recital of a Death, which had cost her so many Tears. *Patma*, so was that good Friend call'd, continu'd *Galbea's* discourse. The *Jewish* Woman, did come twice or thrice a week to the *Seraglio*, though she sould but few things there; but she was sufficiently recompens'd by those lovers, whose presents did in a short time make her very rich.

Their Passions grew beyond all limits, *Issouf*, who was impatient at his Incomparable Mistris's absence, would attempt a second enterview, in which he might freely, with a loud Voice and not by Dumb signs express the excess of his love. He communicated his design to his confident, reiterating large promises if she had good success. She being won by the gains, did engage to omit nothing that might tend to his satisfaction.

She

She came to the *Seraglio*, gave *Gulbeas* a Selam put up in an *Agath* veſſel. It is to be confeſs'd ſaid *Patmas*, that if love ſharpens Wit, it borders on folly alſo, *Iſſouf* would engage his Miſtris with a rich preſent. This Veſſel was Garniſh'd with circles of Gold ſtudded with Diamonds, and he endeavour'd to convince her of her paſſion, by a Selam, compos'd of his Hairs, of Roſe colour Silk, of *Aloes* Wood, of *Antimony*, of Nutmeg, a Sprig of Broom, a grain of Grape, a ſmall peice of Cloth, and of Cole, all which put together did ſay.

Precious Crown of all my wiſhes, Nightingal whoſe Voice is only capable to Charm the ſorrow of my Soul, true remedy of the Evils which I endure, conſider the Tears which proceed from my Eyes, while that perhaps you are Laughing at my grief take pity on me, and behold the condition in which you have brought

me

me. I am ready to dye, if you honour me not with your writing, and if you give me not apositive Answer.

This Selam, and the relation which *Boullaster* made to *Gulbeas*, of the miserable condition that *Issouf* was in, whom she represented to her, languishing, and dying, did so move her, being put on with passion and love, that she consented to a second enterview, the p.ce and manner, only, did trouble her, and she caus'd him some by a little Selam, of a Gold Wyer, of a grain of Grape, of a grain of Millet, of a bit of white thred, and of a grain of Wheat, all which said. *Come my Eyes I am sensible of your griefs, my Heart is yours, be perswaded of my Constancy.* *Gulbeas* would not consent to *Issouf's* disguise for his admittance into an appartment which was joyning that of the Sultaness; It was a slippery

a ſlippery ſtep, no leſs then honour and life were at ſtake. All thoſe conſiderations were powerful enough to brake off that deſign, if love who was the ſtrongeſt had not overpois'd them. *Gulbeas* let her ſelf be won by *Boullaſter's* perſwaſion, and gave her leave to bring *Iſſouf* diſguis'd like a Maiden.

Three days were employ'd in getting things ready, the rather becauſe that too frequent viſits might have been ſuſpected. They were ſo many Ages to the Amorous *Iſſouf*, for whom neat and proper Cloths were getting ready that his dreſs anſwering to the Beauty of his Face, where no Hair had yet appear'd the Guards might be with more eaſe impos'd upon.

The 4th. day *Boullaſter*, and her pretended Daughter whom we will call *Gevaher*, which in the *Turkiſh* Language ſignifies, Precious Stone, came to the

Seraglio

Seraglio. This She-Merchant who was well known, having told that who accompany'd her was her Daughter, deceiv'd the Black Eunuchs, who let them both enter.

Here *Patma* made a pause, and beginning again with a languishing accent, she said, *Issouf, what dost thou do? you come to see Gulbeas, you seek in her Eyes for a remedy to your Evils, you are going to find the end of them but after a very extraordinary manner, your presence shall cure her of the Plague which overcomes her, and by a strange counter-blow, you will take in, in approaching her, a Poyson, that shall kill you.*

Of truth, continued she, The *Jewish* Woman did introduce the fair *Gevaher*, into the dying *Gulbea's* Chamber. Judge of the trouble that *Issouf* found himself in, and if the surprisal of such an unexpected accident were not capable of breaking all the

the measures of this disguise.

There little wanted but that he discover'd himself, but *Gulbeas* who still preserv'd a sound Judgment with the rigour of her disease, which was at the third day, did intreat her companions, to leave her one moment alone with this *Jewish* Woman, to settle some accounts which they had together.

When that *Issouf* found himself alone near *Gulbeas*, he gave full scope to his grief, and forgeting the place he was in, he tore of his vail, and cleav'd to the Beds Head of the sick Person, who he bathed with his Tears not being able to speak one word. *Gulbeas* on her side did receive such pressing strokes of love, with the anguish of her disease, that it causing a great revolution in her Body, a Chrisis was produc'd, which saved her life, and gave *Issouf* his death who could not be perswaded to quit the Boulster, where he took in

the ſteam of a Malignant ſweat, which peirc'd him to the very Heart, and caus'd him to fall in a fainting Fit.

Boullaſter ſtrangly confus'd at the ſwooning of her pretended Daughter, and much more at the conſequences that the unraveling of this intreague might produce in caſe that the illneſs increaſing, ſhe had been oblig'd to be put into a bed, call'd me to aſſiſt her.

When I came in, the feigned *Gevaher* began to breath and to ſigh, turning her Eyes towards *Gulbeas*, whoſe name ſhe ſpoke with ſuch a tender and amourous accent, that I wonder how I perceiv'd it not, I reflected not on it, and did attribute it to an ancient acquaintance, that which was a pure effect of love.

It paſs'd not ſo with *Boullaſter*, ſhe was ſo ſurpris'd that all her ſenſes fled from her, and her face growing pale ſhe fell in a ſwoon, ſo that

I was left alone very busy, and concern'd. I brought the Daughter near to *Gulbeas*'s Bed, and run to the Mother who was not long fainted, when both were recover'd of their swoon, I went to prepare something for them to take.

The Amorous *Issouf* made use of that moment to say some few things to his Mistris, which he pronounc'd with a Languishing Voice. Death, *which persues me*, said he, *is a less trouble to me, adorable* Gulbeas, *then the pain which I feel for what you endure. I should run to it with Pleasure, if I thought it would ease you, be perswaded of it, and that I had rather dye, then abandon you. If I did not expose you, by my stay here to a danger greater then your Disease. I retire, but I retire to dye, not being able to resist so much sorrow.* *Gulbeas* overcome with the strength of her disease, peirc'd to the quick at *Issouf*s illness, and weakned with

the violence of her Criſis, could not anſwer thoſe tender aſſurances but with Tears, which made her faint away. Here it was that Poor *Iſſouf* had need of his whole ſtock of reaſon, to reſiſt ſo much Grief, and yet Act nothing that might betray the ſecret, he was forc'd to reſt contented with ſighs, which were attributed to his late fainting.

Gulbeas was long in that condition, and beginning to Breath again, *Boullaſter* who fear'd ſome new accident, endeavour'd all ſhe could to bring back *Iſſouf*, from his afflicted Miſtriſs.

He could not reſolve on ſuch a ſad ſeparation, which he foreſaw would be eternal; He would fain have expir'd near what he lov'd, yet he was forc'd to obey his Miſtriſs's orders, who made ſigns to him, not being able to ſpake, and gave him her hand, which he kiſs'd, proteſting that he would not out live her. All

All thoſe accidents which had accompanyed ſo ſad an enterview, was not ſufficient to overcome our unfortunate Lovers. It happen'd that paſſing by one of the doors of the *Seraglio* where there ſtands *Baltadges*, which are certain varlets from without, that one of them diſtruſting the feigned *Gevahers* going, which was become careleſs through her grief and pain; fancy'd it a diſguiſe, and ſtop'd *Iſſouf* by the arm; *Boullaſter*, whoſe Wit was always at hand, without ſpeaking to the *Baltadgj*, for fear of bringing more to them, drawing near, dropt into his hand a ring which ſhe pull'd of her own Finger, and preſſing his hand ſhe thereby oblig'd him to give liberty to this poor Lover to get out, who thought much leſs on the preſent accident then on *Gulbea's* troubles.

So ſoon as *Iſſouf* was return'd to his Palace, he went to his Bed,

his Feaver increas'd, and finding himself pres's'd with that disease which kill'd him, he would employ that little time he had to live, in taking leave of his dear Mistriss, and to give her his last farewell.

I dye for you, Incomparable Gulbeas, *and Death is the more pleasing to me, because I hope that its Cause which was your Crisis, will be that of the prolongation of your days. I should dye without trouble, had I the certain news of it. The disease presses upon me, and I employ that little time which is left me, in giving you testimonies of a love which I shall carry to my grave: happy if that last moment can better convince you then divers Years of Sighs and Tears have done. Adieu, all lovely, live and remember that the same love which restores you to Life is the Cause of my Death.*

No sooner had he ended his Letter

Letter, but he immediately ſent it with the Ring on his Finger, in which his Miſtriſs's name and his were Ingraven on a very clear Ruby, to *Bonllaſter*, and was preſently ſeis'd with a diſturbance in his head, and a redoubling of his Feaver, which depriv'd him of his Senſes and Speech, which never return'd again but with the laſt ſigh, which he vented, in pronouncing the lovely name of his Miſtriſs.

Gulbeas, whoſe Criſis had put out of all Danger, the ſweat having Diſſipated the Tumors of the Plague, was more Diſtemper'd in the Mind then the Body, *Iſſonf's* ſilence, and *Bonllaſter's* ſtay from giving her an Account of all that had paſs'd, ſince their parting, did ſtrangly Perplex her, and giving her ſad Warnings of what was coming, ſhe felt moſt mortal diſquiets, ſhe would Weep all Day

Day, and the Night was paſs'd in Watchings, or in Terrible Viſions, which foretold her nothing but thoſe Dangers which ſhe fear'd. The ſame night that *Iſſouf* expir'd, ſhe thought that a Woman of a Prodigious height, as Lean as a Skelleton, and of a frightful Deformity, her Hairs ſpread abroad approaching her with the Face of a Fury, a great Knif in her Hand, was opening of her ſide, and pulling out her Heart. All thoſe Nocturnal Viſions, Augmented her Sorrows. She had made Choice of me for her Confident ever ſince *Iſſouf's* adventure, I did endeavour to Divert her, and turn her off of all thoſe Melancholy Thoughts, nothing could Adminiſter Comfort to her; But it was much worſe, when *Boullaſter* came to the *Seraglio*, ſome days after *Iſſouf's* Death, to acquit her ſelf of the laſt Commiſſion, which he had given her.

So

So ſoon as ſhe did ſee her, ſhe earneſtly Inform'd her ſelf of *Iſſouf's* welfare; but the Jewiſh Woman's ſilence, who could not diſſemble, nor keep in her Tears, gave her eaſily to underſtand that truth which ſhe fear'd to learn, Ah! Cry'd ſhe, *Iſſouf* is no longer in being! and preſently fell in my Arms in a Swoon.

When ſhe was come to her ſelf again, *Iſſouf's* Letter and Ring which *Bouflaſter* put into her Hands, not being able to ſpeak one word, did Confirm that Sorrowful News, She Divers times kiſs'd thoſe dear Pledges of *Iſſouf's* eternal Conſtancy, Water'd them with her Tears, and did hang the Ring at her Neck, as a Mark that ſhe Devouted her ſelf to her Lover's Ghoſt; and having remain'd ſometime without Speech, her Face from Pale as it was, became Red, and as if ſhe were become Furious.

Fatal

Fatal Destiny, cry'd she, *thou Renders me my Life in killing what I Love, and thou selleſt me very dear, that which I can no longer Love, ſeeing that he, with whom I deſign'd to ſhare it, is no more. Why didſt thou not kill me, or why didſt thou Conduct him here, that I might be further oblig'd to him of my Life? after ſo many Services ſo ill rewarded, I will no longer Live after ſuch an Accident; Alas! what will Life ſignifie to me, after that he, who Animated me is Dead. No* Iſſouf, *I deſign'd not to Live but for you, and I ſhould be unworthy of your Love ſhould I have any other thoughts. That Death which was to have taken me off, has not ſpared me, in taking of you. It has doubly ſlain me in depriving me of what I Love, and permitting me to Linger out a Miſerable Life, which ſhall be but a Continual Death. You Live* Iſſouf, *and your moſt happy ſhade, enjoys at preſent the Pleaſures of the* Eliſicum-fields,

fields, *and I ſhall never ceaſe Dying till I am reunited to you. Then Addreſſing her ſelf to the Ring. This Ring, continu'd ſhe, ſhall be henceforth the Faithful witneſs of my Love, and ſeeing it could not Unite our Bodies during our Lives, it ſhall be the indiſſolubbiletye of our Wills, and the Mark with which I will appear before you, I will continually wear it in my Boſom, and it ſhall Accompany me in my Grave, ſeeing yon could not have any other thought, when you ſent it me at your Death, than that of uniting me more ſtrictly to you in the other World.*

She had continu'd, and gone on further with her Complaints, if the preſence of our Companions, had not interrupted their Courſe and oblig'd *Boullaſter* to retreat. The Grief for his Death brought her into a Lingering Feaver, which has caus'd that Languiſhing Condition you ſee her in, and

and of which there is no likelihood she will ever be Cured, the cause of her illness being too dear to her.

FINIS.

THE

Fatal Beauty

OF

AGNES de CASTRO;

Taken out of the

HISTORY

OF

Portugal.

Made *English* out of *French*
By P.B. G.

Licensed, *May* 19th. 1688.

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in *Common-Garden.* 1688.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE READER.

TO give an advantageous Character of this Novel, there needed but to name the Person that Compos'd it. The great Success which all the Ingenious Works which, She has produc'd, have had, would be sufficient to put an Esteem on this, and none can doubt of its worth after the great Approbations that have been given to all the rest. But in this Particular I am not Permitted to Satisfie the Curiosity of the Publick. Her Will opposes it self unto that Glory that She might justly pretend from it, and She does rest satisfied with the bare Secret Delight which She receives, in that which She Procures to the Ingenious. Yet I believe not that all Her Cautiousness can Conceal Her from the knowing. The Nicety

of the Sentiments, the Towr of the Conceptions, the clear and easie Stile, all does here Conspire to Her Discovery. The Virtue of three as Illustrious as Unfortunate Persons, which Vye with one another who shall most overcome themselves in Greatness of Souls, Produces in the Heart such Motions of Tenderness and of Pitty as do extreamly Delight. The Character of that Nation, which makes the Subject of this Novel, appears so Natural that it will not be Difficult to Believe the Truth of the Principal Events. Those that have Read the Portugal *Hystory, will agree to it, and I need not make any Stay here to Prove it. I shall only say, that if an Ingenious Fiction has Power to excite and stir up our Passions, a Truth so well Penn'd, as this is, will not fail of moving the least sensible Persons, and to draw such Tears from them, as they would gladly let fall.*

THE

THE

Fatal Beauty

OF

AGNES de *CASTRO.*

THough Love promiſes nothing but Pleaſures, the Effects of it are ſometimes ſad. A Tender heartedneſs is not ſufficient to attain to a Perfect Happineſs; and that *Capricious* Fortune which croſſes all things, has but very little regard to Paſſionate Hearts, when She is in the Humour of producing ſtrange Adventures.

Divers Examples of the paſs'd Ages prove the Certainty of this Maxim; But the Reign of *Don, Alfonſe,* the *4th.* of that Name King of *Portugal* does furniſh us with one the moſt Extraordinary.

He was the Son of that *Don Denis,* whoſe Enterpriſes did ſo well ſucceed, that it was ſaid of

him, he did all that he would, and of *Isabella* of *Aragon* a Princess of an Eminent Virtue. After he had inherited a Flourishing and quiet Estate he Endeavoured to Maintain in it both Plenty and Peace, by all means imaginable.

To that end he fix'd the Marriage of his Son *Don Pedre*, who was but eight years old, with *Blanch* Daughter to *Don Pedre*, King of *Castile*, who the Young Prince did Marry at sixteeen. She brought along with her at *Coimbria* divers Infirmities, and but a few Agreements. *Don Pedre* who had a stock of Mildness and of Bounty, notwithstanding all those inconveniencies, did live in good intelligence with her; But at last those inconveniences being degenerated into a *Paralitic* Distemper, and *Blanch* herself being desirous of a retreat the *Pope* did annul the Marriage. The Princess did confine in Solitude all her Languishments and the Prince for whom

other

other Nuptials had been prepar'd, did marry *Constantia Manuel*, Daughter to Don *John Manuel*, Prince of the Blood of *Castile*, and famous for that resistance, which he made to his King.

Constantia had been promised to the King of *Castile*; but he breaking his Word, she was given to a young Prince, who was once to reign over a considerable number of fair Provinces. He was but in his twenty fifth year, and the handsomest Man of all *Spain*: with the most advantageous Qualities of the Body, he possest those of the Soul, and in all things, he did prove himself worthy of that Crown, which was appointed for him.

The Princess *Constantia* was Beautiful, Spirituous, and generous as much as any Woman in the World, her Merit ought to have Captivated *Don Pedre*, and certainly he had for her an Esteem mix'd with respect; which might have pass'd for Love with the less

Penetrating Persons. Mean time his more real Flames were reserv'd for another Beauty.

Constantia, brought forth a Son in the first Year of her Marriage; who was Named *Don Louis*, and who scarce had the time to discern the light; The loss of him did cause her to feel many Sorrows; but that cold indifferency which she observ'd in those Cares which her Husband did bestow on her, was much more sensible to her. It had not been difficult for her to give herself wholly to her Duty, and to singularly cleave to his tender Affections, but that powerful Interest which bound her so strictly unto the Prince of *Portugal*, did open her Eyes on his actions, where she could not find any thing that was Natural, and that could satisfiy her Nicety.

At first she thought she had deceived herself; but time having confirm'd what she fear'd, she did secretly sigh for it, and had so much

Consideration

Conſideration for the Prince as to give him but ſome obliging marks of her Sorrow, which ſhe could not Conceal from *Agnes de Caſtro*, who lived with her, and the Princeſs Affection did diſtinguiſh her from all the other Women.

This Maiden ſo dear to the Princeſs, did well deſerve that preference which ſhe gave her. She was exceſſively Beautiful, wiſe, diſcreet, Spirituous, and more Affectionate for *Conſtantia* then ſhe was for her own Intereſt, having left her Family, whoſe name was *Illuſtrious*, and that did hold a very Conſiderable rank, to give herſelf wholly to the Princeſs, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was in her boſom that ſhe poured forth her firſt Sorrow, and the Charming *Agnes* omitted nothing that could Adminiſter Comfort to her.

Conſtantia was not the only Perſon which Complained of *Don*

Pedre, before the Divorce of *Blanch*, he had expreſ'd ſome Tenderneſs towards *Elvira Goncales*, Siſter to *Don Alvar Goncales*, Favorite to the King of *Portugal*; and that Amuſement of the Princes youngeſt Years, having made a real Impreſſion on *Elvira*, whoſe Ambition had been flatter'd by *Blanche*'s Infirmities, ſhe had ſeen *Conſtantia* poſſeſs her place, with a ſecret Rage, and to be Miſtreſs of Sufficiency of Charms to take from her all to the laſt hopes.

Her Jealouſy left her not long idle; ſhe examin'd all the Prince's Actions, and without difficulty did unravel the Cauſe of that indifferency, which he had for his Spouſe: But that did not bring him back to her, and it was with great preſumption, that ſhe miſtruſted ſome new Paſſion in him, which ſhe promiſed to her ſelf to thwart ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhould find it out. She had a mind that was very fit for bold Enterpriſes, and her Brothers Credit did

raiſe

raiſe ſuch a pride in her, that all the Princes indifferency was not capable to humble.

He did languiſh, and none could gueſs at the Cauſe, he had no longer any reliſh for public Sports, ordinary converſations were uneaſy, and ſolitude only had ſome power over him; this change ſurpris'd every body, Don *Alfonſo*, who lov'd his Son, deſign'd to diſcourſe him about it; but the Prince gave no other Anſwer, than, that it was an effect of his Temper.

All this while, time did paſs, and the Princeſs was deliver'd of a ſecond Son, who liv'd and was nam'd *Ferdinando*. Don *Pedre* did force himſelf a little to take ſhare in the public Joy. It was believ'd that the humour was going to alter; but that glimpſe of a Calm laſted not long, and he ſoon did relapſe into his deep Melancholly.

The plotting *Elvira* was inceſſantly agitated, in ſeeking after the Knowledg of his Secret. Chance

Labour'd

labour'd for her in it. One day, that ſhe was walking of her fury in the Palace's Gardens, ſhe found the Prince of *Portugal* aſleep in an obſcure *Grotto*. Her Fury could not hold againſt that Object. She caſt her Eyes on him, and perceiv'd that in ſpight of ſleep ſome Tears did ſteal from his Eyes. That ſhare which he ſtill had in her heart, had no hard task to ſoften it; but ſhe heard him ſigh, and afterwards to expreſs theſe ill articulated Words: Yes, divine *Agnes*, I will dye before I diſcover it, and *Conſtantia* ſhall have no Cauſe to reproach you any thing. *Elvira* was ſeis'd with horror at that diſcourſe, which preſently repreſented to her Imagination *Agnes de Caſtro* with all her charms, and not doubting but that it was ſhe who poſſeſt Don *Pedre*'s heart, ſhe felt more hatred againſt that Rival, than ſhe had of Tenderneſs for him. The *Grotto* was no fit place to make Reflections in, and to form

deſigns.

designs. Perhaps that her first transport had caus'd her to have awakned the Prince, had she not perceiv'd under his hand a Paper, which she seis'd, and that she might not be surpris'd reading of it, she went forth with as much diligence as emotion.

When she was got to her Apartment, she open'd the Paper trembling, and in it found these Verses writ with Don *Pedre*'s own hand, which it is likely he had newly compos'd.

Desist, Torment no more my Heart, (Glory
Honour, and Sacred Rights, chief concerns of my
Love whispers me another story.
And I yeild to his Conquering Art.
Ye seeming over lasting ties,
Compeli'd engagements, Oaths Love never made,
You must all, at his feet be laid
As a Most humble Sacrifice.
Dear Princess, you, to whom my Faith is due,
Pardon my over-ruling Fate,
'Tis confess'd, I deserve your hate.
'Lass! 'tis my Star renders me false to you.

Elvira

Elvira knew well *Don Pedre's* Writing, and was not Ignorant that he made Verſes, and obſerving the ſad part that *Hymen* Acted in thoſe which was fallen into her hands, She Scrupled not to produce them to the Princeſs: That ſhe might not be ſuſpected, She appeared not in the leaſt; but it being not ſufficient to cauſe *Conſtantia* to obſerve how little her Husband Lov'd her, and that it was neceſſary alſo, to inform her, that he was become *Agnes de Caſtros*, Slave, *Elvira* caus'd theſe few Words, in an Unknown Hand, to be Writ under the Princes Verſes, where there was a ſufficient ſpace.

Sleep betray'd this unlucky Lover
Compell'd his own Lips to diſcover,
The very Dictates of his Heart,
Declaring, Agnes, *makes it Smart.*

Elvira did not much ſtick on the Nicety of Poetry in the laſt Verſes, and provided, they had but

but the Effect which ſhe wiſh'd for, ſhe requir'd no more.

Her Impatiency would not permit her to ſtay till the next day to Publiſh them. She went to the Princeſs Apartment, who was gone forth to walk, and paſſing to her very Cloſet without being perceiv'd, ſhe conveyed the Paper in a Book which the Princeſs did uſually read, and Retired very well ſatisfy'd with her good Succeſs.

So ſoon as *Conſtantia* was return'd, ſhe went into her Cloſet, where ſhe found the Book open and in it thoſe Verſes that ſhould coſt her ſo dear. The Prince's Character was well known to her; but beſides the cruel Confirmation of all that ſhe had feared, ſhe learn'd that it was *Agnes* of *Caſtro*, whoſe ſole Friendſhip could conſolate her Affliction, who was the cauſe of it. She did Read an hundred times over the ſame thing, ſeeking to belye her own Eyes and Reaſon; but perceiving too well that ſhe was not deceiv'd,

and

and consulting her Thoughts on this Adventure, she found her self much more possest with Sorrow then with Anger, when she consider'd that *Don Pedre* as Amorous as he was, had still preserv'd his Love in Secrecy. After having pittyed him without Condemning, her natural tenderness did cause her to shed a deluge of Tears, and did inspire her with the design of concealing all her Grief.

She had certainly done it by the Power of an Extraordinary Virtue, had not the Prince enter'd with extream hast, he missing his Verses at his awaking, and fearing they should light into Indiscreet Hands, he came into the Palace disturb'd with this Loss, came to *Constantia*, observ'd her Humid Eyes, and stay'd his own on those unlucky Verses, which had newly escap'd from his Passion.

He presently grew Pale, and appear'd so Concern'd that the Generous

Generous Princes was more ſenſible of his then of her own Misfortune: Madam, ſaid he, with Amazement, whence have you that Paper? It cannot come but from ſome Enemy of your quiet and mine, reply'd *Conſtantia*, it is the Work of your own Hand, My Lord, and doubtleſs of the Motion of your Heart alſo; but fear nothing, if my Tenderneſs would make it paſs for a Crime, that ſame Tenderneſs which nothing can alter, would prevent it in me.

Conſtantia's Moderation did ſerve but to render the Prince more Confounded. How Generous you are Madam continu'd he, and how Unfortunate am I! Some Tears did Accompany thoſe Words, and the Princeſs who Paſſionately Lov'd him, was ſo ſenſibly mov'd with them that for a long ſpace they both remain'd Mute. At laſt *Conſtantia* broke ſilence, and ſhewing him, what

Elvira

Elvira had caus'd to be added; You have betray'd your self, My Lord, continu'd she, you have been over-heard, and your Secret is known. It was in that very Moment that the Prince's whole Strength did Abandon him, and that his present Condition became worthy of Compassion. He could not forgive himself that Unvoluntary Crime which he had committed against the Amiable Innocent *Agnes*; and though he was convinc'd of *Constantia's* Bounty, the Vexation which this Prudent, and Modest Maid might receive from his Conduct, did carry it above all other Considerations.

The Princess who was examining of him with her Eyes, perceived so many marks of despair on his Face, that she fear'd the effects of it, and obligingly holding forth her hand to him; I promise you, my Lord, said she, that I will never complain of you, and that *Agnes* shall ever be dear to me. You

shall

ſhall not find me inclin'd to make you reproaches; and not being capable of poſſeſſing your heart, I'e reſt ſatisfyed in endeavouring to render my ſelf worthy of it. *Don Pedre* more concern'd than before, bowed a Knee before *Conſtantia*, kiſs'd with reſpect that hand which ſhe had given him, and, perhaps did forget *Agnes* for a moment.

But Love did ſoon put a ſtop to theſe ſmall Progreſſes of *Hymen*, That fatal Planet which did predominate over Don *Pedre*'s Fate, had not yet ſpent all it's malignity, and one moment of *Agnes* his ſight, ſoon added new Forces to his Paſſion.

That fair Maids conſent had had no ſhare in her victory, her eyes were exact and diſcerning, but they fought not in the Princeſs eyes, for that which they would have diſcovered to her.

She never did uſe to be long diſtant from *Conſtantia*, wherefore Don *Pedre* was no ſooner gone out of the Cloſet but ſhe came into it,

and

and finding the Princeſs mov'd and melting, ſhe doubted not but that ſhe had ſome juſt Cauſe of Sorrow; ſhe put her ſelf in the ſame poſture, that the Prince had been but a moment before, and expreſſing her diſturbance with concerned Looks, Madam, ſaid ſhe, in the name of your Bounties, conceal not from me the Cauſe of that Trouble I find in you. Alas! *Agnes*, reply'd the beautiful Princeſs, what is it you would know, and what am I to tell you? The Prince is in Love. That hand which he once gave me, was no preſent of his heart, and all the advantage of this Allyance, will but make me the Sacrifice. The Prince in Love! reply'd *Agnes*, with an Amazement mixt with Indignation: And what Fatal Beauty can diſpute with yours the Empire of an heart ſo juſtly due to you? Ah! Madam, all my reſpect cannot hinder me from murmuring againſt him. Do not accuſe him of any thing, reply'd *Conſtantia*, he

ſtrives

ſtrives all that he can, And I am more oblig'd to his endeavouring to remain faithful to me, than if I really did enjoy his affections. It is not ſufficient to fight for to overcome, and the Prince does more in that diſpoſition he finds himſelf in, than I ought to have hoped for. In fine, he is my Husband, an amiable Husband, to which there is nothing wanting, but that which I have not been able to inſpire in him, that is, a Paſſion which had rendred me too happy. Ah! Madam, cryed out *Agnes de Caſtro*, tranſported with her affection for *Conſtantia*: He is a blind Prince, who knows not the precious advantage which he poſſeſſes. It muſt needs be that he knows more, reply'd the Princeſs, modeſtly: But Madam, continued *Agnes*, is there any thing either in *Portugal*, or in all *Spain*, that can be compar'd to you? And not to reckon on the Qualities of your Perſon, can thoſe of your mind be ſufficiently prais'd?

—My Dear *Agnes*, replyed the Princess sighing, she that takes my Husbands heart from me, has but too much wherewith to plead his Excuse, seeing it is of thee that Fortune has made use to give me that woeful blow: Yes, *Agnes* the Prince loves thee, and that Merit which I know to be in thee, puts a stop to my Complaints, not admitting of the least resentment.

The Beauteous *Agnes* little expected what the Princess had said to her. Thunder and Lightning, had less surpris'd and abas's'd her, she remain'd long Speechless; but at last fixing her looks on *Constantia*; What say you Madam, reply'd she, and what thoughts have you had of me? What should I be capable of betraying you? And in coming here fill'd with Zeal for the quiet of your Life I should bring with me but a direful Poison, that should disturb it? How should I detest that little of Beauty which is found in me, (though

without

without any design in me of making of it known) and that unfortunate day in which I first beheld the Prince! But Madam it cannot be me certainly that the Heavens have chosen to traverse you. They are not so much my Enemy to put me to so severe a Tryal, and if I was that Odious Person, there would be no Exiles nor Torments to which I would not condemn my self. 'Tis *Elvira*, Madam, whom the Prince has formerly Lov'd, before your Marriage, and even before *Blanch*'s Divorce; some indiscreet reports have been made you concerning that intrigue of his Younger days; but that which has happen'd in the time of *Blanch*, has no relation to you. It is most certain that *Don Pedro* Loves you answered the Princess, and I have vanity enough to believe that of truth, there is none but you in all *Spain* that can dispute it with me, but his secret is discover'd, and he has not deny'd it. What, reply'd

the

the Beauteous *Agnes*, with a greater surprise it is from himself, that you have receiv'd the Intelligence of his weakness? Then did *Constantia* shew her the Verses, and there never was any dispair like hers.

While they were in that sad conversation, Impatient *Elvira*, who was desirous to learn the effects of her Practices came again to the Princess, where she had a free access, she was not hindred from going to her very Closet, and her Presence drew a redness on the cheeks of two restless and afflicted Persons which desired not her Company, she had the satisfaction of observing *Constantia* to lay aside those Verses, which the Princess had not seen without her Malice, and of an immoderate Sorrow in her Eyes, and in *Agnese*'s also. She remain'd there just so long as needed to inform her that she had succeeded well, but the Princess who desired not such an obstinate Witness of the troubles she was in at that present

preſent, order'd to be left alone, *Elvira* went out, and *Agnes de Caſtro* retired at the ſame time alſo.

It was in her own Chamber, that examining more at large her Adventure, ſhe found it as cruel as Death it ſelf. She Lov'd *Conſtantia* with a true Affection, and till then, had not had for the Prince of *Portugal* but an eſteem mixed with that admiration which could not be deny'd to his Excellent Qualities, and conſidering herſelf with extremity of Grief, as the cauſe of the Sorrows of ſuch a Princeſs to whoſe Bountys ſhe was ſo Indebted, ſhe Employd all the Night in Tears and Complaints, which ſufficiently reveng'd *Conſtantia* of theſe Evils which ſhe caus'd her to feel.

The Prince was no leſs diſturb'd, his Wives generoſity increaſed his remorſes, without diminiſhing his love. He did fear, not without great likelineſs, that they who had

poſſeſt *Conſtantia* with thoſe Verſes, would alſo acquaint the King of his paſſion, from whom he could not expect ſo great an Indulgency, and he would freely part with his Life to free himſelf from that extremity.

The afflicted *Conſtantia* did Languiſh in a deplorable condition, ſhe could not ſee any thing in thoſe Perſons that caus'd her Misfortune, but what was apt to move her tender affections. At laſt Jealouſy deſign'd, (but vainly) to combat that tendency which ſhe had, to Love them. The Prince was not leſs dear unto her, and ſhe could not be ſenſible either of hatred or indifferency towards her rival.

While that theſe three uneaſy Perſons did abandon themſelves unto their Melancholy, *Elvira* who was reſolved not to let her vengeance remain imperfect was contriving by what means ſhe might accompliſh it. Her Brother on whom

whom she did depend, did shew her a great affection, and guessing that the Loves of *Don Pedre* and *Agnes* of *Castro* would not be approv'd of by the King, she discover'd it to *Don Alvares*, who was not Ignorant of the former that the Prince had had with his Sister. He found himself most powerfully concern'd in the news she had told him, through a secret passion which he had for *Agnes*, which he had concealed in his own Breast least it should in any sort thwart the smooth course of his good Fortune, and he was in expectation of a continuation of *Don Alfonses* Favours, whereby to render his Heart, a more considerable present.

He concealed not from his Sister a Mistery which he had found very difficult to keep secret, and it prov'd a duplication of vexation to her, to find *Agnes* the Sovereign of all those Hearts over which she had any pretentions.

Don Alvares was one of those Ambitious men that are so without Moderation, Proud without Generosity, of cruel inclination, and who to attain his ends, could not see any thing, that was either difficult or Illigitimate. He Naturaly lov'd not the Prince who in all reason was to possess the first place in *Don Alfonse*'s Heart, and who set limits unto *Don Alvare*'s good Fortune. But he understood that he was his Rival, Jealousie increas'd his hatred, and he intreated *Elvira* to employ all her cares to cross an engagement which could not but be opposite to his designs. She promised him all aid and assistance, though she was not satisfied, as to her own concerns, and he rely'd on her promise and dexterity.

Don Alvares, who had sensibly felt the Prince of *Portugal*'s concurrence in his amours, had no other thoughts but of thwarting and opposing his Merits. He had no handsom

handſom preſence, neither was he of an agreable temper, and *Don Pedre* had thoſe advantages, and poſſeſs'd divers others alſo, but being Husband to *Conſtantia*, and that he wholly depended on a Father who was abſolute, and that *Don Alvares* was under no reſtraint, and Maſter of a conſiderable Fortune, he truſted his good Fortune on that ſcore.

He knew well that *Don Pedre*'s Love could not but inſpire *Don Alfonſe* with a violent anger; and being over diligent in doing evil, his firſt Care was to inform him of it. After he had given ſufficient Leaſure to his anger to rouſe unto that Pitch he wou'd have it, he ſpoke for himſelf, and ſoon did render the King Protector of his Paſſion.

Though *Don Alvares* had no other Merits with the King of *Portugal*, than a continual blind Complacency, he had poured all his Favours upon him, and in that

State in which the Kings Liberality had placed him; few Women could well refuſe his Allegiance, *Don Alfonſe* did aſſure him the connuation of his Friendſhip and Favour, and did aſſure him that he himſelf ſhould looſe his authority, or that he would make him Maſter of *Agnes*.

Don Alvares, perfectly learned in the Art of managing his Maſter did anſwer his laſt bounties with a profound ſubmiſſion, and very fit to continue them. He had never ſpoken to *Agnes* what he did feel for her, but he then thought it time to break forth, and immediately ſought after the means to perform it.

The galantry of *Coimbria* which lay in oblivion did then rouſe it ſelf up again. The King to pleaſure *Don Alvares* under a pretence of diverting of *Conſtantia*, did order ſome public ſports, and it was his Pleaſure that all things ſhould appear very magnificently.

Ever

Ever ſince the adventure of the Verſes *Don Pedre* had endeavor'd all means to conſtrain himſelf and of appearing leſs concern'd; but in the bottom he ſtill equally ſuffer'd, and it was not without great uneaſineſs that he fitted himſelf for the Juſting. And ſeing that he could not appear ſo Publicly with *Agnes's* Colours, he took thoſe of the Princeſs, without any Motto or Agreements.

Don Alvares ſet himſelf off with *Agnes de Caſtro's* Liveries, and that beautiful Maid, who found no comfort in what the Princeſs had ſaid, had this further addition of Sorrow.

Don Pedre did appear in the Liſt extream graceful, and *Don Alvares* who look'd upon this day as his own, did appear all Glittering with Gold and Jewels mixed with blew, which was *Agnes's* Colour, and his Equipage was all over ſprinkled with inflamed Hearts, and Love Knots, with aboundance

of double As; his Motto was a *Cupid* breaking out of a Cloud with these four Verses under it.

My Baſhful Love, Baniſh all fear,
From your concealing Cloud appear.
For now's the time, moſt Charming Eyes
To know that heart, you made your Priſe.

Don Alvares's Pride was laid humble at *Don Pedre*'s Feet, who bore him down with twenty more, and he alone carried the honour of the day. At Night there was a gallant appearance at *Conſtantia*'s appartment, where *Agnes* had not been without an expreſs and abſolute order from the Princeſs. She did appear very negligently dreſt, though ſtill charming with Vexation, ſhe had ſeen her Name and Colours us'd by *Don Alvares*, in a public Solemnity, and if her Heart was capable of any tenderneſs it was not for ſuch a Perſon as he, that her Nicety deſign'd them. She look'd on him with a Contempt, which hinder'd him not from preſſing much upon her,

her, and she was forc'd to give Ear to what he had a mind to say.

She was not rude, but her Coldness would have repuls'd all other but *Alvares*: Madam, said he to her, so soon as he could not be heard but by her self, I had till this present concealed that Passion which you had Inspired me with; in fear of your displeasure; but it has forc'd my respect, and I can no longer conceal it from you. I have made no reflections on your Actions, reply'd *Agnes*, with all the indifferency imaginable, and if you offend me, you wrong me the more in desiring my taking Notice of it. This Coldness is of evil Omen to me, reply'd *Don Alvares*, and if you have not this day taken notice of my love, it is to be fear'd, that you will never approve of it. Alas! what time have you chosen to shew it me, continu'd *Agnes*, does it so much Honour me, that you shew it with so mu

care, and do you believe me ſo greedy of Glory, as to Aſpire at that which derives from you? You have ill maintain'd it in the Juſts, and if it is that vanity which prompts you on, you will make no great Progreſs in a Soul which loves not ſhame. Though you were in Poſſeſſion of all the Advantages which the Prince has merited, yet you ought to reflect on what you are doing, and it is not a Perſon like me that can be mov'd by ſuch reſpectleſs enterpriſes.

Don Alfonſe's Favourite was too Proud, to hear *Agnes* thus ſpake without Colour; but his deſign being to render her flexible, and not to anger her; he conceal'd his Reſentment; and taking Notice of the Obſervation which ſhe had made on *Don Pedre's* Tryumph with an Addition of Jealouſy. If, I have not overcome at the Juſt, ply'd he, I am not leſs Amorous, leſs capable of Succeſs in other ſions. They

They were interrupted; but from that day, *Don Alvares*, who had gone over the first difficulties, no longer observ'd any Measures, and Persecuted *Agnes*, to whom the Kings Protection Inspir'd not the least considerations for him.

Don Pedre was still Ignorant of the means by which those Verses which he had lost in the Garden had fallen into *Constantia's* hands. The Princess appearing very Indulgent to him, he had no other trouble but for *Agne's* Interest. *Don Alvare's* Love, that was now so known did perplex him, and if he had follow'd his own Dictates, he had not left her expos'd to the Persecutions of that unworthy Rival. On the other hand he fear'd that the King should be inform'd of his Passion; but he did not then reflect enough on *Elvira*, to fear her Resentments.

She Burnt with a desire to ruine *Agnes*, against whom all her Poi-

ſon was ſtirr'd up, and ſhe was not tyred with making daily new reports to her Brother, aſſuring him though ſhe had no proofs for it, that *Agnes* did anſwer to the Prince's tenderneſs, that it was the true cauſe of *Conſtantia's* Grief, and that if that Princeſs ſhould dye of it, *Don Pedre* might Marry *Agnes*, infine ſhe did ſo irritate her Brothers Jealouſie, that he run, to ſhew it wholly to *Don Alfonſe*, who Trembled with Anger at it; My dear *Alvares*, ſaid he, to him, Marry her, that Beauty that is ſo dangerous, and let your Poſſeſſion ſecure both yours and my quiet. If I have protected you in other occaſions, Judge what a buſineſs of ſuch Importance to me can make me undertake. Act without any reſerve. The Powers of the Kingdom are in your Power, and all that I poſſeſs ſhall be certainly at your diſpoſal, provided you but render your ſelf Maſter of *Agne's* Deſtiny.

Don

Don Alvares well pleas'd with his Maſter, took hold of all the Authority that he gave him. He really Lov'd *Agnes*, and was loath to come at firſt to any violence; but he promis'd himſelf to be beyond all Management if ſhe ſtill continu'd inſenſible.

Mean time *Agnes de Caſtro* highly importun'd with his Aſſiduities, deſperate at *Conſtantia's* Griefs, and peradventure molified by thoſe which ſhe cau'd the Prince to ſuffer, did take a Reſolution worthy of her Virtue. As Amiable as was *Don Pedro*, ſhe could not ſee in him but the Husband of a Princeſs that was moſt dear to her, and far from ſeeking to improve that Power which ſhe had over his Heart, ſhe thought of nothing but abſenting her ſelf from *Coimbria*. *Don Alvare's* Paſſion, which ſhe would not favour did furniſh her with a pretence, and preſs'd on with the fears of cauſing at laſt a Divorce, moſt

Cruel

Cruel betwixt the Prince and his Spouſe, ſhe found out *Conſtantia* in a perplexity that all her cares could not conceal.

The Princeſs eaſily obſerv'd it, and their common misfortune having not alter'd her Friendſhip. What's the matter with you *Agnes*, ſaid ſhe, with her wonted ſweetneſs, and what new misfortune does your ſorrow come to inform me of; That Attachment which I have for you, Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, does put me to a Cruel Tryal, and pouring forth a Flood of Tears, I had limited the happineſs of my Life in the hopes of ſpending of it near your Perſon, yet I find that I muſt Tranſport ſomewhere elſe an Unfortunate Face, that renders me but ill Offices, and it is to obtain from you that Permiſſion, that I come to Embrace your Knees, looking on you as on my Sovereign.

Conſtantia was ſo ſurpris'd and ſo mov'd at *Agnes*'s propoſition, that

that ſhe remain'd Speechleſs for ſome Moments, ſome ſincere Tears expreſs'd her firſt grief, and after ſhe had ſufficiently ſhed them to give *Agnes* a ſufficient Mark of her Tenderneſs, ſhe fixed her Sorrowful Eyes upon her, and obligingly holding forth her hand to her, then you will go, my dear *Agnes*, continu'd ſhe, and further expoſe me unto the ſorrow of ſeeing you no more. Alas, Madam reply'd that amyable Maid, Conceal from the Miſerable *Agnes* a Bounty which increaſes her Sorrows. It is not I that would depart, it is my Duty and my Reaſon that will have it ſo, and thoſe days that I ſhall paſs abſent from you, cannot promiſe me any thing ſo agreeable as to inſpire me ſuch a deſign if I found not my ſelf abſolutely compell'd to it. I cannot be Ignorant of what paſſes at *Coimbria*, and I ſhould be an Accomplice to thoſe Unjuſtices which are there committed ſhould I reſide

ſide there any longer —— Ah! I know your Virtue, cryed out *Conſtantia*, and you may remain here in all ſecurity, if I ſtay you here, and whatever does happen I ſhall never accuſe you of any thing. We muſt not promiſe our ſelves any thing of future, Madam, reply'd *Agnes* ſorrowfully, and I ſhall ſtill remain ſufficiently Guilty, ſo long as my preſence ſhall entertain ſuch thoughts as cannot be accounted Innocent. Moreover Madam, *Don Alvare's* importunities ~~are~~ unſufferable, and finding in my ſelf nothing but Averſion againſt him, that the King protects his Inſolency, and that he is in a Condition of undertaking much, my flight is abſolutely neceſſary; But Madam, though he poſſeſſes nothing but what is odious to me, I call Heaven to Witneſs, that if I could Cure the Prince by Marrying of him, I ſhould not defer it one moment, and finding in my mind, the Conſolation of having

Sacrific'd

Sacrific'd my ſelf for my Princeſs, I ſhould bear it without any Murmur; But in fine though I ſhould be *Don Alvare's* Wife, *Don Pedre* would ſtill have the ſame Eyes, and I find nothing better then to go hide my ſelf in ſome Corner of the World, where I ſhall certainly Live without Comfort; but where I ſhould preſerve my innocency. All that Juſtice which you can find in this deſign, anſwer'd the Princeſs, ſhall not oblige me to approve of it. Would your Abſence reſtore me *Don Pedre's* Heart, and would he not fly with you? His Cares, are mine, my Life is link'd with his, reduce him not then to a diſpair, if you, love me. I know you, I once again declare it to you, and what power ſoever you have over the Prince's heart, I ſhall not permit that you ſhould leave us.

Though *Agnes* believ'd ſhe had a perfect Knowledg of *Conſtantia*, ſhe did not expect ſuch a fund of

Virtue

Virtue, ſhe found her ſelf the more Unfortunate by it, and the Prince more Guilty. Oh! Wiſdom, Oh! Bounty! beyond Example cry'd ſhe out; why do not the Cruel Fates afford you all that you deſerve. You are the Arbiter of all my Actions, continu'd ſhe, kiſſing one of *Conſtantia's* hands, I will not do but what you pleaſe; but I beſeech you to think on what reaſon ought to prompt you to preſcribe to me.

Don Pedre, who had not yet ſeen the Princeſs that day, came in juſt then, and finding them both diſturb'd he inquired after the reaſon with ſome earneſtneſs. My Lord reply'd *Conſtantia*, the too Wiſe and too ſcrupulous *Agnes* fears the Effects of her Beauty, and will no longer live at *Coimbria* and it is on that Account, which cannot be pleaſing to me, that ſhe is asking my Advice. At this diſcourſe the Prince grew pale, and with more diſturbance then either of them had.

Agnes

Agnes cannot err, ſaid he, in following your Counſels; Madam, and I leave you with free Liberty of given them to her. He preſently went out, and the Princeſs whoſe heart he did ſo abſolutely poſſeſs, not being able to conceal her diſcontent. My dear *Agnes*, continu'd ſhe, though my ſatisfaction was not chain'd to the ſight of you, I ſhould ſtill deſire it on *Don Pedre's* account. It is, the only Advantage that his Unfortunate Love can hope for, and ſhould I not be with Juſtice reputed barbarous, if I ſhould contribute towards his being depriv'd of it? But that object is but a Poiſon to him, reply'd *Agnes*, and what ſhould I do my Dear Princeſs, if after ſo much reſtraint, his Mouth ſhould add to thoſe Evils which I have already felt, that of hearing him ſpake of his flame? You ſhould hear him without running him into diſpair, added *Conſtantia*, and I ſhould charge that new Obligation on my

Account

Account. You would have me to wait for events that I fear, Madam, anſwer'd *Agnes*, I ſhall obey you. But ye juſt Heavens! If they are Fatal, puniſh not for them an Innocent Heart. Thus ended that Converſation. *Agnes* retir'd into her Chamber; but it was without hopes of being more at eaſe.

That which *Don Pedre* had learn'd of her deſign, produc'd a ſtrange Diſturbance in his mind, he wiſh'd he did not Love her, and deſired Death with great earneſtneſs, but it was too late for him to wiſh againſt what the Fates had decreed, and whatever he endeavour'd to reſolve himſelf to bear as to the Abſence of *Agnes*, his Love never had the Power to conſent to it.

After he had long ſtrove, he firmly reſolv'd to do that which he would not have *Agnes* to do. His Courage did reproach to him that idle Life which he lead during his happieſt years, and

and repreſenting to the King that their Allies, and even the Prince *Don John Manuel* his Father-in-Law, had buſineſs in hand which required his preſence upon the Frontiers, he eaſily obtain'd the Liberty of making that Voyage, unto which the Princeſs could make no oppoſition.

Agnes did ſee him depart without any ſorrow: but that did not proceed from any Averſion. Then did *Don Alvares* convert his firſt importunity into an open Perſecution. He omitted nothing to touch *Agne's* Heart, and for ſome conſiderable time employ'd none but the Arms of Love, but finding that his reſpect and ſubmiſſion were fruitleſs, he took another Courſe, and fram'd moſt ſtrange Deſigns.

The King deferring all things to his Advices, he did eaſily inſpire in him what he pleas'd; he complain'd of *Agne's* Ingratitude, and fail'd not to let him know that it was but through her too great

ſenſibility

ſenſibility for the Prince that ſhe was ſo inſenſible to him, ſo that *Don Alfonſe* apt to be irritated, reiterated all thoſe Promiſes, which he had already made him.

The King of *Portugal*, had not yet diſcours'd *Agnes* in Favour of *Don Alvares*, and not doubting but that his Will would overcome all ſorts of Obſtacles, he ſought after an opportunity of Entertaining her, and putting her at ſome diſtance from thoſe that might over-hear them, I did think *Don Alvares* to be of a ſufficient Merit, he ſaid, to obtain ſome ſmall ſhare in your Eſteem, and I did not think it neceſſary that I ſhould require it of you for him, I know you are all charming, but he has nothing unworthy of you, and on the leaſt Reflection you might make of the Choice that my Friendſhip has made of him, amongſt all the reſt of my Courtiers, you would doubtleſs readily do him more Juſtice. His Fortune is not to be

diſputed

disputed, since I am the Protector of it. He is of a Noble Birth, his Courage does him Honour, he adores you, and in my opinion so many reasons ought to over-come your Scorns.

Agnes's Heart was so little disposs'd to give it self to *Don Alvares*, that all the King of *Portugal*'s Exagerations prevail'd nothing in his behalf. Though *Don Alvares* were without Merits, Sir, She reply'd, he possesses sufficiently of Advantages in those Bounties with which your Majesty does Honour him, to supply all other defects. It is not to find any defects in him that I answer not his wishes; But, Sir, through what Obligation would he have me to Love him, if the Heavens have not furnished me with a tender Soul? and why does he pretend that I should submit my self to him, when that nothing ought to be more dear to me then Liberty? You are neither so free nor so insen-

sible

ſible as you ſpeak, reply'd *Don Alfonſe*, bluſhing with Anger, and if your Heart was free from all ſorts of Affections it might receive a more reaſonable one then that which poſſeſſes it. But Imprudent Maid, that you are guided by an ill fate, added he with Fury, what can you pretend from *Don Pedre?* Hither to I have conceal'd the ſorrow that his and your weakneſs have caus'd me; but it has not been the leſs violent for that; and ſince you oblige me to let it break forth, I ought to tell you that though my Son were not tyed to *Conſtantia*, his Marriage ſhould never conſern you. Renounce thoſe vain Ideas, and take a courſe that may cure him and juſtifie your ſelf.

The Courageous *Agnes*, was ſcarce Miſtriſs of her firſt Tranſport, at a Diſcourſe ſo full of Scorn, but calling her Virtue to ſecond her Anger, ſhe overcame her ſelf by her own reaſon, con-

considering the wrong which she sustained not as proceeding from a great King, but from a Man blinded and wholly possess'd by *Don Alvares*. She thought him not worthy of her resentment. Her fair Eyes were animated with a sparkling brightness, which witnessed the purity of her intentions, and fixing them on *Don Alfonse*; If the Prince *Don Pedre* has failings said she, with an Air that inclin'd something to disdain, he has never inform'd me of them, and I do not believe that I have contributed to them. To cure your distrust, and set my Honour safe, I shall live at a distance from him, and all that belongs to you. Yes, Sir, I shall contentedly leave the aboad of *Coimbria*, and as to that Man so dear to you, added she, with a Noble boldness, of which the King of *Portugal* was very sensible, that Favorite, who is so worthy to possess the most tender affections of a great Prince, I do as-

 sure

ſure you that in what part of the World ſoever my Fortune leads me, I ſhall not carry the leaſt thought of him with me. At theſe words, ſhe made a profound Bow, and did ſo ſuddainly diſtance herſelf from *Don Alfonſe*, that he could not oppoſe himſelf againſt her retirement.

He believ'd more then ever that ſhe did Favour *Don Pedres* paſſion, and paſs'd into *Conſtantias* appartment, to inſpire her with the ſame thought; but ſhe was not capable of receiving ſuch impreſſions, and following her Natural inclination, ſhe generouſly defended *Agnes's* Virtue, *Don Alfonſe*, vexed to find her ſo well diſpos'd on her rivals account, whom he would have her to hate, did murmur againſt her goodneſs, and went to joyn his anger to *Don Alvare's* rage who no longer was Maſter of himſelf after he had ſeen that his Maſter's Negotiation was of no effect. That Proud one,

braves

braves me, Sir, ſaid he, and contemns the Honour that your bounties have made her, that I might renounce ſo fatal a paſſion; but I muſt love her againſt my will, and though that Flame ſhould coſt me my Life, I plainly feel that I can not put it out. What i'st that I can do for you? replyed *Don Alfonſe*? Alas! *Sir*, reply'd, *Don Alvares*, that which I can never hope for from Proud *Agne's* conſent. Well, added the King ſeeing that I muſt not Publicly authoriſe any Violence in the Center of my Kingdom, chuſe from amongſt all my Subjects ſuch as thou ſhalt Judge moſt capable of ſerving thee; carry off that Beauty which charms thee, and if ſhe yeilds not to thy Love, make uſe of all that force can do for thee, to force her to Marry thee.

Don Alvares raviſh'd with ſuch a propoſition, which at once did Flatter his reſentments and his

love caſt himſelf at *Don Alfonſe*'s Feet, did expreſs his acknowlegments to him, ſet forward his Zeal, with new proteſtations, and thought no longer but to employ his unjuſt authority againſt *Agnes*.

Don Pedre had been abſent above three Months, when *Don Alvares* did undertake that which the King had advis'd him to do. Though the Princeſs moderation was well known to him, he fear'd his preſence, and was loath to expect the return of a rival with whom nothing had yet been diſputed.

One night that the ſorrowful *Agnes*, full of her daily Diſturbances, was in vain expecting ſleep, ſome unknown men, whoſe ſteps were well order'd did take her out of the Palace, and after carried her out of *Coimbria*, without being hindred by any Obſtacle, ſhe could not well tell on whom to fix her Suſpicions. *Don Alvares* ſeem'd

ſeem'd too powerful to ſeek for his Satisfaction after ſuch a manner, and ſhe did not taxe with this attempt a Prince of whom ſhe had too good an Opinion. All that ſhe could ſay, did not hinder her ill adventure; ſhe was carried away with dilligence, and before day, ſhe was already conſiderably diſtant from the City.

At the firſt Glimps of day, ſhe look'd on all thoſe that ſurrounded her, not knowing ſo much as one; and perceiving well, that both out-cries, and tears, were in vain to ſuch cruel minds, ſhe reſted contented in imploring the protection of Heaven, and ſo abandon'd her ſelf to her Conductors.

While ſhe was overwhelm'd with Sorrow, and uncertain of her doom, ſhe perceiv'd a Body of Horſe to advance towards the Troops that conducted her; The raviſhers did not avoid it, beleiving it to be *Don Alvares*; but coming

ing near, they perceiv'd that it was the Prince of *Portugal*, who without any knowledg of this opportunity of ſerving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbria* full of her *Idea*, after he had perform'd all that he was to do in his expedition.

Agnes, who did not expect him alter'd her mind, and thought that it was by his orders that ſhe was forc'd away. Ah! my Lord, ſaid ſhe, in that thought, was it you that was thus to tare me from the Princeſs? and muſt ſo cruel a blow fall on me from a hand ſo dear to her? What will you do with a miſerable wretch who ſeeks but for Death? and why will you Tarniſh the Glory of your life, by a deſign ſo unworthy of you?

That Language did no leſs ſurpriſe the Prince, then the ſight of *Agnes* had done. He Apprehended that ſhe had been forc'd away, and inſtantly reſenting the moſt peircing ſtrokes of Anger, he gave her

her to underſtand with one ſingle look, that he was not the baſe author of her grief. I, tare you from *Conſtantia* who are all her joy, ſaid he, what thoughts have you of *Don Pedre*? If you ſee me here, I am wholly Innocent of that violence which is offer'd you, and which I ſhall prevent. Then did he turn himſelf towards the Raviſhers; but his preſence had already diſpers'd them. He order'd his Men to purſue them, and at leaſt to ſeiſe ſome from whom he might learn the authority by which they did Act.

During this, *Agnes* was not leſs confus'd then before, ſhe admir'd the conduct of her Fortune, who brought the Prince at the very moment that he was ſo uſeful to her. Her equity did ſoon redreſs the wrong which her diſtruſts had caus'd her to do him. She felt ſome joy to have eſcaped a Misfortune which appear'd ſo certain to her, but it was no quiet

joy, when ſhe conſider'd that her deliverer was her lover too, and ſuch a lover as deſerv'd her entire acknowledgments, but that alſo owed his Heart to the moſt amiable Princeſs in the World.

Don Alvares, who fear'd being ſeen near to *Coimbria*, and who delay'd Proſecuting of *Agnes* till ſhe was at a diſtance from it, had confided his deſign to ſome Friends, which he jug'd capable to execute it, and that had done it had not the Prince interpos'd.

During the time that his Men were perſuing of the Raviſhers of *Agnes*, he remain'd almoſt alone with her, and though he had reſolv'd always to avoid her preſence, his Fortitude could not withſtand ſo fair an occaſion. Madam ſaid he, is it poſſible that Men born amongſt thoſe that obey us, ſhould be capable of offending you? It was not to the care of Puniſhing ſuch a Crime that I thought my ſelf reſerv'd; but ſince the Heavens have permitted

mitted that you ſhould receive it, I muſt periſh or cauſe you to forget it. My Lord, reply'd *Agnes*, more mov'd at this diſcourſe, then at *Don Alvares*'s enterpriſe, thoſe that want reſpect for the Princeſs and for you, may be diſpens'd from having any for me. I no longer doubt but that *Don Alvares* is the Author of this attempt, and I judge what I may expect from him, by that which his importunity has made me ſuffer. He is certain of the Kings protection, and he deſigns to make him partner in his crimes; But my Lord the Heavens have conducted you moſt happily here for me, and to you do I owe the Liberty of again ſerving the Princeſs. You would do for *Conſtantia*, that which is impoſſible not to perform for you, reply'd *Don Pedre*, your goodneſs binds you to her, and others Fortunes does for ever engage them to you.

The modeſt *Agnes*, who dreaded this diſcourſe, as much as the danger which had been prevented, made no other anſwer then to caſt dow nher looks, and the Prince who underſtood her diſorder, left her to ſpake to two of his Men, who brought him back one of thoſe that *Don Alvares* had employ'd. He pardon'd him, and did not think that he ſhould puniſh him, for having obey'd a man, who was made Almighty through his Fathers weakneſs.

After this, *Agnes* was brought back to *Coimbria* where her being forc'd away, began to be highly cenſur'd. The Princeſs, was infinitely Afflicted, and at firſt believ'd it was a conſequence of that deſign which that Fair Maid had expreſs'd to her of her retirement; but ſome Women that waited on her, having declar'd that violence had been offer'd to her, *Conſtantia* went and made her complaints to the King, who gave no great attention to the relation. Madam

Madam, ſaid he, let that Fatal Plague that deprives you of your Husbands Heart, be remov'd from you, and be not Afflicted at her abſence, rather thank Heaven with me for it.

The generous Princeſs took *Agne*'s part, with a great deal of courage, and ſhe was ſtill diſputing with the King, when *Don Pedre*, came to *Coimbria*.

The firſt object which ſtruck his Eyes was *Don Alvares*, who was croſſing one of the Courts of the Palace, in the midſt of a Cloud of Courtiers, which his Favour did faſten to him. The ſight of him caus'd *Don Pedre* to be diſturb'd, but the ſight of *Don Pedre* and *Agnes* gave him much greater troubles, he eaſily gueſt that it was *Don Pedre* who had reſcued her from his Men, and if his fury could have Acted all that it would have done, it had produc'd very ſad Effects, at that very Moment.

Don Alvares, ſaid the Prince to him, is it thus that you employ that authority which the King my Father gives you? have you receiv'd Employs, and Power from his bounty, but to employ them in perfidiouſneſs and in abuſing of Women? Were you ignorant of that intereſt which the Princeſs has in this Maid, and did you not know what a tender affectionate eſteem ſhe has for her? No, reply'd *Don Alvares*, with ſuch inſolency as did quite anger the Prince, I was not Ignorant of it, nor of that ſhare your Heart has in it. Baſe wretch, reply'd the Prince, neither that favour which thou abuſes, nor that inſolence which makes thee prate, ſhall hinder me from Puniſhing of thee, were thou worthy of my blows; but there are other ways to humble thy Pride, and it is not ſuch an arm as mine that muſt take on it the vile employ of Chaſtiſing ſo mean a thing as thou art.

Don Pedre went forwards at these words, and left *Don Alvares* in such a rage as cannot be expres'd mad to see an enterprise fail, which he believ'd so sure, and at the Princess scorn of him, and promis's'd to himself to Sacrifice all to his revenge.

Though *Don Alfonse* lov'd his Son, he was too much prepoſſes'd with his passion, to Pardon him what he had newly done, and he did condemn an action of great Justice, as if it had been an heinous Crime.

Elvira who the sweetness of hope had flatter'd for some moments, beheld *Agne's* return with a most sensible Sorrow, which left her no other thoughts then of stirring up her Brother to revenge.

In fine the Prince did see *Don Alfonse*, but instead of being receiv'd by him with that joy which he owed to the good success of his expedition, he shewed him nothing but a close Anger. After he had render'd

render'd, him his firſt reſpects, and an exact account of his proceedings he ſpoke to him of that violence which had been offer'd *Agnes de Caſtro*, and complain'd of it in the Princeſs's Name as well as his own. You ought to be ſilent in that reſpect, reply'd the King, and that motive which cauſes you to ſpake, is ſo ſhameful that I bluſh and ſigh for you. What concerns it you whether that maid, whoſe preſence troubles me, be remov'd from hence or not? ſo long as I would have it ſo. But Sir, reply'd Don *Pedre*, was open force, craft and the night Seaſon, to be employ'd, where the leaſt of your orders was ſufficient? *Agnes* had obey'd you, and if ſhe remains here ſtill, peradventure it is againſt her will. However, Sir, *Conſtantia* is offended at it, and without the fear of diſpleaſing you, which, retains me, that action had not remain'd unpuniſh'd. How happy are you,

reply'd

reply'd *Don Alfonſe*, with a ſcornful ſmile, to make uſe of *Conſtantia's* name in this, to maintain the intereſts of your Heart. Do you think I know them not, and that that unfortunate Princeſs, looks on the wrong you do her with indifference? never more mention *Agnes* to me continu'd he, in a ſevere Tone, be ſatisfy'd that I Pardon you for what is paſs'd, and think well on the kindneſs which I have for *Don Alvares*, when ere you deſign any thing againſt him. No, Sir, anſwered the anger'd Prince, I ſhall not ſpake any more of *Agnes*; but neither *Conſtantia*, nor I will any longer ſuffer her to be any more expos'd unto the inſolency of your Favorite.

The King of *Portugal* had like to have broke forth at this Diſcourſe; but ſome Reliques of Prudence prevented it. Retire, ſaid he to *Don Pedre*, and go make Reflections on what I can do, and what you owe me.

During

During this Converſation, *Agnes* was receiving from the Princeſs, and from all the Ladies of the Court, great Expreſſions of Joy and Friendſhip, *Conſtantia* ſaw again her Husband, with a great deal of ſatisfaction and far from being ſorry at what he had lately done for *Agnes*, ſhe privately return'd him thanks for it, and ſtill was the ſame towards him, nothwithſtanding all the Jealouſy which was endeavour'd to be inſpired in her.

Don Alvares who found in his Siſter, a Maliciouſneſs worthy of his truſt, did not conceal his fury from her. After ſhe had made vain attempts to moderate it, in blotting *Agnes* out of his Heart, ſeeing that his Diſeaſe was incurable, ſhe made him underſtand, that ſo long as *Conſtantia* ſhould not be Jealous, there was no hopes. That if *Agnes* ſhould once be ſuſpected by her, ſhe would not fail of Abandoning her, and that then it would

would be eaſie to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now ſo Proud of *Conſtantia's* indulgency. In giving this Advice to her Brother, ſhe promis'd to ſerve him effectually, and having no need of any body but her ſelf, to perform ill things, ſhe recommended *Don Alvares* to manage well the King.

Four Years were paſs'd in that Melancholy ſtation, and the Princeſs beſides her firſt dead Child, and *Ferdinand* who was ſtill Living, had brought two Daughters into the World.

Some Days after *Don Pedre's* return, *Elvira*, who was moſt Dextrous in the Art of well Governing any Wicked Deſign, did gain one of the Servants which belong'd to *Conſtantia's* Chamber; ſhe firſt ſpoke her fair, than overwhelm'd her with Preſents and Gifts, and finding in her as ill a Diſpoſition as in her ſelf, ſhe readily reſolv'd to employ her.

After ſhe was ſure of her, ſhe compos'd

compos'd a Letter, which was after Writ over again in an unknown Hand, which she depositted in that Maids Hands, that she might deliver it to *Constantia* with the first opportunity, telling her that *Agnes* had dropt it; This was the Substance of it.

I employ not my own Hand to Write to you, for Reasons that I shall acquaint you with. How happy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happiness shall I find in the Progress of our Intreague! The whole Course of my Life, shall continually represent to you the sincerity of my Affections; pray think on the secret Conversation that I require of you. I fancy still, that all Persons that approach you, deprive me of something of my due. I dare not spake to you in public; Therefore come this Night where you know, I conjure you to it by all that I have suffered; Mention no more *Constantia* to me; she must

muſt be ſatisfy'd with my Eſteem, ſince that my Heart could be none but Yours.

The falſe *Portuguiſe* Servant, obey'd *Elvira* exactly, the very next day perceiving *Agnes* coming from the Princeſs ſhe brought the Letter to *Conſtantia*, who receiv'd it, and found in it, that which ſhe was far from thinking on. Never did tenderneſs produce ſo ſorrowful an Effect as then. Alas! they are both Guilty, ſaid ſhe ſighing, and notwithſtanding that Tendency which I find in my Heart to juſtifie them, my reaſon muſt needs Condemn them. Unfortunate Princeſs, Sorrowful Subject of Fortunes Capricios, why canſt thou not Dye, ſeeing thou art not of a Humor to Revenge thy ſelf! *Don Pedre*, ought you to give me your Hand, when you knew you could not give me your Heart? And thou fair and ungreateful *Agnes*, wer't thou born to produce the Evil of my Days, and to be the cauſe of my Death?

Death? After ſhe had given ſome Moments unto the violence of her Sorrow, ſhe call'd to her that Perſon who had brought her the Letter, charg'd her not to ſpake of it to any body, and then order'd that no body whatſoever ſhould be Admitted into her Chamber.

Then did ſhe with more Liberty think on him whom ſhe could not inſpire with Love, and on her that betray'd her. The trouble of her Soul did not hinder her from ſeeking ſome means to excuſe them. And deſirous to do all that ſhe could for *Don Pedre*, ſhe took a firm Reſolution of not complaining of him.

Elvira was not long, without being Inform'd of what paſs'd, and of the Princeſs's Sorrow, whence ſhe hoped for all that ſhe could wiſh.

Agnes far from imagining any ſuch Storm, return'd to *Conſtantia*, and learning her indiſpoſition, ſhe

paſs'd

paſs'd the reſt of the day at her Chamber door, to learn ſome News of her; but ſhe was not permitted to enter. That Novelty did ſurpriſe and diſturb'd her. The Prince had the ſame fate, and was ſtartled at an order that was not to concern him.

Finally the next day *Conſtantia* appear'd; but with ſo much Dejection, that it was difficult to believe that ſhe had ſuffer'd much. *Agnes* was the moſt preſſing to approach her. The Princeſs could not contain her Tears. They both kept ſilence along time, *Conſtantia* did attribute that of *Agnes*, to ſome remorſe, and that Unfortunate Maid not being able to contain any longer; is it poſſible, Madam, ſaid ſhe, that two days can have depriv'd me of all that Bounty which you had for me? What have I done? And for what Crime are you thus to puniſh me? The Princeſs look'd languiſhingly

guiſhingly upon her, and did not anſwer her, but with a ſigh, and *Agnes* offended at ſuch a reſervedneſs, went out after an haſty manner, which contributed much to make her be thought Guilty.

After this the Prince came, who found *Conſtantia* more diſturb'd then uſually, and he moſt obligingly did Conjure her, not to neglect her Indiſpoſition. My greateſt good, is not the Preſervation of my Life, My Lord, anſwer'd ſhe, I ſhould take more care of it, did I love you leſs; But —— ſhe could not go on, and the Prince being put into a Conſternation through her diſturbance, did moſt ſorrowfully ſigh'd without anſwering, which caus'd her an increaſe of Sorrow. To this ſome grains of anger being added, andall things tending to perſwade the Princeſs that ſhe was Sacrificed amongſt them, ſhe did not enter on any diſcourſe that might pro-

duce

duce a right underſtanding, ſo left her Husband retire without ſpeaking to him.

Nothing is more capable of diſturbing our Reaſon, and of altering our Health, then the ſecret Motions of Jealouſy and Solitude. *Conſtantia* who was accuſtom'd, to ſpake freely to *Agnes*, and who beleiv'd ſhe was deceiv'd by her, did Abandon her ſelf to ſuch Perplexity as quite did overcome her. She fell violently Sick. The whole Court was concern'd at this Misfortune; and *Don Pedre* was really Afflicted at it: But *Agnes* appear'd more Concern'd then all the Reſt.

Conſtantia's Coldneſs towards her, her continual ſighs, and her obſtinate Diſtemper, caus'd that after ſhe had ſought after the occaſion of it, in all that ſhe could recal into her Memory, ſhe began to fear her ſelf, and to reproach her ſelf for all that the Princeſs did ſuffer.

Mean

Mean time the Diſtemper did ſo increaſe that *Conſtantia's* Life was extreamly fear'd, and that ſhe her ſelf began to find that it was time to think no longer of it; that though caus'd her no diſturbance, She look'd on Death as a great good, and perceiv'd the deſpair thoſe Perſons approach'd her were in without the leaſt Concern.

Don Alfonſe who lov'd her and knew her Virtue, was mov'd at the Extremity ſhe was in, and *Don Alvare's* who had not loſt the leaſt occaſion, of making him conceive that it was Jealouſy which caus'd *Conſtantia's* Death, did but too much Exaſperate him againſt ſuch Criminals as were moſt worthy of Compaſſion.

The King of *Portugal* was not of a Temper long to Conceal his Anger. You give Examples, ſaid he to the Prince, that will render your Memory very Illuſtrious, and *Conſtantia's* Death, of which none but

but you can be accus'd, is the Unfortunate Effects of a Guilty Paſſion. Dread Heaven after this, and look on your ſelf as a Monſter that deſerves not to Live. If my Blood did not ſtill Plead in your behalf, what might you not fear from my juſt Reſentments? But what may not the Imprudent *Agnes*, to whom nothing Binds me, expect, if *Conſtantia* Periſhes? She that in my Court Foments your fooliſh Paſſion with vain hopes, and cauſes us to looſe ſo Amiable a Princeſs, that you were not worthy to poſſeſs.

Don Pedro knew, that *Conſtantia* was not Ignorant of his concerns for *Agnes*; but he alſo knew with what Moderation ſhe had always expreſs'd her ſelf on that point. The Kings reproach was very ſenſible; but his fault not being voluntary, and that an Imperious Accident did force him to Love in deſpight of

all his resistance, he appear'd more Afflicted, then Confounded. Without well examining of me, you have accus'd me, Sir, answer'd he, and if my intentions were well known to you, you would not, may be, find me so guilty, I should take the Princess whom you say I Sacrifice for Judge of my Actions, were she in a Condition to be Consulted. If I am Guilty of any Weakness, her Equity has never reproach'd me of it, and my Mouth has never informed *Agnes* of it. But Sir, though I had Committed some Fault wherefore would you Punish an Innocent Maid for it? Who would perhaps Condemn them as much as you do? Ah! Wretch reply'd the King, she has but too much favour'd you, and thy flames had not been so constant had they not been well rewarded. Sir, reply'd the Prince, peirc'd with Sorrow for the wrong which was offer'd to *Agnes*, you

offend a Virtue moſt pure, and thoſe expreſſions which proceed from your Anger, do not become you. *Agnes* has afforded me no Favours, I did never ask her any, and I proteſt that I have not had ſo much as a thought againſt what I owe to *Conſtantia*.

While they were in this Diſcourſe one of the Princeſſes Women came all in Tears to Advertiſe *Don Pedre*, that ſhe was at the laſt Gaſpe. Go look on your Work, ſaid the King, and expect no longer, from a Father, who has but too much ſpar'd you, but that Severity which you deſerve.

The Prince did run to *Conſtantia*, who he found Dying, and *Agnes* in a Swound in the Arms of ſome Women. That which had caus'd that redoubling of illneſs, was that *Agnes*, who could no longer bear the Princes indifferency, had Conjur'd her to tell

her what her Crime was, and either to deprive her of life or reſtore her Friendſhip to her.

Conſtantia who felt that ſhe muſt ſuddainly Dye, would not retain a ſecred Anger againſt *Agnes*, and after ſome words that prepar'd her to a ſorrowful clearing of the buſineſs ſhe ſhew'd her that Pernicious Note, which *Elvira* had Compos'd. Ah! Madam, cry'd out the Beautiful *Agnes*, after ſhe had Read it, Ah! Madam, how many ſorrowful diſquiets had you ſpared me, if your Heart had expreſs'd it ſelf with its accuſtomed Bounty. It is not hard to ſee that this Letter is Artificial, and that I have moſt Mercileſs Enemies. Can you believe the Prince ſo Imprudent as to employ another Hand, then his own in ſuch an occaſion as this? And do you think me ſo ſimple as to keep that teſtimony of my ſhame with ſo little Cautiouſneſs? you are not betray'd, neither

ther by your Husband, nor by me I call Heaven to Witneſs, and thoſe Attempts which I made to get out of *Coimbria*. Alas! My Dear Princeſs, how little have you known ſhe that you have ſo Honour'd. Believe not that if I have juſtify'd my ſelf, I ſhall ever ſuffer the Worlds Converſation. No, no, there is no retreat diſtant enough for me to flye to, and I ſhall ſo well conceal my face, that it ſhall never give offence.

The Princeſs mov'd at *Agnes* diſcourſe and Tears, did preſs her hand, which ſhe held, and fixing her looks on her, capable to move compaſſion in the moſt inſenſible Souls; If I have done you any wrong, my dear *Agnes*, anſwer'd ſhe, Death which I expect every moment will avenge you of it. I ought alſo to proteſt to you, that I have not ceaſed loving you, and that I believe all that you ſay, in giving you again my moſt tender affection.

It was then that that ſorrow, which acted on them both did reduce them to that extremity, which caus'd the Prince to be call'd in. He was incapable of doing any thing at the ſight of them, and notwithſtanding thoſe tender motions that inclin'd him towards *Agnes*, he run directly to *Conſtantia*.

The Princeſs, unto whom a cold clammy ſweat did denounce her laſt moment, felt that ſhe had no time to looſe and cauſing all Perſons to withdraw that ſhe ſuſpected, my Lord, ſaid ſhe to *Don Pedre*. Though I quit my life without repining, I leave not you without regret and trouble. But dear Prince I muſt overcome even dying, and I will wholly forget my ſelf, to turn my thoughts only on you. I reproach you not, well knowing that it is inclination alone that diſpoſes of Hearts, and not reaſon. *Agnes* is ſufficiently Beautiful, to inſpire moſt ardent paſ-

ſions

ſions, and ſufficiently virtuous to deſerve the beſt Fortune in the World. I alſo ask her Pardon for ſome ſmall wrong which I have done her, and recommend her to you, as a Perſon moſt dear to me. Promiſe me, before I expire, to give her my Place in your dominions. It cannot be better fill'd. You cannot make choice of a more perfect Princeſs for your People, nor a better Mother for your Children. And you my dear and faithful *Agnes*, continu'd ſhe, lend not an ear to a too ſcrulous virtue, which might oppoſe it ſelf to the Prince of *Portugals* happineſs. Refuſe him not, an Heart that he is worthy of, and give him that Friendſhip which you had for me, with that which you owe to his Merit. Take care of young *Ferdinando*, and of the two little Princeſſes that will retrieve me in you, ſpake of me ſometimes to them. Farewell

live both happy, and receive my laſt embraces.

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a little of ſtrength, loſt once more all her ſenſes. Her faintneſs was follow'd with ſuch violent Convulſions that her life was in very great danger. But *Don Pedre* kept cloſe to *Conſtantia*, what, Madam, would you depart; and with a belief that it were an advantage to me. Ah! *Conſtantia* if my Heart has in any wiſe wrong'd you, your own virtue puniſhes it, againſt your will for it. Think you me ſo barbarous —as he was going to continue he perceiv'd that Death was cloſing for ever the generous Princeſs's Eyes, and it little wanted that he did not follow her.

But what an abyſs of Sorrow was this to *Agnes*? ſo ſoon as ſhe learn'd, during a reſpite, that her reaſon receiv'd that *Conſtantia* was newly expir'd, ſhe would have deſtroy'd

deſtroy'd her ſelf, and gave a full ſcope to her diſpair.

At the Noiſe of this Death both the City and Fields were in an uproar, *Elvira* who then ſaw *Don Pedre* free to diſpoſe of himſelf, repented for having contributed to the Death of the Princeſs. *Don Pedre* who accus'd himſelf of it, did condole his Misfortune; And *Agnes* who thought herſelf the true cauſe of it, did promiſe to her grief that ſhe would never forgive herſelf for it.

There was reaſon to watch her for diverſe days, in which ſhe dryed not her Tears The Prince imploy'd them in a deep Mourning; But when the firſt Notions of grief were over, thoſe of his love made him ſenſible that he was ſtill the ſame.

Don Alvares, who fear'd now the Prince's diſengagement, made new attempts to gain *Agnes de Caſtro*, who was become inſenſible of

all things but of her own diſcontent. *Elvira* deſirous to reap advantage from her own dexterity, imploy'd all the Art, and Craft in her brains, to rekindle thoſe fires wherewith the Prince had formerly courted her; but his inconſtancy was already limited, and *Agnes* alone was to reign over his Heart.

She had taken a firm reſolution ſince the Death of *Conſtantia* to give her ſelf wholly up to retiredneſs for the reſt of her Life. Maugre all the Cautiouſneſs which ſhe us'd to conceal her deſign, the Prince was inform'd of it, endeavour'd all he could to diſpoſe his conſtancy to ſubmit to it. He beleiv'd himſelf ſtronger then he was in that point; but after he had well Conſulted himſelf, he knew but too well, how much *Agnes's* preſence was neceſſary to his welfare. Madam, ſaid he to her one day, his Heart ready to break,

and

and his Eyes full of Tears, which of the Actions of my Life, may have caus'd you to resolve on my Death! Though I have never told you how much I Love you, I am Perswaded that you are not Ignorant of it. I have been forc'd to silence during many years, for yours, *Constantia's*, and my own sake; But it is no longer in my power so to constrain my self, and I ought to express my self at least once with you. Receive therefore the assurance of a passion, full of respect and of heat with the offer of my Fortune, which I should not wish better, but to share it with you.

Agnes answer'd not at first to these words but with abundance of Tears; at last having dryed them up, and looking on *Don Pedre* with an Air, which gave him to understand that she was not well agreed with her wishes; If I were capable of that Weak-

ness

neſs which you would inſpire me with, My Lord, reply'd ſhe, you were oblig'd to Puniſh me for it. What, *Conſtantia* is ſcarce in her Tomb, and you would have me to offend her thus? No my Dear Princeſs, added ſhe, with more vehemency, No, ſhe who you have ſo much weighed down with favours, ſhall not deſerve the curſe of Heavens and the ſcorn of Men by ſo perfidious an action. Do not therefore, my Lord, obſtinate your ſelf in a deſign which I ſhall never approve of. You owe *Conſtantia* ever after her Death, ſuch a fidelity as may juſtifie you; and I, to repair thoſe Afflictions which I have caus'd her, I ought to avoid all Converſation with you. Go Madam, reply'd the Prince, changing Colour, go and expect the News of my Death, in thoſe places where your Cruelty ſhall Conduct you. They ſhall follow you cloſe, and that War,

that

that now employs our Neighbours will ſoon procure it me.

Thoſe words made the Beauteous *Agnes* of *Caſtro* to feel that her innocence was not altogether ſuch as ſhe had taken it to be, and that her Heart did concern it ſelf for the Prince. You owe the Preſervation of your Life unto the Prince and Princeſs, that *Conſtantia* has left you, ſhe tenderly reply'd. Would you abandon their Youth to *Don Alvares*? Live, my Lord, live, and Permit the moſt unhappy *Agnes* to fall a ſingle Sacrifice? Ah! thou Cruel Maid, reply'd the Prince, why do you order me to Live, if I cannot live without you? Is it an effect of your hatred? No, My Lord, reply'd *Agnes*, with ſome concern, I hate you not; and would to Heaven that a little of indifferency would come and aſſiſt my Weakneſs, cauſe me not to ſay more. You perceive my Bluſhes, expound them as you

pleaſe,

pleaſe; but ſtill conſider, that the leſs Averſion I find in me towards you, the more guilty I render my ſelf, and that I ought not to ſee or ſpake to you. In fine, My Lord, if you oppoſe my retirement, I declare that *Don Alvares*, as odious to me as he is, ſhall ſerve me as a fence againſt you, and that I ſhall rather reſolve to marry a Man which I abhore, than to favor a paſſion which has caus'd *Conſtantia's* Life. Well, *Agnes*, reply'd the Prince with looks full of ſorrow, follow thoſe Motions that your Barbarous Virtue inſpires you with. Take thoſe cautious Meaſures which you judg moſt neceſſary, againſt an Unfortunate Love, and enjoy the Glory of having refus'd all to my deſires.

He retired at theſe words, and all troubled, as was *Agnes*, ſhe would not retain him; Her Courage overcame her Grief and ſhe thought more then ever on her depart. It

It had been difficult for her to leave *Coimbria*, without the Kings conſent, and not to defer that which appear'd ſo neceſſary to her, ſhe was at *Don Alfonſes* Apartment. Maugre *Don Alvares* intereſts, he ſhew'd her a ſevere brow, and yet not being able to give his conſent to her requeſt, you ſhall not ſtir from hence, ſaid he, and if you are wiſe, you will here ſhare and enjoy any Friendſhip with *Don Alvares*. I have deſign'd another way, Sir, anſwer'd *Agnes*, and the World has no ſhare in it. You might except *Don Pedre*, reply'd the King of *Portugal*, his condition may ſatisfy an ambitious Perſon; but you would not ſucceed *Conſtantia*, who ſo tenderly lov'd you; and *Spain* hath more Princeſſes wherewith to fill, a part of that Throne, which I am to leave to my Son, Sir, reply'd *Agnes*, touch'd to the quick with that diſcourſe. If I had any diſpoſitions for Love,

and

and deſigns of mariage, the Prince ſhould be perhaps the only Perſon, on whom I could fix them, and you, Sir, know that if my anceſtors wore no crowns yet they were not unworthy of them. However I will be gone, and I believe not my ſelf a Slave in a place in which I came free.

This bold Anſwer, which diſcover'd truly *Agne's* Character, did ſtartle *Don Alfonſe*, and at the ſame time did vex him alſo. You ſhall go, when we ſhall think it convenient, reply'd he, and without being a Slave at *Coimbria* you ſhall however expect our orders there.

Agnes well ſaw that there was no ſhrinking from thence and ſhe was ſo troubled at it, that ſhe kept her Chamber for many days, without daring to inquire after the Prince; and that ſolitude ſav'd her the labour of ſeeing *Don Alvares*.

During this *Don Pedre* fell ſick, with

with ſo much violence and danger, that the fear of his Death was general. *Agnes* could not doubt but that it was an effect of his troubles ſhe at firſt believ'd her ſelf ſufficiently ſtrong to ſee him dye, rather then prove favourable; but ſome ſmall reflections did ſoon convince her of the contrary. She found not in the bottom of her Heart that cruel conſtancy, which ſhe thought to be ſo firmly eſtabliſh'd there. She felt ſome trouble and diſorder, ſhed Tears, made wiſhes, and finally diſcovered all her Weakneſs.

None could behold the Heir to the Crown, and a Prince that ſo well deſerv'd it in that extremity, without a general affliction. The People who lov'd him, did paſs whole days at the Palace Gates, to learn news of his health, and the Courtiers were ſorrowful.

Don Alvares alone could conceal a Malicious Joy before the King,

King, under ſorrowful appearances. *Elvira* full of tenderneſs, and perhaps of remorſe ſuffer'd on her part alſo. The King who though he condemn'd his Sons love, did however love him, could not reſolve to looſe him, and *Agnes de Caſtro*, who knew the exceſs of his griet expected the end with ſtrange agitations.

Finally after more then a Month of fears, ſome little hopes did appear. The Prince himſelf, with Don *Alvares*, were the only two, that had no joy at it, but *Agnes* did feel enough for all the reſt.

Don *Pedre* perceiving that he muſt reſolve to live, againſt his own will, thought no longer then how to paſs ſorrowful days, ſo ſoon as he was able to go, he ſought after ſolitarineſs, and even gain'd ſo much over his weakneſs, as to go in all Places where *Agnes* did not appear but her Idea follow'd him

him ſtill every where, and his memory very faithful in repreſenting her to him with ſo many Charms, did ſtill render her dangerous.

One day, that he had been conducted in the Garden, he ſought after a Labyrinth which was at the fartheſt end, there to conceal his Melancholy during ſome hours, he found the ſorrowful *Agnes*, who had been brought thither by thoughts little differing from his, and her ſight which he expected not, caus'd him to ſtagger, ſhe perceiv'd in his Paleneſs, and weakneſs, ſome relicks of his diſeaſe. His Eyes full of Languiſhments, diſturb'd her; and notwithſtanding the deſire ſhe had to fly, an unknown Power retain'd her, and it was impoſſible for her to retreat.

After ſome moments of ſilence which was interrupted with many ſighs, *Don Pedre* did riſe from a place

place where his weakneſs had caus'd him to reſt, he ſhew'd to *Agnes* coming towards her, ſorrowful marks of his ſufferings, and not contented to conſerne her pitty by her Eyes; you had reſolv'd my Death, cruel *Agnes*, ſaid he, to her, my will was agreed to it; but the Heavens would reſerve me for greater evils, and I again behoid you, as unfortunate, but more in amour'd then I was before;

Agnes wanted not thoſe words to molify her, the Prince's languidneſs did ſpake, and that fair Maids Heart was but too well diſpos'd to render up it ſelf. She then believ'd that *Conſtantia* ought to reſt ſatisfied. Love who Combated for *Don Pedre*, did triumph over Friendſhip, and found out that happy moment, after which the Prince of *Portugal* had ſo long ſighed.

Re-

Reproach me not of that which has cost me more then you, my Lord, said she, and accuse not an Heart that is neither ungrateful nor barbarous. I must say that I love you; but when that is confes'd what do you require more?

Don Pedre who expected not so favourable a revolution, did feel a double satisfaction, and falling at *Agnes's* Feet; he told her more, with a silence which his Passion had caus'd then all the most Eloquent words could have expres'd.

After he had been sensible of all his happiness, he conferr'd with *Agnes* on what they had to fear from *Don Alfonse*. They concluded that the unfortunate Paper which had disturb'd *Constantia's* last days, could not proceed but from *Elvira*, and *Don Alvares*. The Prince who knew that the King was seeking already after new alliances

alliances for him, and that would have his Favorite to Marry *Agnes*, did ſo tenderly conjure her, to prevent her perſecutions, to conſent to a ſecret Marriage; that ſhe agreed to it after a long debate, I ſhall do all that you pleaſe my Lord, ſaid ſhe, though I have but very ſorrowful foreſights. All my Blood freezes when I think on that Marriage, and *Conſtantia's* Image ſeems as if it would prevent it.

The amorous Prince did overcome thoſe ſcruples, and parted from *Agnes* with a ſatisfaction, which ſoon recover'd all his ſtrength. He after that did ſee her, with the Pleaſure of miſtery in love, and at laſt the day of their union was come. *Don Gill*, Biſhop of *Guarda*, performed the ceremonies of their Marriage, in preſence of divers witneſſes that were Faithful to *Don Pedre* who became poſſeſs'd of all *Agnes's* Charms. She

She liv'd not quiet for being now the Prince of *Portugals* wife. Her Enemies who ſtill Proſecuted her did not leave her without diſturbance; and the King who was offended at her reſiſtance, did abſolutely command her to Marry *Don Alvares*, with threats to force her will if ſhe continu'd refractory.

The Prince did highly take her part, and that joyn'd to the refuſal which he made of Marrying a Princeſs of *Arragon*, gave ſuſpicions of the truth to the King hisFather.

He had a ſecond, but too much intereſted in the buſineſs, not to unravel it. *Don Alvares*, and his Siſter did act in it with ſuch cares, gave ſuch largneſs, and made ſo many promiſes, that at laſt they did diſcover the ſecret engagement betwixt *Agnes* and *Don Pedre*.

There

There little wanted but that the King at first so highly transported, had not broke forth in a cruel manner against the fair Princess. *Don Alvare*, whose love did change into a violent hatred, did stop his first fury in making him conceive that though the Marriage could be made void he should not be sufficiently reveng'd, and he so well did Poison *Alfonses* mind, that he made him consent to *Agnes's* Death.

The Barbarous *Don Alvares* offer'd his arm for that horrid execution, and his rage did sufficiently answer for the certainty of the sacrifice.

Don Alfonse, who thought the honour of his Family to be concern'd by this alliance, and particularly his in his Son's proceedings, did give a full power unto that executioner who animated him.

It was not very easy to execute that design though the Prince did not

not ſee *Agnes* but in ſecret, all his cares were ſtill watching for her good, and he had been above a Year her husband, when *Don Alvares* found the occaſion which he had ſo long ſought after.

The Prince did not take much Pleaſure, nor but rarely did diſtance himſelf from *Coimbria*. One unfortunate day, and ſet a part by the Heavens, for ſo horrid an act, he made a match at Hunting, towards a ſtately Houſe that the Kings of *Portugal* have near to the City.

Agnes lov'd all that could pleaſe him, but a ſecret trouble did make her to fear that unfortunate journey. My Lord ſaid ſhe to him, being alarm'd without knowing for what, I tremble ſeing you to day, as if it was the laſt time in my life. Preſerve your ſelf my dear Prince,

and though the exercise you are going about is not always dangerous, consider the least of dangers and bring me back all that I confide in you.

Don Pedre who had never seen her so Fair and so Charming, did divers times embrace her, and went out of the Palace with his retinue not to return thither again till the next day.

While he was going, the cruel *Don Alvares* was preparing himself for that Bloody execution which he had resolv'd. He thought it of that importance as not to ingage himself singly, and made choice, to accompany him in it of *Don Diego Lopes Pacheo*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two such monsters as himself, whose cruelties had been assur'd him by his presents.

They stay'd till night, and the Beautiful

Bautiful *Agnes* was in her firſt ſlumber, which was the laſt of her life, when thoſe murtherers came to her bed ſide. Nothing had oppos'd *Don Alvares*, who was all powerful, and who was introduced near *Agnes*, by the blackeſt of furies. She did awake and perceiv'd, drawing the Curtain, by the light of a Taper, left lighted, the dagger with which *Don Alvare's* hand was arm'd. He having not covered his face ſhe eaſily knew him, and forgetting her own danger to think of the Princes. Juſt Heavens! ſaid ſhe lifting up her Eyes, if you will avenge *Conſtantia*, reſt contented with all my Blood, and ſpare *Don Pedre's*. The barbarous Villain who heard her, gave her not time to ſay more, and having not had the Fortune to move *Agnes's* Heart, he receiv'd the horrid ſatisfaction of ſtabbling it through with a Dagger, His partners did

give her ſome blows alſo, and there needed not ſo many to put an end to her innocent life.

What a Spectacle, for thoſe that approach'd her Bed the next Morning, and what news for the moſt unfortunate Prince of *Portugal*. He preſently return'd to *Coimbria* at the firſt rumour of this adventure, and did behold that which had certainly coſt him his life, if one could dye of grief. After he had a thouſand times embrac'd the bloody Corpſe of *Agnes*, and ſaid all that a juſt deſpair could prompt him to ſpeak, he run up and down the Palace like a diſtracted Man, requiring the Murtherers of his wife from things that underſtood him not. He at laſt ſaw the King, and without obſerving any reſpect, he gave a full ſcope to all his reſentments, after he had long ſpoken, he fell oppreſs'd with grief into a faintneſs which laſted all the reſt of the

the day. He was carried into his appartment, and *Don Alfonſe* believing that this evil would prove his cure, did not repent him of what he had done.

Don Alvares with the two others went out of *Coimbria*, and that abſence diſcover'd their guilt, of which the moſt afflicted Prince did promiſe a ſuddain revenge unto fair *Agnes*'s Aſhes, being reſolv'd to perſue them to the very end of the World. He made a conſiderable party of thoſe that were affectionate to him, and after he had made havok of thoſe Territories which are watered by the *Duero*, he purſu'd that War unto the Death of *Alfonſe*, inceeſſantly mixing of Tears with the blood which he ſpilt in revenge of his dear *Agnes's* Murther.

Thus

Thus was the end of the unfortunate Amours of *Don Pedre* of *Portugal*, and of the beautiful *Agnes de Caſtro*, whoſe memory the Prince did faithfully preſerve on his Throne, on which he ſet by Birth-right after the Death of *Don Alfonſe*.

FINIS.

THE

Amorous Abbeſs:

OR,

LOVE

IN A

Nunnery.

A Novel.

Tranſlated from the French *by a Woman of Quality.*

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, in *Covent-Garden*, 1684.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

Amorous Abbeſs:

OR,

LOVE

IN A

Nunnery.

PARIS being in its greateſt Solitude, by reaſon of the King's Abſence, when He was following the Wars in *Flanders*; the Seaſon of the Year

and the Novelty of the thing, invited certain Perſons of Quality to a retreat in the Country; who had Souls ſo well fitted for Converſation, that having given the firſt part of the day to other noble Divertiſements, ſuch as the place afforded them variety of, they ſpent their Evenings in diſcourſing upon the Paſſions, and other things, which even in Deſarts people of Senſe may find entertainment in. But one night their Pleaſures were interrupted, or rather, to ſpeak more properly, varied by the arrival of the Poſt with Letters to ſeveral in the Company, and 'twas the general propoſal, they ſhould be read publickly, for the common ſatisfaction. — Monſieur *Le Chevalier*, one whoſe Wit render'd him not the leaſt conſiderable amongſt them, received that which follows.

IT is two Months ſince I had any Letter from you; from whene

pro-

proceeds this silence? Have you so much forgot me, or has any Misfortune happen'd to you? Ah! how cruel are you? Tell me if there be any that has a greater Interest than I, in all that relates to you; and whether you ought to neglect me at such a rate, as to believe you owe me not at least this satisfaction. Alas! you love me not, since you can be thus long and not tell me you do. I find too unhappily, that all the marks you have given me of your Tenderness, were but purely an effect of your Wit; your Heart had no share in them, at least they proceeded from Complaisance rather than Kindness, and were more the effects of Gratitude than Inclination: for I cannot imagine how a man can love (after the manner that I understand Love) and live as you do. You know, that you promised me in leaving this place, to give me an account of your Life every eight days. I suffer-

ed my self to be so pleasingly flatter'd with it, that it enabled me to bear more easily the first days of your absence. There is nothing more easie than to abuse the credulity of a Heart that loves one, but there is nothing more base, and unworthy. I endeavour'd to comfort my self for your departure, after a continued happiness, as your Presence gave me, by the pleasure I expected in a converse by Letters, which would further engage Us: But you have allow'd me that Pleasure but a short time; what have I done? and why had you not told me, that absence was a destroyer of Friendship in you? Then perhaps I should have been prepared for it, and not found my self under the necessity of making complaints to you, of your self. Endeavour to justifie your self if you can, or deceive me by some false Reasons. I am even desperate to think you Criminal, and not to find an Excuse for your

your Ingratitude, Adieu. *Neglect not any thing to make me believe you are Faithful, and that you have not wronged me*, Adieu.

The Company were so well pleased with this Letter, that they would not be satisfied without knowing upon what occasion it was writ; and Monsieur *Le Chevalier* with some difficulty, was brought to make the following Relation.

It is some time since, That I made a Journy a considerable distance from *Paris*, where I was call'd by my affairs: But being the first time I was in that Country, it is no wonder I lost my way. This misfortune happened to me when I least thought of it; and I perceiv'd my Error too late to remedy it; for as it was dark, I found my self in the midst of a Wood, where the farther I went, the more I was intangled, and out

of hopes to get out. — In fine, the Weather being very bad, and the ways worse, I concluded it best to take my Lodging under a Tree, rather than expose my self to a thousand Accidents I might meet with in passing Rivers and ill ways, at such a time of Night. I need not tell you the little pleasure there is in being reduced to this Extremity; but it made me hope it would be the last Adventure of Knight-Errantry, that would ever happen to me.

Whilst I was entertaining my self with these unpleasant Thoughts, a Peasant, who by happy chance pass'd that way to his own House, came pretty near me; I sent my Servant to desire him to come to me, whom we engaged by good Words and Promises to guide Us to some Inn. — He told us, that we were three Leagues out of our way, and that he knew of no Lodging, but a League off, by the most detestable way

way in the World. —— We arrived at last at a little Village, where there was but one house of Accommodation. God knows how ill I was Treated there, after having Knockt an hour at the door, to oblige our Host to rise; who, after all, would not open it, but upon the Faith of our Guide, who swore we were honest people: The Peasant stayed with us, and eat, and drank with us, and lay in the same house. I, that had but a little miserable Straw for a Bed, and a couple of vile Coverlets, pass'd not the Night so well, as he, but better however than I should have done in the Wood. The trouble, and wearinesse, I had endured, supplied the want of a better Lodging, and served me at last for a Pillow, so that about break of day I fell asleep. I had not slept two hours when the Peasant entered my Chamber, and waked me, very briskly to tell me,

that Madam the *Abbeſs* expected me. I received this Complement with a very wicked Air, and knew not what he meant by this Madam the *Abbeſs*, and was in a mind to have forgot the obligation I had to him the night before: The poor man knew well, by the reception I made him, that I was not pleaſed, although he deſigned to do me Service; he went out to carry my Anſwer to the Perſon that ſent him: But for my part, I could not poſſibly recover my Sleep, and thought only of what this Man had ſaid to me, that an *Abbeſs* askt for me: I knew none in that Country, yet believed there might be ſome Convent there-abouts; but could not divine, why they ſhould ſend for me, unleſs they took me for another. VVhatſoever it was, I confeſs that I made but an ill return to this Civility; and if the Peaſant was of an humour to

tell

tell all he saw, and the displeasure which I discovered when I sent him back, this *Abbess* had as much cause to complain of me, as I had reason to praise her: This reflection began to give me a little trouble, out of which I was delivered by the coming of the Almoner of this Lady, to tell me, with a little more Ceremony, that the Lady *Abbess*, to whom this Village did belong, being informed by her Shepherd, that a Man of Quality that had lost his way, was constrained to take up in that miserable Inn, had sent him to intreat me to accept of a Lodging less incommodious than that was. This Complement brought some allay to my trouble; and I was in Charity with my Peasant, since he procured me this honour that the *Abbess* did me; I answered the Almoner the most civilly that was possible, and desired him to tell his Lady, that I had the most acknow-

knowledging Sentiments in the World for the favour ſhe did me; and that I would come my ſelf immediately to aſſure her of it: My Man was up, and I made him give me Cloaths better than ordinary, and with Gallantry enough prepared for this Viſit. The Peaſant that ſerved me for a Guide here, conducted me thither alſo. I was brought into the Parlour where I ſtayed not long for her coming.

I think it is beſt before I proceed further, to give you a deſcription of this *Abbeſs*: You muſt imagine her to be a Lady of about twenty eight years old, of an indifferent Stature, but well made; her Hair fair and thick; her Eyes blue and ſparkling; her Mouth admirably well; her Noſe very handſome, and her Teeth paſſable, with the ſhape of her Face ſo round and charming, that to ſay Truth, it was more fit to inſpire Love than Devotion:

She

She had nevertheleſs an Air ſo ſweet and modeſt, that in pleaſing, it imprinted a reſpect in us, which abated our Courage; her Voice even had ſomething ſo particular, one cannot expreſs it. I ſaw this Perſon; and, if I muſt diſguiſe nothing from you, will confeſs ſhe touch't me at firſt ſight. I remembred no longer the ill-night I had paſſed; I almoſt forgot my ſelf, in ſuffering my ſelf to be wounded by this fair Priſoner: 'Tis true, I was not taken by Lines ſo ſtrong as could not be broken, or at leaſt ſtretched; yet not ſo ſlight neither, but that there remained in me a deſire to pleaſe a Perſon, that pleaſed me extreamly. She told me moſt obligingly, that ſhe wiſhed I had paſſed better hours than I had done in the Inn; and beſeeched me to ſpend that day with her, to repoſe my ſelf after the hardſhips I had endured the preceedent Night:

Night: Her request was very kind, and as I excused it, I did it so coldly, that it might be easily seen that I had no mind to leave her yet; but as she had a discerning and quick Wit, she told me, that if she had not all the power over me, that was necessary to ingage me to stay, she did not doubt, but two or three of her Friends would be able to prevail with me, as soon as I had seen them, and that I had not resolution enough to resist their Prayers as I had done hers. She had no sooner said so, but she made the Ladies to be called, of whom she spoke; but I (who was willing to give her the entire honour) assured her that she would tempt me in vain on that side, for a thing which none but she could obtain of me, and that I did not believe that there was any thing in the World that had so much Power over the Spirit of a reason-

able

able Man, as she, or could better make themselves to be obeyed. This Complement was received of the *Abbess*, as I desired: She had modesty and virtue; yet flattery always found her weak side, and she could rarely defend her self from it: She knew, she had beauty, and thought she served not her self of it, as a worldly person; neither did she neglect it so much, but that she had a certain joy in having it pleased. The three Nuns, her Friends, arrived as she was going to answer, and changing suddenly her Thoughts; Here is (said she, turning towards them) sufficient to make you recal your words; these Ladies will perhaps teach you not to answer so easily for your self, I will leave you with them for an hour, about some little business, and expect to find you at my return of another mind. I swear to you, Madam, (answered I softly) I will remain

in

in it for ever; and if *I* could imagine that *I* ſhould change, *I* would depart immediately. She anſwered only with a Smile, for fear of explaining her ſelf too much before theſe perſons. *I* began a very free Converſation with theſe three Ladies, and knew preſently that they affected not, what was ſerious, but with people whoſe Cenſures they apprehended: *In* effect, they ſeemed pleaſed with my freedom, and ſeated themſelves about me with much ſatisfaction. I never in my Life converſed with Perſons that had ſo much Wit; every thing, they ſaid, was ſpoke with much vivacity, that it charmed the Ears; and had not any thing in it of that Monaſtical Air, which ſpoils the beſt things that one can ſay, that is infected with it. I believe it will not tire you, if I make a deſcription of theſe Ladies, as well as the Abbeſs; eſpecially

cially one of them, which was her Sister; and who has the greateſt part in this Hiſtory, and writ me the Letter which you have read. She was a Woman of an admirable ſtature, very fair complexion'd; the ſhape of her Face oval; her Eyes fair, and full of fire; and if ſhe wanted any thing, 'twas a little colour; her Voice was very ſweet, and ſhe ſung divinely; there was never any thing better formed, and more Vermilion than her Mouth; the whiteneſs of her Teeth anſwered well to this admirable Carnation; and the Breath which came from this fair Mouth, was ſo ſweet, that it purified the moſt noiſome Air: I muſt add to all theſe perfections, that ſhe had as much Wit as 'twas poſſible one could have, and a Wit always at command, never ſpeaking any thing that was not worthy of admiration. I will go no farther with her de-

deſcription, it will be tireſom, ſince no longer the Mode; and will only ſay, that there was not any thing common in this Lady. The two others were Perſons amiable enough, the one had a little more Spritelineſs than the other; who in exchange had more Sincerity, which rendered her a particular Friend of the *Abbeſs*'s Siſter.

I entertained theſe three Nuns for ſome time with indifferent things, wherein I endeavoured to diſcover as much Wit as I could: They did Wonders on their ſide to maintain the Converſation, particularly the *Abbeſs*'s Siſter: This Charming Perſon ſaid not any thing, but what was new; in ſo much, that I believed there was not any thing in the World that had ſo much Wit, or could make ſo good uſe of it. The *Abbeſs* came at laſt, and certainly *à propos*. if ſhe had the leaſt deſire to retain what ſhe had gained upon

upon me, for to ſpeak the truth, the merit of her Siſter appeared to me too great to give her leſs than a Heart. I was upon the point of changing my firſt opinion, as ſhe at her departure almoſt divined I ſhould; and I was juſt going to be perjur'd, if her preſence had not renew'd the Flame, which the firſt ſight of her had kindled in my Soul: her Siſter at leaſt hindred the progreſs of it; and I confeſs that had I not ſeen her, I ſhould have loved the *Abbeſs* very well. I never ſtirred from the Parlour all that day, being ſometimes with the one, and ſometimes with the other of theſe two perſons.

I believe (continued Monſieur *Le Chevalier*) that the company will not deſire I ſhould make a long Story of this Adventure, nor trouble them with every little Circumſtance. *Make not account* (replyed the Marchioneſs) *that we will allow*

allow you to omit the least particular, which may be of Consequence; and we expect You should be as faithful in your Relation, as in your Gallantry. We may permit him (answered the Dutchess) *to pass over many little things which he may tell us another season, that we may have time now for the rest. I would know* (pursued the same Lady, speaking to the Cavalier) *with what Air, and how you managed your self with these two Ladies? and being VVitty, as they were, how could either of them suffer a Competitor? For methinks it is very difficult to deceive two Mistresses, much more two Sisters, that you must almost always see together.* I will tell you Madam (answered the Cavalier) what has happened to me in a year and halfs time, that I had the honour to be known to them. For the first time that I saw them, I stayed but a day and a half in the Visit, but found enough in this,

to

to make me desire not to be long absent; for all the time I stayed in that Province, I left them as late as I could, and came back again as early as possible. When I consulted the different Sentiments I had for the two Sisters, *I* found, (at least *I* thought so) that *I* was in love with the *Abbess*, and had a great esteem; and a most tender Friendship for the other. I was charmed with the Beauty and Sweetness of the first, and at the same time sensibly affected with the Perfections and Merit of the other, and had for her a strange kind of tenderness, even when I was with the *Abbess*.

I was not much put to it, to study my Actions at first; if there happened any thing remarkable in favour of the Eldest, the Younger was ready to attribute it to her Quality above her; and the Elder took all for Gallantry of

Spi-

Spirit, that I ſaid obligingly to the youngeſt: It is true, this ſimple Error laſted not long, for the more we love, the clearer ſighted we are in the matters to Rivals; ſo that both growing to have a little more eſteem for me than they had, they began to diſtruſt one another, and obſerved my Words, and Actions, with other Eyes than they had done hitherto: Sometimes, one told me, that I praiſed her Siſter, with that Exaggeration as was only proper to Love; the other reproacht me, that *I* always ſought the *Abbeſs*; and that ſhe obſerved, that *I* was not pleaſed, but when *I* was with her: All theſe little Complaints were but to make me declare my ſelf; and there was no Remedy, but *I* muſt do it, after having in vain avoided it.

The *Abbeſs*'s Siſter (whom we will call *Egidia*) was the laſt that preſt me, but ſucceeded beſt. She found

found the opportunity of a particular entertainment, at a ſeaſon when ſhe knew her Siſter was ingaged by ſome affairs, that ſhe could not diſpence with: and looking upou me, with an Air the moſt tender in the World; Monſieur *Le Chevalier* (ſaid ſhe) *I*t is no longer time to diſſemble any thing with you; you have Wit, and know but too well, that you are not indifferent to me; it is now five or ſix months ſince we have been acquainted, yet *I* have never ſaid any thing poſitively on this point; but this day *I* will do more for you, than you can expect from a Woman of my humour; 'tis to confeſs to you, that *I* have much tenderneſs and eſteem for you; if you know me, you will not think this Confeſſion little; and if you are obliged to me, it is for telling you that, which if *I* pleaſed might have been concealed all my Life.

*I*n the Tranſports, that this favour

vour put me, *I* would have taken her Hand, and Kiſt it a thouſand times to teſtifie my joy to her; and how *I* conſidered ſo charming a Declaration; but ſhe hindered me, and pulling away her Hand, ſhe bid me hear her out. *If* you believe (purſued ſhe) that the favour *I* do you in this Declaration, merits any acknowledgment, give me that proof of it which *I* ſhall demand. You are too Gallant a Man, to be guilty of ſo much baſeneſs, as 'tis to deceive any one; much more, thoſe who have an eſteem, and Friendſhip for you:--*It* is ſome time ſince *I* diſcovered that the Lady *Abbeſs* loves you; ſhe her ſelf conceals it not from me.--Perhaps, becauſe ſhe knows, that *I* too am guilty of the ſame weakneſs: but ſhe is of opinion, that you love none but her; and, if *I* may believe your Eyes, your Heart has intelligence with her's. Tell me the Truth. —— Do you love her in good

good earneſt? Tell me, that without imbarquing my ſelf further in this affair, I this moment ſacrifice to her the inclination that I have to love you: I am yet reaſonable enough to render Juſtice to my Rival (if you will have me call her ſo) and to confeſs to you that She merits all your thoughts; and ſhe is too haughty and conſcious of her worth to be ſatisfied with leſs; and to tell you the truth, though I am her Inferior, I am ſo jealous in this particular, that I ſhould not without much pain, conſent to give place even to her. Conſider with your ſelf a little, and—— Madam (ſaid I to her, not being able to forbear interrupting her) I have no need to conſider. —— It is not three days, ſince I have but too clearly explained my ſelf to your Siſter, if ſhe would have underſtood me. —— I avow, that her Goodneſs engaged me to many things, that I ſtole from you;

but *I* am like to prove very ungrateful, if no leſs than my Heart will pay the Obligations I have to her. —— 'Twas on *Thurſday* laſt, in the evening, when you were in the Garden, that ſhe took her time to tell me, That *I* had but one ſtep to make me to poſſeſs her Heart intirely, and that this was, that *I* ſhould hereafter forbear to be ſo exceeding civil to you. —— What is that you propoſe to me Madam? (Anſwered *I*, much ſurprized with what ſhe had ſaid) are you unjuſt enough to make me purchaſe your Heart, by ſuch a baſeneſs? — You muſt pardon me Madam, if you pleaſe —— but *I* cannot believe, that you would indeed, make me ſo Criminal. —— *I* underſtand you (replyed ſhe haſtily) and begin to know the fault, which my imprudence has made me to commit. —— You eſteem not my Heart enough, to engage you to ſuch a loſs, as that of my Siſters. —— But be-

before you go too far, *I* would adviſe you, to examine what Sentiments ſhe has for you, and whether no other poſſeſs that eſteem, you pretend to, alone. Madam (anſwered *I*) *I* know not what paſſes in your Siſters Heart; but ſince *I* have received all imaginable Civilities from her, *I* ſhould have the greateſt regret in the World, if *I* gave her the leaſt cauſe to repent of it. You muſt however, reſolve upon it (replyed ſhe, with a tone, fierce, and diſdainful) or pretend no more to any Kindneſs from me, which cannot be obtained at another price. *I* was going to anſwer her, and ſhould have declared my ſelf ſo plainly, as to give her occaſion no longer to doubt of what paſt my Soul; when ſhe retired her ſelf, leaving me to conſider what *I* was to do.

Thus you ſee Madam (continued *I* ſpeaking to *Egidia*) what happened in this Converſation; *I* have

ſeen the *Abbeſs* ſeveral times ſince; but whether ſhe could not find me alone, or that ſhe feared to know too ſoon, what ſhe would rather be ignorant of, ſhe has not ſince ſpoken to me of any ſuch thing. —— *I* muſt confeſs the Truth, *I* eſteemed her fair, her Charms at firſt, ſurprized my tenderneſs; and what *I* yet feel for her is worthy a true Friend; *I* cannot refuſe to rank her in that number, though even your ſelf ſhould command the contrary.

This Charming Virgin was ſo pleaſed with the ſincerity, wherewith *I* ſpoke to her, and to find that there had no more paſſed between her Siſter and *I*, that ſhe willingly conſented to our friendſhip: and being aſſured (as ſhe was) of the intire poſſeſſion of my Love, ſhe could not reaſonably do leſs.

We parted very well ſatisfied, and more amorous than before, at leaſt it was ſo on my ſide; that ſoft ten-

tenderneſs, which *I* at firſt had for her, had already took the form of a ſtrong Paſſion, which increaſed dayly, whilſt that *I* had for the *Abbeſs* diminiſhed as faſt, almoſt before *I* perceived it. The Confeſſion of *Egidia*, of what ſhe felt for me, appeared to me ſo full of Charms, that it finiſhed the Conqueſt of my Soul; and there remained no more of it to her Siſter, then what was ſufficient to ſay, *I* did not hate her. I lookt upon her no more, but as a Friend, and a Perſon to whom *I* was very much obliged: She quickly obſerved it, either that ſhe perceived ſome alteration in my manner of acting, or that ſhe feared her Siſter more ſince we diſcourſed together. *I* obſerved, that ſhe took notice of all *I* did, and that ſhe had not that Confidence in me, ſhe was accuſtomed to have: She affected even not to believe any thing I ſaid to her. —— But

when with *Egidia* it was not the ſame, for what jealouſie ſoever ſhe felt, ſhe diſcovered none of it to her; but always ſpoke of me, as poſſeſſing a Heart, which ſhe did not fear to loſe. She forced her ſelf ſometimes to rally upon what ſhe ſaw *Egidia* do for me. *In* ſo much, that one day *Egidia* could not hide her Reſentments, nor ſuffer without impatience to ſee her Triumph over her, when ſhe was well ſatisfied, that ſhe had no reaſon for it; and that, ſhe intimated to her in terms malicious enough. *I* believe (anſwered the *Abbeſs*, in a fierce tone, and full of ſcorn) that my intereſt is ſo great in that Chevalier, that none will diſpute it with me, or if any durſt do it, that it would be in vain. *Egidia* failed not to anſwer her, and this little difference proceeded ſo far, that not being ble to be Judges, where themſelves were

were parties; they agreed to refer it to me, and ingage me to explain my ſelf before them, and that ſhe who ſhould be worſt treated, ſhould ſacrifice to the other all the inclination ſhe had for me.

I imagine, that this converſation had ſomething in it very ſingular, and that there would have been a very delightful Scene for any one that had heard it. This reſolution being taken, *Egidia*, who was a prudent Woman, when ſhe reflected on what ſhe had engaged her ſelf too, choſe rather to renounce the Glory, which this Victory might bring her, (for ſhe did not at all doubt of it) then expoſe me to thoſe ill Conſequences, which might follow this Declaration. Whereupon ſhe writ me this Letter.

I Am juſt now come from laying a Wager, in which winning or loſing, I am furiouſly interreſſed: the Ab-

bess *and my Self, are coming to ask a final Declaration from You: After Dinner, You must Discover to which side your Heart inclines: I am ready to flatter my self, that you Owe it to none but me.* —— *But alas! How can I guess, what will happen? I could not refuse the Wager, and it would have been too much my Rivals Glory, if I had.* —— *Behold! nevertheless, to what my Generosity can carry me! I consent (to prevent the ill Consequences that may happen) that rendring me Justice in your Heart, you pronounce it in Favour of my Eldest Sister.* Adieu. *Tell her you love her better than I; but for ever love me better than her.*

This Letter put me into some Confusion; but since I must take the part of One, I resolved without dispute what to do. —— And as I remember, this was the Answer I made to *Egidia*'s Letter.

I

I Beg your Pardon, Madam, *that I cannot obey You; I must Declare my true Sentiments when I am obliged to speak; and your Generosity must not be repayed with Baseness; 'tis true, it would be only so in appearance, yet since you are engaged, every thing shall go on your side. — But after such a proof of my Passion, will you be at least perswaded, that I love you as I ought? You must permit me to absent my self, for some time after I have undeceived your Sister; for there is no doubt but your Wager will produce ill Consequences; —— it must be you that must sustain the burthen of them, since you would intangle your self in them.* Adieu.

I gave this Answer to the Boy that brought me her Letter, and bid my Man the same moment, get every thing in order, to go away presently, if there were occasion for it. I past the rest of the Morning

in the Garden, in muſing upon the queſtion that was prepared for me.

I forgot to tell you at the beginning, that this was one of thoſe Convents, where the Nuns enjoy a honeſt liberty, and where Kindred, and particular Friends are permitted to enter, and ſee them in their Apartments.

I went to Dine with the *Abbeſs*, as the place where I ordinarily eat at, and was very melancholy at Table contrary to my Cuſtom, for commonly *I* was ſo happy as to divert the Company well enough, which is often the beſt ragouſt at Meals: the two intereſſed Ladies, were the firſt that obſerved it, and the *Abbeſs* ſaid ſeveral obliging things to me, to put me in a better humor; but ſeeing I did not anſwer her; She at laſt, ask'd me, what the matter was with me, that made me ſo ſerious? I told her it was a deſperate pain in my head

that

that had taken me ſince the Morning.

She had not neglected any thing that day, to make her ſelf appear fair; and though the Dreſs of all Nuns, are almoſt alike, yet I avow to you, that I found ſomething in hers ſo particular and agreeable, that with the ſweet, and obliging manner wherewith ſhe ſpake to me, the reſolution *I* had taken to break with her, began to give me ſome pain, and without the preſence of her Siſter, ſhe had been powerful enough, perhaps to have made me repent it. —— There was always two or three other Nuns of the *Abbeſs*'s Friends, that uſed to eat with us, whom ſhe ſubtilly rid her ſelf of, ſo ſoon as ſhe had dined. ——— There was no need of Witneſſes to what paſt between the *Abbeſs*, her Siſter, and my Self. The *Abbeſs* touch'd again upon the Sadneſs ſhe ſaw in my Looks, and ſaid that ſhe had never ſeen me in

ſo

ſo ill a humour, and that *I* would oblige her, to let her know the cauſe of it. *I* anſwered her, as before, that it was a great pain in my head: But not ſatisfied with that, ſhe told me, that ſhe ſaw ſomething in my Eyes, that made her judge that my Diſtemper was ſomething more than I ſeemed willing to diſcover; and that *I* was unjuſt to conceal from my Friends (who were equally concerned with my ſelf in any misfortune that could befal me,) any thing wherewith I was ſo much affected; and that *I* ought to give her the ſatisfaction at leaſt of truſting her, though perhaps it was not in her power to cure me. —— *I* do not believe (ſaid her Siſter, to ſave me the trouble of anſwering her) that there is any other cauſe than what he has told you. One often ſees (continued ſhe) that people who have ſo much Wit as *Monſieur Le Chevalier*, are ſubject to theſe terrible Head-achs, and

and that they paſs from one extremity to the other, that is, from great Mirth, to as great Melancholy. You believe then Siſter (anſwered the *Abbeſs* coldly) that you know Monſieur's diſtemper, ſince you take upon you to anſwer for him; yet I will imagine that it is not as you ſay, but believe what he ſhall tell me, of it. And if he'l follow my advice (ſaid *Egidia*) he ſhall tell you nothing. —— *I* do know it; and it is ſo much the harder, for people that know it not, to judge well of it. Believe me (ſaid the *Abbeſs*, with a malicious Smile) if I ask to know it, 'tis not that *I* am ignorant of it; but to diſabuſe others, who, I ſee, are ſo fond of what they fancy they enjoy, that they fear to be undeceived. ——— I conjure you Ladies, (interrupted *I*, all of a ſudden) leave me as I am. —— Whatſoever my Diſeaſe is, and whenceſoever it comes, *I* neither can —— nor will be

be cured of it if I cou'd; —— I would only ſuffer leſs. For my part (ſaid the *Abbeſs*) I who pretend not to divine, nor to penetrate ſo deep into Hearts, as my Siſter, would willingly be told of what nature this Diſtemper is; and perhaps (inſenſibility not being my Vice, for certain people in the World) *I* might give 'em eaſe, if it lay in me to ſweeten their Torments. There could not be any thing more Gallant, nor Favourably ſaid for me; and *I* believe, that *I* ſhould have anſwered her as ſhe deſired, had not *Egidia*, (looking ſuddenly upon me) made me, remember my promiſe, and put me in a ſtate of not knowing what to ſay. This amiable Lady perceived the Confuſion, I was in, and very opportunely put in, to the diſcourſe. *It* is true (ſaid ſhe) there are certain ills, that one muſt have recourſe to the perſon that cauſed them, for a remedy: but if *I* be'nt miſtaken, this

is,

is not *Monſieur*'s caſe; and you are deceived if you believe, that you are capable of curing his Diſtemper. —— Whatever it is (purſued ſhe) *I* am ſo ſenſible for all that concerns him, that *I* ſhall not be inquiſitous to hear any of his misfortunes. For you Madam (continued ſhe, ſpeaking to her Siſter) if you have this deſire, you may ſatisfie your ſelf, —— but you ſhall permit me, if you pleaſe, to retire.

—— And after theſe Words, ſhe went away, and left me alone with the *Abbeſs*, who believing ſhe had cauſe to triumph told me, with a joy, ſhe cou'd not conceal, that ſhe ſaw well, that my Heart was quitted to her, ſince the place was, and that it was ſhe muſt cure me of the ills whereof I complained; but ſhe ſaid, She muſt know of my ſelf, how she was eſtabliſhed in my Heart, and how much above her Siſter, —— that she had given me time enough to conſider of it, and

that

that I must resolve one way, either not to hope any thing from her Tenderness, or not divide a good that she desired the intire possession of. ——— That she'd allow, *I* should have a tender esteem for her Sister, but for my Heart, she would fill it wholly her self; and that she had merit enough for it. —— She was silent here, to see a little what I would say, but I made no answer; and I believe that my silence told her enough, and that she took it for a wicked Omen. Some moments after, (seeing me ready to speak, as one that had studied what to say) she prevented me (apprehending (it is likely) that *I* would explain my self contrary to what she desired) My God! (said she) one has little reason to be satisfied with you to day; if one were not of a humour to pardon you every thing, and that one had not pity for you in this disorder. —— Go, and repose your self in your

Cham-

Chamber, —— the pain in your Head requires it, ——— and I shall take care that none disturbs you. ——— I retired with this permission, —— with so much Confusion that *I* scarce knew what *I* did; but *I* was not got to the door when she called me back. ——— Hark ye *Monsieur* (said she with an Air full of sweetness) *I* will see you at eight of the Clock this Night in the Arbour of the farther Alley, where *I*'ll expect you with one of my Friends; and, if you love me you'l not fail to be there. What do *I* say (continued she hastily) if you love me? —— Though you should not love me, you are too much a Gentleman to fail at a Rendezvous that *I* give you, there not being any thing that *I* know, that can dispence with you, from it. ——— Adieu, ——— fail not to be there. Finishing these words, she smiled, and went into her Closet, to conceal from me a Blush, that came into her Face. Be-

Behold! (continued *Monſieur Le Chevalier*) how *I* came out of this Converſation that *I* had ſo much dreaded, which was much more lucky for me than *I* expected, having eſcaped a terrible Confuſion, that *I* ſhould have been in, to have declared my ſelf before theſe two Ladies, what choice my Heart had made: But I was not without fear of my Evening aſſignation; *I* ſaw well, ſhe would expect me, and that it was the laſt favour *I* was like to receive from her. —— But ſince there was no avoiding of it, *I* was reſolved not to diſguiſe any thing by unworthy Equivocatings; thinking *I* ſhould do well to ſerve my ſelf of this occaſion, that *I* ſhould find her alone to diſabuſe her, and not delay it to a longer time: The honours and favours ſhe did me augmented dayly, and ſo did my ingratitude, whilſt ſhe continued in her Error. *It* is true, it would have been unpardonable, if it had been

been voluntary, but there is no choice againſt powerful inclination. ——*I* determined upon this piece of juſtice, and was the reſt of the Afternoon preparing my ſelf for it.

They went to Supper about Six of the Clock, to have more time to Walk, and I appeared leſs melancholy at Table than at Noon: *Egida*, who had not ſeen me ſince ſhe left me with her Siſter, (though ſhe had ſought me with extreme impatience, to ask me what paſs'd in that enterview) judg'd from the alteration ſhe ſaw in my humor, that I had betrayed her. I ſaw her much diſcompos'd, and that ſhe ſcarce eat any thing, ſhe was ſo full of thoughts: She had her Eyes always upon me or the Abbeſs, to ſurprize our looks, and ſee whether we were of Intelligence to deceive her. She had not patience to ſit ſo long at Table as the reſt, but left us upon a ſlight Pretext that ſhe took, and retir'd into her Chamber; from whence

whence ſhe ſent me word by one of her Friends (that cunningly acquitted her ſelf of the Commiſſion) that ſhe deſired me to come ſpeak with her there, ſo ſoon as I had Sup'd. I failed not to wait on her, and took ſo well my time when the Abbeſs was with two or three Ladies that came to viſit her, that ſhe perceived it not. I found this Lady ſitting by a Table which ſhe lean'd upon, with a very ſad air, who told me as I entred, that I had no ſmall obligation to her, for giving me occaſion, by quitting the place, to come ſo well out of this affair at her coſt; and that ſhe doubted not but her Siſter too had made an advantage of it, but that ſhe loved me ſo well, that ſhe could not repent of any thing that was for my ſatisfaction; and that when it was for my repoſe, ſhe would ſacrifice all things, even her heart. But changing preſently her diſcourſe, By what charm (ſaid ſhe) or rather

by

by what ingagement, hath the Abbeſs brought you into good humor? For methinks you appear very gay this Evening. Alas! You were very melancholy this morning, have you ſome pledge of her heart that gives you thus much joy? Speak, Monſieur, conceal not any thing from me: You have betray'd me, and without doubt could not ſave your ſelf out of my Rivals hands, but on theſe conditions. Betray'd you, Madam! (anſwered I) I beg you will tell me upon what ground you have ſuch a Suſpicion? Believe, if you pleaſe, that being far from thinking it, I——No, no, Monſieur, (ſaid ſhe interrupting me) I ſee well you know me not: I am capable of loving better than you think, I cannot be ſatisfied with your heart by peace-meal, I would have it intire to my ſelf, and I confeſs I have lived in a doubtful hope, for ſome time, that I ſhould obtain it as I deſired to have it. My Siſter

has

has given me a thouſand Inquietudes, and I was alarmed by the leaſt of her looks; that a continual trouble hath not left me, to enjoy in quiet the pleaſure there is to believe one is loved where one loves. But after ſo many alarms, I am a little perſwaded——I am reſolved your Love ſhall not continue divided, though I loſe my ſhare of it; And you, Monſieur, (continued ſhe) muſt reſolve in good earneſt to love the Abbeſs, and endeavour to pleaſe her only. You'l not poſſibly have ſo much pain to do it as I wiſh, but however I expect ſhe ſhould confeſs to owe the obligation of it to me, and know that I was the firſt that motion'd it. I avow to you (purſued ſhe, making a ſign to me not to interrupt her) that I am not without pain for the loſs of you, and that what I am now doing is harder to me than death; but I will conquer, and if I have any power over you, make you do

as

as I ſay, and look upon me no more but as one of your Friends. As ſhe ended theſe words, a ſtream of Tears forced themſelves from her fair eyes, and ſhe was ſo ſtrangely overwhelmed with grief, that my Heart was rack'd to ſee it: I could not anſwer her ſuddenly, but embracing her tenderly, I admired the Generoſity and good Nature of this Lady: This tender paſſion which I diſcover'd through her Tears, pierced to the very bottom of my Soul; and I determin'd rather to ſacrifice my Life, than give her occaſion to doubt my Faith to her. I made her a thouſand proteſtations of my conſtancy, when I was able to ſpeak; and in the Eſtate wherein I was, not being capable of any weak expreſſion, I ſaid ſo many touching things to her, that ſhe was no longer willing to loſe me. After we had ſpent ſome time in tenderneſs, and Tranſports which are not to be deſcribed; I left her, excuſing my ſelf

with

with pretence of ſome buſineſs (without telling her of my aſſignation with the Abbeſs, leſt ſhe ſhould prevent it) but that I would wait on her again before I went to Bed.

The hour was paſt that I promis'd to meet the Abbeſs, and the tears of the charming *Egidia* had ſo well diſpoſed me to do all things for her, that I dyed with deſire to give her this teſtimony of my love, after that ſhe had given me of her tenderneſs. I went then to the place, where I found the Abbeſs with one of her Friends, that retired ſo ſoon as ever ſhe ſaw me coming.

She told me that ſhe began to be weary of expecting me, and if I had ſtayed a moment longer, ſhe would ſcarce have pardoned me. I believ'd Madam (anſwered I, coldly enough) that I ſhould come time enough for what you had to ſay to me. She was much ſurpriſed with that anſwer, after the obliging Reception

ſhe

ſhe had made me; but ſhe endeavoured to diſſemble it, and without taking notice of my unjuſt coldneſs, treated me with all the ſweetneſs in the world: There was nothing that was ingaging but ſhe made uſe of it, nor enchantment that ſhe ſerved not her ſelf of. It ſuffices that a Woman is fair, and not indifferent to one, to make one find a thouſand charms in her, when ſhe deſigns to pleaſe. The reſolution I had taken againſt this fair Abbeſs, became by little and little unprofitable, at leaſt very weak: She drew from me a thouſand tenderneſſes I know not how, and was no longer the Perſon *I* would abandon: She poſſeſs'd me ſo much in thoſe few moments, that there was ſcarce room left in my Soul for the *Idea* of the amiable *Egidia*: To ſay the truth, the Abbeſs knew ſo well how to rekindle flames ſhe had once made burn, that 'twas impoſſible to defend ones ſelf from her: One would

ſay, that ſhe had ſtudied nothing all her life but to charm, and the moſt faithful of Lovers had been pardonable for every infidelity ſhe had made him guilty of; for it was not in the power of man to do his duty when ſhe ſeduced him. But not to detain you longer, (when there are ſo many things to ſay) *I* muſt confeſs to you that ſhe made me know, one cannot be aſſured of any thing where a woman uſes complaiſance. If this Lady was not ſatisfied with me, ſhe had, at leaſt, no occaſion to complain: One thing might ſurpriſe you, and give you an ill opinion of me, after the reſolution I had taken; if I had not told you that the Abbeſs had charms none could reſiſt; and that was, that I begg'd of her my ſelf that ſhe would not preſs me to declare my ſelf in that ſhe would know of me, but content her ſelf with the power ſhe had over me. And it was ſo great, that without

lying

lying I believe she might have made me guilty of the blackest perfidiousness in the world; but by good fortune she was willing not to pass further, because perhaps she feared not to succeed, and that 'twas not yet her time. She had had intelligence by some of those that were continually her Spies, of the Visit I made her Sister, and that they had seen her Eyes wet with Tears: She made some ralleries upon it, and told me that she well knew by my accost, the strange impression these tears had made in my Soul; but she would pardon me, hoping that in time I would accustom my self to see people weep. She said all this, and many other things, with an air so agreeable, that *I* knew not how to be displeased with it. *In* the mean while, it grew very late, which *I* gave her notice of, though she was not much pleased with it, and told me that *I* was the most impertinent

Gallant in the world; but it was time for us to retire, which we did with a tender adieu, that engaged us more than ever.

All the ſweetneſs ſhe had overwhelmed me with, hindred not a great repentance that ſucceeded it, and fill'd my heart with a horrible gall, ſo ſoon as ſhe was out of my ſight: But this was nothing, there muſt be ſomething more to puniſh me for my injuſtice to *Egidia*. The Abbeſs met her upon her return back, and maliciouſly ask'd her where *I* was. *I* know not (anſwered *Egidia*) but *I* ſuppoſe that not being well, he went to his Chamber betimes.. You are deceived, Siſter, (anſwered the Abbeſs) and *I* will tell you that *I* know his diſtemper better than you do: *I* perſwaded him to take the Air in the Garden, and that would cure him; as in effect he finds himſelf better: You may know it from himſelf, whom *I* parted with hers not a moment

ment ſince. *Egidia* remained the moſt ſurpriſed in the world, and knew not what to anſwer her; it was not poſſible to conceal from her a part of her reſentment, for which the Abbeſs triumph'd with an extreme joy, and left her in that eſtate. This poor Lady could not tell what to think, after what *I* had ſaid to her, and the Oaths *I* had made her two hours before: She had too good an opinion of me, to believe lightly at another time what my Siſter would ſay to my diſadvantage, but in this ſhe could neither doubt nor excuſe me, the Treaſon was but too manifeſt, and every thing ſpoke againſt me. She was at firſt agitated with a thouſand different paſſions, and ſo much grief ſeiz'd her at once, that ſhe was not the ſame; one is always apt to believe what one fears. The firſt thing that ſhe deſired was to ſee me, and ſhe ſent her Footboy to fetch me to her: *I* came, and by

the impressment she had to speak with me, *I* had some suspicion of the truth: *I* imagined that this rendezvouz had not been so secret, but that she had made some shift to come to the knowledg of it; but did not think that the Abbess would so spitefully declare it.

I found this afflicted Lady alone in a retired room, and saluting her, *I* saw her so moved, and in such disorder, that *I* no longer doubted but she knew of my being in the Garden with her Sister. She spoke not to me at first, and, for my part, my guilt, and the grief *I* was in for being in a fault, had the same effect upon me, that anger and jealousie had upon her; so that we were both sometime without saying any thing: But at last, From whence come you? (said she, with low voice and with looking at me) *I* answered her that her Boy had met me as *I* was going to my Chamber. What! (replyed she, with a more elevated voice,

voice, and regarding me with eyes fuller of grief than anger, have you to do a new Treaſon? Did you make me ſo many promiſes this Evening, but to deceive me with more eaſe? What have *I* done to you? After theſe words grief deprived her of ſpeech, and ſhe was juſt ſwooning away.

I cannot repreſent to you the eſtate I was in, to ſee a Perſon dying that was ſo dear to me: Ah! How cruel were the moments, and how happy I ſhould have been to have dyed alſo, if Heaven would have heard me, and not laugh at the pains which Love makes us ſuffer? I look'd upon her as a man without ſenſe or motion, and had not the power to aſſiſt her nor call for help. This fainting had not ſo far taken away her ſenſes, but that ſhe obſerved upon my face a concern that ſpoke for me, and nothing (as ſhe has ſince told me) made her return ſooner from this cruel indiſpoſition,

than the intereſt ſhe ſaw I had in it. The ſilence and confuſion I was in made my peace, and all her grief was not ſtrong enough to reſiſt the ſatisfaction ſhe received from mine.

By good fortune two Nuns paſs'd by juſt then, who ſeeing her in that eſtate, immediately run to us, and thought that ſhe was fallen into ſome Fits that Women are ſubject to: This made a noiſe in the Convent, and the Abbeſs was with the firſt informed of it, but was not over-haſty to ſuccour her. For my part, I retired as ſoon as I ſaw there were people enow about her: Although the Abbeſs ſent three or four times to ſpeak with me, I pray'd her to excuſe me, and ſaid, that next day I would wait her pleaſure. *Egidia* (that they had carried to her Chamber) was come to her ſelf again, and ſeeing me not by her Bed ſide, at a time that ſhe believed, if I had loved her, I could not have left her; ask'd a Maid that

ſerved

ſerved her ſoftly, if ſhe knew where I was? This Maid that had ſeen me go into my Chamber the moment I quitted her Miſtreſs, with tears flowing from my eyes, made a faithful relation of it to her, wherewith ſhe was ſo extremely touch'd, that ſhe prayed her Siſter, who ſate by her, to ſend for me. The Abbeſs put her off a good while, and told her that ſhe had already done it twice to no purpoſe; and that ſhe would no more ask to be refuſed. *Egidia*, who paſſionately deſired to ſee me, and could not endure I ſhould paſs the Night in the ſadneſs wherein I was; reſolved to try if ſhe could prevail: She thought ſhe ſhould not hazard much, nor loſe much credit, if ſhe could not obtain of me more than her Siſter. She ſent to me then the ſame Maid that ſhe confided in ſo much, to tell me, that if I deſired ſhe ſhould be better, I ſhould come to ſee her before I went to Bed, and that ſhe ex-

pected it, if I had yet a little Love for her. I cannot tell you how ready I was to obey her; thoſe who love may eaſier imagine it: I came then to her Chamber, where was none but the Abbeſs with her; who expected with impatience to ſee how this Scene wou d paſs: Both of them perceived preſently a change of countenance in me. I know not well what the Eldeſt thought, but I am ſure I cauſed pity in the younger. This poor Lady look'd upon me with an air ſo tender and touching, that *I* could not forbear (notwithſtanding the preſence of her Siſter) caſting my ſelf on my knees before her, and taking one of her hands, kiſs'd it a thouſand times, and wet it with my tears which *I* had not power to reſtrain. There is no doubt but the Abbeſs ſaw with an ill will theſe ſenſibilities: Theſe were cruel ſtrokes, which ſhe could not forbear diſcovering her reſentments

of,

of, whatsoever endeavours she used to prevent it. Certainly Sister, (said she with a tone that surprised us) Monsieur *Le Chevalier* hath done you some great injury, by the manner wherewith he seems to beg pardon of you: You cannot refuse it to his tears; yet (continued she, rising to go away) if you will be advised by me, you shall not do any thing, till he has promised you never to relapse into the same fault again; and *I*'ll answer for him, that he cannot promise it, or if he do, that he will be perjur'd. Make this gallant peace, *I* will retire and leave you alone, for *I* believe you desire no Witnesses. *I* turned my head to answer her, but she was got out of the Room, and saved me the displeasure *I* should have had afterwards, to have said any thing in a passion unbecoming the respect *I* owe her. *I* remained then alone with *Egidia*, and in greater confusion than when the Abbess was there:

there: Although *I* had many things to ſay, *I* knew not where to begin, and ſilence was the only Language of which *I* ſerved my ſelf: But ſhe, who ſuffered to ſee me afflicted, (though it was for the Love of her) after having endeavoured to reaſſure me by her looks; Well, Monſieur, (ſaid ſhe in a ſoft tone, and ſqueezing my hand) don't you repent of having betrayed the beſt of your Friends? Think well what you have ſometimes ſaid to me: How had you then the courage to deceive me? Speak! —She made me yet a thouſand other reproaches, to which ſhe added a hundred things that *I* cannot relate as they were ſaid. *I*n a word (to paſs lightly over a Subject which touches me yet in deſcribing it) *I* juſtified my ſelf to her as well as *I* cou'd; confeſſed our rendezvouz, what had obliged me to it, and the reaſon *I* had to conceal it from her; ſo that ſhe was well ſatisfied with me. *I* ſaw her

ſher as ſweet as ever, and ſhe diſcovered more tenderneſs and confidence in me than ever, that it made amends for all the pain we had endured that night: We never loved ſo well, and this little diſcontent ſerved but to increaſe the flames which were kindled in us. The hour was already paſs'd that in civility *I* ſhould have retired at: *I* had no mind the Abbeſs ſhould ſend me word ſo, as ſhe might have done, but the misfortune was, (the doors of the Convent being ſhut, except thoſe of her Apartment) *I* muſt of neceſſity paſs that way to my Lodging. 'Tis true, that in the eſtate wherein *I* was, fortified with the powerful charms of her Siſter, *I* made little reflection upon what *I* ought to fear: *I* examined not the danger there was, and felt *Egidia* ſo deep in my heart, that *I* was even glad (at leaſt *I* fancied ſo) of this occaſion to defie all the inchantments of the Abbeſs. *I* took then,

then, ſince there was no avoiding it, that way to my Chamber, paſſing through the midſt of hers; where ſhe was alone and undreſs'd. She offered at firſt to ſtay me a moment with her, but I excuſed my ſelf upon pretence it was late, and ſhould incommode her: She anſwered me, that ſhe knew well enough I was perſwaded I could never be troubleſom to her, whatſoever hour it was. But to avoid the ceremony I might yet uſe, ſhe commanded me to take a Seat by her, for ſhe had ſomething to ſay to me, and wou'd be obey'd. If you pleaſe (anſwered I) I will wait till to morrow. No (replyed ſhe briskly) once more I will ſay it now to puniſh you for your want of complaiſance— 'tis leſs to oblige than torment you. *I* turned this conſtraint into rallery, and called it a ſweet violence, being it was not in my power to diſobey her, for ſhe had cauſed the doors to be ſhut by which *I* was to

paſs.

paſs. *I* told her then (not to appear rude, nor having a deſire to break unhandſomly with her) that the endeavours ſhe uſed to ſtay me were extremely charming; that there was never a man in the world, that would not eſteem it great favour, eſpecially at ſuch an hour. I am of opinion (ſaid ſhe) that it might paſs for ſuch in moſt mens thoughts but in yours, and who expreſſes any goodneſs to you, muſt expect in return but indifference and ſlights. *I* believe it is not requiſite to make you a longer relation of what the Abbeſs ſaid to me, and what *I* anſwered her: *It* ſuffices that you know in general that *I* needed only to ſee her, to be ſhaken in my ſtrongeſt reſolutions: Once more *I* knew not what weakneſs *I* had when near her, but 'tis certain ſhe made me quite different from what *I* was, and *I* remembred no more the deſign *I* had to diſingage my ſelf from her. She was

this

this night in a charming undreſs, that in its negligence had a great deal of Art. *I* am afraid *I* ſhall paſs with you that don't know this charming Abbeſs, for the greateſt Traitor, and baſeſt of Men: *I* was near two hours with this fair Enchantreſs, and left her as a Man that had ſcarce the power to do ſo. What joy, what triumph was this for her? *I* was no more the indifferent that deſpiſed her favours, but a re-conquer'd Lover, who left her not without regret; but certain it is, that *I* paſs'd the reſt of the Night very ſadly, and made my ſelf all the reproaches imaginable. The charms of this Abbeſs had ſomething in them which had not power longer than *I* ſaw them; for a moment after *I* had loſt ſight of her *I* came to my ſelf, ſaw my crime, and could not enough repent of it.

In the firſt viſit *I* made *Egidia*, *I* gave her a faithful account of all that paſs'd between the Abbeſs and

I:

I: *I* told her the perfidiouſneſs *I* had been guilty of, at which ſhe but laught, ſeeing with how much freedom *I* confeſs'd it; yet ſhe had a deſire to be revenged of her Siſter, which ſhe was after this manner.

I have already told you how the Apartments of theſe two Ladies were not far from each other, which made them always together, tho' they loved not much. *Egidia* knew how deſirous her Siſter was to have my Picture which *I* had given her, but ſhe always kept it lock'd up for fear of her; the Abbeſs waiting but an occaſion to ſeize of it: *Egidia* gave her fair hopes: for one day leaving her Cabinet open (having taken the Picture with her) went to walk in the Garden, and gave the Abbeſs time enough to ſatisfie her ſelf if ſhe could have found what ſhe ſought, and had not ſeen there what for her repoſe ſhe deſired not to ſee. The poor Abbeſs perceived not the intended malice of her

her Siſter: She ſearch'd every where unprofitably for the Picture, but believed not wholly to have loſt her labour, having found ſeveral of my Letters to *Egidia*. She ſhut her ſelf up in the Cloſet to read them: There was two or three wherein *I* ſpoke of her; of which here is one, whereby you may judge of the reſt.

I Am deſperate, Madam, when I hear you ſay that I love you not; and that, Madam, the Abbeſs hath ſeized on my heart: Do juſtice to your merit, and if you know your ſelf well, you will believe you are not to be put in the ballance together. If I could have divided my heart (as you ſay) I would take away the half of it from you this moment, to puniſh your incredulity. Fear not any thing, poſſeſs this poor heart in quiet, and leave appearances to your Siſter, which I cannot refuſe her without paſſing for the moſt ingrateful of men, as in effect I am. Adieu.

You

You ſee well this Letter was none of the moſt obliging for the Abbeſs, and it is not neceſſary, I imagine, to tell you how much ſhe was enraged at it: Spite, Jealouſie, and Shame, to ſee her ſelf ſo uſed by a man that ſhe had had ſo much goodneſs for, inſpired her at firſt with the moſt cruel deſigns that an injured woman is capable of. She came furiouſly out of the Cloſet, after having tore all the Letters in a thouſand pieces, as ſhe would have done my heart had it been in her power; and but for the intreaties of a Lady that was her friend, I know not whither her reſentments would have hurried her. This Lady (who was her confident in all things, and had much diſcretion) endeavoured by degrees to make her come to her ſelf: She told her that ſhe ought to be careful of her conduct, and that to make a buſle in ſuch an affair would not be to her

her advantage; that ſhe ought to conſider the place ſhe was in, and that this would prove no good example for her Nuns. But what arguments could make her diſgeſt ſo cruel an affront! All that this good Lady could obtain of her, was, that ſhe ſhould not ſee me all that day to have more time to conſider what ſhe had to do.

Egidia returned at laſt from her walk, and going into her Cloſet, found all in diſorder there, and the Letters in the condition that I told you: The pleaſure of revenge (which is the greateſt of life to women) made her taſt, in this occaſion, contentments, that one muſt be a Woman and a Lover to comprehend. She could not be long without communicating to me an adventure that ſhe rejoyced ſo much in; but firſt ſhe would prepare me to receive it, that I might not be troubled at it: And having ſent for me into her Chamber, ſhe ask'd me what

what I would ſay if ſhe had made a quarrel between me and her Siſter? I anſwered her, that provided ſhe was not intereſted therein, I ſhould not be concerned at it. She related to me afterwards the effects of the Abbeſs's jealouſie, and ſhewed me in what a condition my Letters were. I diſcovered no trouble at firſt, but at the bottom of my heart I approved not the action; and when I reflected on all that I had writ to her, I could have wiſhed that ſhe had made uſe of ſome other means, and that ſhe had taken other arms for her revenge. I doubted not but the Abbeſs was in a ſtrange fury, and that this affair would draw ſome ill conſequences in which *Egidia* would be the firſt ſufferer: I could not forbear expreſſing ſome of my fears to her, but aſſuring her withal, that I would never cenſure any thing that ſhe did; but that knowing ſo well as I did her Sifters temper, I feared all things

things from her paſſion, and that it would be through her that ſhe would revenge her ſelf of me. I ſaid all this in a very tender manner, but however *Egidia* took it not ſo, who looking upon me with ſpiteful ſmile, I ſee (ſaid ſhe) I have alarm'd you, and that I have not done you good ſervice. Go, Monſieur, (continued ſhe, riſing at the ſame time to go away) go, and caſt your ſelf at her feet; ſwear to her that you adore her, and ask her pardon for all you have writ to me. I! Madam (anſwered I in ſtopping her) to accuſe me of ſo much baſeneſs is to diſavow my heart. Ah! ſuffer if you pleaſe, that I tell you, you know me but ill, and that I am ready to confeſs to her all the paſſion I have for you in my heart: You ſhall ſee it if you will, and exact from me even greater proofs of my Love; you may do it, and I give you all this day to have yet this pleaſure, but to morrow I muſt leave

you, and you ſhall ſee how little I am in pain for your Siſters favour. This ſudden reſolution ſurprized *Egidia* a little, and ſhe was troubled that ſhe had driven matters ſo far: She embraced me tenderly, and did all ſhe could to make me change my deſign; but with much difficulty I left her without promiſing her any thing. *I* ſpent the remainder of that day thinking what to reſolve upon, and after all *I* concluded it beſt to depart; but that which troubled me was, how *I* ſhould take my leave with the Abbeſs, which was a duty *I* could not diſpence with. *I* took the time that *I* knew moſt company would be with her, to avoid a thouſand bitter reproaches, that *I* was confident ſhe durſt not make me before Witneſſes.

I went then at night to her Apartment, and ask'd a Nun *I* met (who was ſent without doubt for that purpoſe) if *I* could not have the honour to ſee the Abbeſs? She ſaid

ſaid, No, for ſhe was not very well; but not taking that for an excuſe, ſhe whiſper'd me in the ear, that this Order was expreſly for me, and ſhe counſell'd me as a friend to retire. *I* confeſs that this proceeding ſurprized me not ſo much as it would have done, if *I* had not been prepared for an ill reception; 'tis true, however, that *I* reſented this refuſal with ſome deſpight, and ſhould not have been conſol'd for it, but by the means it gave me of acquitting my ſelf another way, of the reſpect *I* owed her: 'Twas, in fine, by writing that *I* reſolved to bid her adieu, as you ſhall ſee by this Letter.

I Know not, Madam, if it is in earneſt that you are ſick, that I could not ſee you; or whether you are weary of ſeeing me here. The one or the other give me equal pain, and for fear of knowing too much, I inform not my ſelf of that whereof I am glad to be ignorant;

ignorant; and leſt I be more unhappy than I am, I deſign not to preſs you further to declare it to me, but to depart hence to morrow. If you were viſible I ſhould be glad to take leave of you in form: Suffer, if you pleaſe, that I make uſe of the only means that is left for me to bid you Adieu. I kiſs your Hands moſt humbly.

This Letter, as you ſee, was not very gallant, nor well made; and *I* muſt ſee her (to ſpeak truth) when *I* ſaid any thing of tenderneſs. She received the Letter, but made me no anſwer.

Egidia, who ſaw I would certainly leave her, and that ſhe muſt be expos'd to all the tempeſt, pray'd me that before I went, *I* would, at leaſt, make ſome ſort of peace with the Abbeſs, and not give the Nuns occaſion of diſcourſe by ſuch an abrupt departure. She added moreover, that her Siſter would infallibly believe that 'twas ſhe had made

me haſten my going away, and that ſhe'd be glad of this pretence to turn all her reſentments upon her: For my part, who feared not death more than the thoughts of this interview, which repreſented to me all the reproaches ſhe'd make me, and to which I could make no reply; I could not tell how to reſolve to ſee her. *Egidia*, who ſaw my fear and unwillingneſs, graciouſly conſented at laſt that I ſhould depart, without taking my leave of her any other way than as I had done; but to abſent my ſelf but for ſome days, expecting till the Spirit of the Abbeſs was a little ſweetned, and that I ſhould return if it were neceſſary, at the leaſt notice ſhe ſhould ſend me. I put all things in readineſs to go away next morning, to ſee one of my friends in the Neighbourhood; and as I was juſt going a Horſeback, a Footboy brought me a Note, wherein I read theſe words.

Dar'ſt

DAr'ſt thou depart without ſeeing me, thou moſt baſe and ingrateful'ſt of all men! But go, for 'twould be too great a favour to ſuffer thy Sight after thy Treaſons: Yet take thy choice, that I may ſee how far thy black Ingratitude will carry thee; and if thou canſt even forget that thou oweſt me at leaſt this civility in leaving my Houſe.

Never was man ſo aſtoniſhed as I was, after the reading of this Letter: I ſaw well that whatever it coſt me I muſt ſee her, and only ask'd the Boy where his Lady was, who telling me ſhe was alone in her Chamber, I went thither; but 'twas as a Criminal that preſented himſelf before his Judge.

I found the Abbeſs ſo changed, and ſo ſad, that ſhe would have touch'd the heart of a Barbarian. I know not what I did then, but 'tis certain I was not my ſelf, and that

the confuſion her ſight put me into, cannot be expreſt. She look'd upon me ſome moments without ſpeaking to me, afterwards ſaid ſhe to me, What come you here for? I thought you had been gone already. *I* did not believe, Madam, (anſwered I) that I ought to do ſo, when I might have the honour to ſee you before I went. I come to take my leave of you, and at the ſame time, to beg the favour to know wherein I have offended you. Wherein you have offended me! (ſaid ſhe ſighing) Ah! Traytor, you know it but too well: Well, Madam, (ſaid I to her) ſince you'l have me know it, tell me what I muſt ſuffer for my crime: If Death, be aſſured my Life depends upon what you pleaſe to ordain. Death! (replyed ſhe again) alas! you have but too well deſerved it, and that is my greateſt trouble. What do you expect then (replyed I in a paſſion) if there wants but a Sword to

give

give it me, take mine. In saying so, I presented it ready drawn to her, and opened my Breſt for her to pierce it; but she only turned her head away, and said with a louder voice, Cruel! thou know'ſt ill my heart, if thou believeſt I can be revenged of thee that way: I wiſh only that my Life were dear enough to thee, that I might puniſh thee by taking away that; but I ſhould not have the ſatisfaction to ſee thee breathe one ſigh at my death. As ſhe ſpoke theſe words, abundance of Tears covered her Face, and Sobs took away from her the uſe of her Speech, inſomuch that my heart was torn with pity. I knew not what to ſay, fearing ſhe'd take any thing I ſaid to her for new infidelities; but as it is no hard matter to pacifie a Perſon that loves, and that would be loved, I behaved my ſelf ſo well, that by degrees *I* vanquiſhed her anger, and left her not till *I* ſaw her in a humor to

pardon me all things. That which obliged her to it the ſooner, was that ſeeing me reſolved to be gone, ſhe had a deſire to ſtay me, and ſhe thought ſhe could not prevail by treating me rudely. *I* was not yet ſo indifferent to her, that ſhe could be willing to part with me altogether; and perhaps ſhe did not deſpair (ſo ordinary is it for them in love to flatter themſelves) to carry me at laſt from her Siſter: She did not know that *I* deſigned to abſent my ſelf but three or four days, but believed that *I* intended not to return any more; and *I* made her to have an obligation to me for it. *I* prayed her, at leaſt, that ſhe would ſuffer me to to make a little Journy thereabouts, to which ſhe conſented the more willingly, that none might take notice, and cenſure my changing of my reſolution, and how ſoon ſhe was come to her ſelf. She was glad to obſerve ſome circumſtances, that her weakneſs might not

not appear, and that it might be believed that ſhe recovered by time. Above all, ſhe exacted of me that I ſhould not ſpeak to her Siſter of our reconcilement, and that I ſhould not ſo much as ſee her at parting; if I would not make her repent of her great indulgence to me. I promiſed her I would not, and though *Egidia* ſent to deſire me to come to ſpeak with her; I prayed her, by one of her friends, to diſpence with me, for reaſons *I* would write to her, which *I* was ſure would ſatisfie her. To ſay truth, I owed thus much, at leaſt, to a Perſon that *I* had ſo great obligations to, and that had ſo much reaſon to complain of me.

I went away then to one of my Friends houſes, from whence *I* writ ſeveral Letters to theſe Ladies, and received as many from them. *I*n the laſt *I* received from the Abbeſs, ſhe deſired me to come the day after the receipt of it, to the

ſame place where *I* laſt ſaw her; and very ſecretly, eſpecially not to let her Siſter know any thing of it: That ſhe would be there at Nine a Clock at Night, and expect me till Eleven. *I* ſaw well enough, by this Letter, that the Abbeſs was calm'd: *I* believed I could not handſomly balk the aſſignation; but by apology of Love, *I* thought fit to advertize her Siſter of it, that ſhe might not complain of me, if ſhe came to know it, as ſhe did the other aſſignation. *I* anſwered the Abbeſs, that I would not fail to wait on her at Nine a Clock, and this Letter *I* ſent to her Siſter.

IF you were in my place, you would without doubt do what I am going to do this day, but I aſſure you, 'tis with all the regret in the world. I received a Letter yeſterday from your Siſter, wherein ſhe deſires me to meet her at Nine a Clock in the Evening in the Garden, and forbids me above all things

things to let you know any thing of it. I believe it will not displease you that I obey her, and that you would counsel me to it your self if you were here: Fear not any thing, my Fidelity is proof against all her charms; for I am never more yours, than when I am with her. Adieu.

I gave to the Abbess's Boy my answer to her, and sent this by a Servant of mine to *Egidia*, but a little before *I* went away my self, that it might be dark when he came to the Abby, to deliver it more securely. He was there at the hour *I* desired, and got into the Parlour without any bodies taking notice of him. When he was there, he heard some body go, but the Night hindered him from knowing who it was: He ask'd at a venture, if they would do him the favour to call Madam *N*——You must know this was the Abbess, who was walking in the Parlour, and expecting with ex-

treme impatience, the hour of our meeting. She knew at firſt my Mans voice, and ſaid, if he would have any thing with that Lady, 'twas ſhe. Theſe two Ladies voices were ſo like, that ſometimes their moſt familiar friends were deceiv'd. My Man, that knew not the danger of a miſtake, and believed that it was ſhe he ask'd for, gave the Letter without delay into her hands, and believed he had acquitted himſelf very well of the Commiſſion *I* had given him. The Abbeſs, after ſhe had taken the Letter, diſpatcht my Man, and told him it required no Anſwer. You may eaſily gueſs at her impatience, to ſee what *I* had writ to her Siſter; but it would be difficult to repreſent her trouble after ſhe had ſatisfied her curioſity. She was not naturally very wicked, and if jealouſie had not been in it, ſhe would, perhaps, have contented her ſelf with reproaches: But this paſſion does not uſually reſt in ſuch

ſuch weak revenge; it always carries its deſigns to extremity, a love offended is the moſt terrible of all furies. The Abbeſs went immediately into her Siſters Chamber, where ſhe found her alone: Confeſs after all, my Siſter, (ſaid the Abbeſs to her, after having ſpoke indifferently enough of me before) that we are both deceived in the advantagious thoughts we have for this Gentleman, who has paid with Treaſons all that goodneſs we have ſhow'd him. For my part (added ſhe) *I* am now ſufficiently diſabus'd, and it is true that I am partly obliged to you for it, and that without ſeeing the Letters in your Cabinet, I ſhould have been yet in a ſtrange error. If you pleaſe, I'll, in exchange, do you the ſame ſervice: But, my poor Siſter, you are ſo prepoſſeſt to his advantage, that whatever one ſhall ſay to you, you will not believe that any thing is ſo true, as what he has told you. What

do you mean (anſwered *Egidia* coldly) I ſee not any thing that Monſieur does, that I can blame him for, nor but what diſcovers he has much reſpect for me; and till I have cauſe for the contrary, I am reaſonable enough not to change the Sentiments I have for him. But if one makes you ſee (ſaid the Abbeſs) that you deceive your ſelf in thoſe Sentiments, that he betrays you, and is the baſeſt of all men, What would you then ſay? Perhaps (replyed *Egidia*) I ſhould not be ſo acknowledging, as ſuch a Service might merit: For, not to lye, though commonly one takes no pleaſure in being deceived, yet in this I muſt confeſs my weakneſs, that I love to be in an error; an evil is not ſo till one knows it. How you are to be pitied, (replyed the Abbeſs again) and yet you deſerve not to be diſabus'd; but you are my Siſter, and againſt your will I muſt pity you. Know then, that this

honeſt Man, this faithful Friend, and what elſe you are pleaſed to call him, begg'd of me by a Note yeſterday, to have an interview with him in the Garden this Evening; and conjured me, as much as he cou'd, that it might be ſecret, and eſpecially that you knew nothing of it. If you will not believe me, (continued ſhe, ſeeing ſhe was troubled, and had changed colour 'twice or thrice) you may but come along with me to believe your own eyes. Whatever conſtancy of Spirit this amiable Lady had, ſhe was ſhaken by this diſcourſe: The infidelity was manifeſt, and ſhe could not doubt of it, when her Rival aſſured her ſo poſitively of the thing, and offered to bring her to the rendezvouz, to be witneſs of it her ſelf. She agreed to the propoſal, gave her Arms to poniard her ſelf, and would not defer a moment to ſee her death, ſince the hour of it was come.

THE

THE CONTINUATION Of this HISTORY:

Told by a Lady of Company.

I Cannot tell whether Monſieur *Le Chevalier*'s account be all true, becauſe he was acquainted with theſe Ladies a year before I came to the Convent; but this I can ſay, that it bears good report with what I have heard: But I will warrant what I am going to tell you, for a very faithful relation of all that paſſed in my time.

I was

I was very well received in this Abby, which ſome croſs affairs obliged me to make uſe of for a retreat: 'Twas near a Month when I came there, ſince Monſieur *Le Chevalier* had been abſent. I heard him ſpoke of ſometimes as a very gallant man, for whom the Abbeſs had a great eſteem, and from whom ſhe received Letters often: I perceived quickly that this eſteem had ſomething in it very tender, and that there was ſomething in this friendſhip, above what we ordinarily ſee in that paſſion. The Abbeſs, who had much goodneſs and confidence in me, ſaid to me a thouſand advantagious things of him: She put him above all men, and ſhe could have wiſh'd that I had not only commended him to her, but that I judg'd it reaſonable in her. As long as things ſeemed not to me to go far, I appeared very complaiſant; but when I came to know that theſe importments were more of

Love

Love than Friendſhip, that it excited jealouſie between the two Siſters, that it cauſed Tears, Sighs, and Langueors, I could not forbear ſpeaking my thoughts of it freely to the Abbeſs, and to repreſent to her, that an ingagement of this nature would do her an injury one day, and that an amorous affair ought not to enter into a Religious Houſe. She, in appearance, took pleaſure in my freedom, but indeed it begot in her coldneſs to me: She would have been glad of a little more complaiſance in my friendſhip, and her pain being without remedy, could have wiſh'd I would have help'd her to ſupport it. This was the cauſe that I had leſs converſe with her, and ſeldom ſaw her but as my duty, that I might not break altogether with a Perſon that commanded where I was, and to whom I had many obligations. Her Siſter manag'd her ſelf a little better, and though ſhe had not leſs eſteem and tenderneſs

tenderneſs for Monſieur, ſhe acted nevertheleſs, before the world as if ſhe were indifferent; for ſhe had much more wit than her Siſter, though not ſo much beauty.

I will begin my recital, if the company pleaſe, where Monſieur left yeſterday; all that he has yet ſaid, being nothing in compariſon of what I have to tell you.

Into what anger and tranſports fell the fair Abbeſs, when ſhe ſaw the Treaſon of her Lover: The leaſt thing her paſſion ſuggeſted to her, was to be revenged of the Traytor, and to make him be kill'd.

A Maid that ſhe moſt confided in, and who was too young to take the liberty of adviſing her, came every night before ſhe went to Bed, to recount to me part of theſe follies, with which, in truth, I could but divert my ſelf.

The Abbeſs took then (as Monſieur has told you) her Siſter with her to this aſſignation, where he failed

failed not to be at the hour appointed: His ſurpriſe was great, as you will imagine, to ſee the two Siſters together, after what the Abbeſs had writ to him, that none ſhould know of this enterview, eſpecially her Siſter: He remembred moreover, what he had writ to her, and the requeſt he made her in his Letter, that ſhe ſhould not be troubled at this aſſignation. He knew not, in fine, what to believe, and of a thouſand thoughts which paſſed through his Mind, none came near the right, ſo little likelihood there was that ſuch a thing ſhould happen. In the midſt of thoſe cruel pains that Spite and Jealouſie made the Abbeſs ſuffer, ſhe taſted an extreme joy to ſee the trouble that Monſieur was in; but her Siſter had nothing to allay her grief, and uſed the greateſt violence to her ſelf imaginable, to forbear reproaching him. She had not patience to ſtay long there, but went from them,

after

after ſhe had view'd him from head to foot, with an air of Scorn and Indignation, without ſaying a word to him. This poor Lover, who began to recover of his firſt ſurprize, when he ſaw how ſhe look'd upon, and avoided him, fell into a ſecond much more cruel. I know not (ſaid he, ſpeaking to the Abbeſs) what I have done to your Siſter, that my preſence drives her hence. It is (anſwered the Abbeſs coldly) becauſe your return here was not expected ſo ſoon, where you have but little buſineſs. Ah! if it be as you ſay, Madam, (replyed Monſieur) I ſwear to you *I* will not continue here long, for I hate above all things to be troubleſom to people: But yet, Madam (added he, ſuddenly) you muſt not take it ill, if I go and know of your Siſter, if this be the reaſon that ſhe treats me thus; after that I ſhall ſtay no longer with you, than is neceſſary to bid you adieu. In ſaying this, he run after the fair afflict-

ed,

ed, whom he overtook juſt as ſhe was going into the Convent. What's the matter with you, Madam, (ſaid he to her, almoſt out of breath) that you fly from me? And why did I find you in a place where I ought not to ſee you? Say rather, thou moſt perfidious, (anſwered ſhe) that I ought not to ſee thee there: But at laſt thy Treaſons are diſcovered, and thou ſhalt not deceive me any longer, for *I* will not ſee thee again all my life. After theſe words, ſhe went into the Convent, ſhut the door upon her, and left Monſieur in the moſt deplorable condition that a man could be reduced to: He can tell you that he was a hundred times going to kill himſelf, and that he would have made a thouſand reproaches to this ungrateful, if ſhe could have heard them. His Conſcience accus'd him not of any infidelity, he believed he had not done any thing contrary to his duty in this Aſſignation, ſince he had

had given her notice of it, and he knew well that in relation to this fair one, he deſerved not the name of perfidious. So ſevere a treatment made him reſolve to depart without expecting any longer, hoping time would convince his Miſtreſs of the wrong ſhe had done him; or that deſpight and abſence would cure him of his Love. The Abbeſs, who had followed him, and was not deſirous the miſtake ſhould be clear'd, arriv'd as he was in this reſolution: He accoſted her of a faſhion as ſufficiently teſtified his deſpair; and ſcarce looking on her, What you told me, Madam, (ſaid he to her) was more than ever *I* could have thought, and *I* am treated here with ſo ſtrange an air, that *I* am aſtoniſh'd: There's no other way to take, than not to ſtay a moment longer in a place where my preſence is ſo odious. Behold! (anſwered the Abbeſs) how Traytors ought to be recompenc'd for their Treachery?

I have

I have not time, Madam, (anſwered Monſieur) to ask you what reaſon you have to give me that name. *I* muſt depart this inſtant to deliver you from a Man, that is more than troubleſom to you: 'Tis enough, if you'l be pleaſed to remember, that 'twas you that cauſed my coming here at this time: *I* am come, as *I* promiſed you, and you, perhaps, brought your Siſter, that you ſo ſtrictly charged me ſhould know nothing of it. Yes, Traytor, (anſwered ſhe, tranſported by her paſſion) and it was in that, that thy baſe heart has failed thee. Speak! Tell me, baſe! ——*If* thou haſt not writ to her, what thou wert deſired to conceal. Monſieur was ſo ſtrangely ſurprized here, that he remained immovable; and believ'd effectually that *Egidia* (to continue the Name which he gave her in his relation) had made her privy to the Letter he had writ her. So ſoon as he was recover'd a little from the diſorder

diſorder he was in, *I* know not well, Madam, (ſaid he to her) what you mean; but if all theſe injurious reproaches are but to drive me from hence, *I* aſſure you that you give your ſelf this trouble without need, and leſs would ſerve to make me reſolve never to ſee you more. *I* am juſt going from this Country (continued he, going away) and bid you, Madam, an eternal adieu. The Abbeſs ſtayed him, and told him a little more calmly, that whatſoever reaſon there was to treat him yet worſe, it was not fit he ſhould go away at ſuch a time of Night. Whether there be reaſon or no, (replyed Monſieur briskly) *I* am ſo little accuſtomed to be thus receiv'd whereever *I* go, that *I* ſhall ſupport very impatiently thoſe moments that *I* am confin'd here. I beg of you, Madam, (purſued he, endeavouring to diſengage himſelf from her) not to ſtrive, out of a formal piece

of

of ceremony, for that which would be troubleſom both to your ſelf and me. But *I* will not have you go to night (ſaid the Abbeſs to him) and if it be true, that *I* have yet power enough left to oblige you to do any thing for me, you ſhall make me know it in this: *I* have buſineſs with you, and 'twill be time enough to morrow for you to go. Monſieur prayed her if ſhe had any thing to ſay to him, not to delay it; and that in another occaſion he would be ready to teſtifie the reſpect he had for her, but that he could not ſtay now. We ſhall ſee that, ſaid ſhe, and leaving him, ſhe haſten'd to the Abby, to give order that his Horſes ſhould be ſtopp'd; but thoſe that had it in commiſſion, came a little too late, for he was juſt going, and ſeeing the endeavours that were uſed to hinder him, and that he wanted time to pack up his Baggage, he choſe rather to leave his Servant behind him, and went to lodge

lodge that Night a League from the Abby, where he bid him come to him the next morning.

The Abbeſs that but a moment before would not only have been glad never to ſee him, but to have revenged her ſelf upon him with deſtruction, had not now the power to bring her ſelf to conſent to his departure: How weak is anger againſt an object that is uſed to charm us? and how ill can a heart revenge it ſelf of what it loves? when the Lover ſuffers moſt, in the ſufferings of the beloved.

The Abbeſs heard of Monſieurs departure with a ſenſible diſpleaſure, and gave ſevere words to them ſhe had ſent to ſtop him, for letting him go. When they told her that his Servant was not gone, ſhe bid him be call'd to her, whom by ſtrength of Preſents, ſhe drew to tell where his Maſter was: She was eas'd of half her pain, when ſhe knew that he lay but a league from

her. Her paſſion, which at that time would have made her attempt any thing, put into her head a deſign, which was not pardonable in one of her habit, except we will pardon all things to love. This little God uſes not to inſpire us ſo weakly, as to leave it in our power to conſult reaſon or juſtice; and there is not any that they baulk, who are poſſeſſed with him. The Maid that I have already ſpoke to you of, that was her particular confident, came into her Chamber, and ſeeing her in a profound ſtudy, believed ſhe had committed a fault, and went to excuſe her ſelf for interrupting her. No, no, my dear Companion, (ſaid the Abbeſs to her, for ſo 'twas ſhe called her) you come more luckily than you think, and I have need of you; and I may ſay that 'tis from you alone I can hope aſſiſtance in the pains that I ſuffer. The Maid anſwered with much acknowledgment to the favour

vour that the Abbeſs did her, to conſider her at that rate; and aſſured her with a thouſand proteſtations of her fidelity, and that there was not any thing that ſhe would not undertake to ſerve her. The Abbeſs embrac'd her moſt tenderly, ſigh'd, wept, and touch'd ſo nearly the heart of her dear Confident, that ſhe was impatient to know what ſhe was to do for her; and with tears in her eyes, beſeech'd her to tell her, for what it was that ſhe was afflicted. You are not ignorant of any thing that paſſes in my heart, (ſaid the ſad Lady to her with an Air extremely deplorable) nor with what ingratitude Monſieur *Le Chevalier* has of late repayed the tenderneſs that I had for him. This Traytor, after all my kindneſſes, has been ſo baſe to go away without my conſent, and even without bidding me Adieu. You ought to ſee, Madam, in that (reply'd the Maid diſcreetly) how unworthy he

is of your favours, and that he merits not any longer your eſteem. I am reſolved to do as you ſay (anſwered the Abbeſs) and am ſufficiently diſpos'd to it; but the pain that I ſuffer at preſent, and that I cannot conquer, is but to have the pleaſure to eaſe my full heart with reproaching him with his Treaſons, and that he go not away, perhaps, in the opinion that I am not yet perſwaded of his perfidiouſneſs. I would have the ſatisfaction of making him bluſh for his laſt fault, which I have not yet acquainted thee with. If thou loveſt me (added ſhe with her ſhaming air) thou wilt find ſome way whereby I may ſatisfie this deſire; and, in fine, break off intirely with the moſt ungrateful of all men: Without that, my Child, *I* cannot promiſe thee to live long in the diſpleaſure and rage I am in, and thou art like to loſe ſuddenly the beſt of thy Friends. his Maid, who in intrigues of Love,

Love, was not the moſt skilful in the world, and ſaw not yet into the depth of the Abbeſs's deſign; propoſed to her to write a Letter of reproaches to this Traytor; but this ſatisfaction was too weak for a paſſionate Lover: One can never expreſs ones ſelf well by writing (ſaid ſhe) upon a Subject of this nature: To puniſh as we ought, one that is ſo culpable, the Perſon offended muſt, with her own mouth, make all the reproaches he merits, that ſhe may have the advantage of ſeeing his confuſion. Ha! (ſaid the Maid) Well then, Madam, What will you do? Stay to expect his return? The innocence of this Maid almoſt made the Abbeſs laugh. Can we (replyed ſhe) keep anger ſo long againſt one that has once pleas'd us? No, no, if thou wilt believe me (purſued ſhe, with a bluſh that covered all her face) we will not defer our revenge ſo long a time: I have courage enough to execute

the deſign, if thou haſt enough to follow me: We will go find out this Traytor that is but a League off, and thou ſhalt be witneſs with what ſcorn I will manage the buſineſs; and if it be poſſible to overwhelm a man with reproaches, Monſieur *Le Chevalier* ſhall be he. So hardy a propoſal at firſt ſtrangely ſurpriz'd this Maid: She that could ſcarce go in the Night thro' the Monaſtery without ſtarts and fears, could not but think it dangerous and terrible, to expoſe themſelves alone to thoſe troubleſom accidents they might meet with in the road: But the Abbeſs repreſented the enterprize ſo eaſie, and ſo unlikely of any troubleſom rencounter in that little way they had to go, and ſo fair a Night, that at laſt ſhe perſwaded her, and made her love the novelty of the diverſion. The Abbeſs, extremely raviſhed to have gained her dear companion, thought now only where

where to get Horſes. She would not make uſe of her own, that her going might be the more ſecret, but choſe rather to have recourſe to her Farmer, that lived about a thouſand paces off her; to whom ſhe preſently diſpatch'd her Valet, that had always been very faithful to her, and that ſhe reſolved ſhould wait upon her in this Journy. Her order was to tell the Farmer, that ſhe had need of three Horſes, and that he ſhould not fail to ſend them her that Night. Her Valet departed the ſame moment, whilſt the Ladies went to prepare themſelves to get a Horſeback. The firſt thing the Abbeſs did, was to give out that ſhe was not very well, and would go to Bed; giving leave to all thoſe that waited on her to do the like, and kept only her dear companion with her, as ſhe often uſed to do. So ſoon as they were alone, they began to undreſs themſelves, and to change their holy habits for thoſe

of the Country, of which the Abbeſs had very handſom ones: She adorn'd her ſelf with as much care, as if ſhe had been going to ſome publick Aſſembly: She was the laſt dreſs'd, but there could not be any thing more fine and gallant than ſhe: Her Apartment was not far from the Garden, and they could go to it without noiſe, or being ſeen of any, as they did; and took with all ſpeed a way to the back door, where the Valet was to be with their Horſes. One would have ſaid that had ſeen them, that they had been two Amazons, that went to aſſault ſome place, they did ſo encourage one another. When they were come to the door, and the Abbeſs, who had the Key, had open'd it, finding no body there, they began to be ſoon impatient of the Valet's ſtay; but, at laſt, they heard a noiſe of Horſes, which gave them ſome hopes; but we are often deceived in thoſe things

things which we desire most: As the noise increased, they began to fear they were in an error, for the Valet that they expected was not to come that way; but the Abbess, who had a little more resolution than her fellow-adventurer, that even trembled with fear, endeavoured to re-assure her, telling her that without doubt it was he, but that he had taken a compass not to meet any body by the way, and that this was the occasion of his staying so long; bidding her go two or three steps, to see if she were not in the right: This poor Maid, that every thing terrified had not the courage to do as the Abbess commanded her; and beseech'd her most humbly, not to put her valour to this tryal; and that she could not leave her a step without dying, for the shake of every leaf put her into a mortal fright. The Abbess could not forbear laughing at her cowardice, and bid her not to fear any

thing, for ſhe would go along with her. Our two valorous Adventurers, with prodigious courage, went ſome paces to meet thoſe that came; but they had no ſooner diſcovered that they were two men that rid a-pace towards them, but they run away without ſo much as remembring to ſhut the Garden door after them, never ſtopping till they arrived at laſt near the Monaſtery, but ſo out of breath, that they could ſcarcely ſpeak: Their courage return'd a little when they ſaw themſelves at home, and panting with their hands on their ſides, they began to laugh at their ill grounded fear of two Men that ſought only their way. After a' little reaſoning upon the caſe, they took heart and returned the ſecond time to the door, where they found two Horſes tyed to a Tree, without any body by them. The Abbeſs, when ſhe had look'd well on both ſides her, without diſcovering any body, was

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in ſome pain to divine, why theſe Horſes ſhould be here without her Valet; but ſhe believed that he was not gone far, and that they muſt wait for him, concluding (as it is eaſie to make any concluſion to our own advantage) that theſe muſt of neceſſity be her Farmers Horſes; and this was not wholly unlikely, for who elſe could be imagined to leave two Horſes ſo: But the Valet came not, and the Abbeſs dyed with impatience at it; time preſſed her ſo much, that ſhe was afraid there was not Night enough left to execute her deſign. This was a great torment to her: She would have ſworn a thouſand times (but that Abbeſſes uſe not to ſwear) that theſe were her Farmers Horſes, that ſhe knew them, and that certainly her Valet was hindred with getting another Horſe. 'Tis true, this might be, but 'twas poſſible alſo theſe might be the Horſes of the two men they ſaw; but on that point ſhe would

would not reaſon, for ordinarily we love not to be convinced of what we do not deſire; and we often chuſe to be deceived with a falſe ſhew of reaſon, rather than to be certain of a truth that does not agree with us.

Our moſt amorous and impatient Abbeſs, ſeeing her Valet did not come, told her faithful Companion, that they could not ſtay any longer for him, and that he was not ſo neceſſary to them, but that they might go without him, and he might come after if he would. She conſented to all that ſhe pleaſed, and our two Adventurers mounted without an Eſquire, and in leſs than an hour arrived, without any wicked adventure, at Monſieur *Le Chevalier*'s Inn. The Abbeſs knock'd at the door, and inquired for a Gentleman that lodged there: They told her that indeed ſuch a one came there that night, but that he went away again about an hour after, with a

Valet

Valet that brought him a Letter. She queſtion'd again the Maſter of the Houſe what way they had taken, what Livery the Valet was in, if the Gentleman was to return quickly, if he had eat, till in fine, ſhe came to queſtion him, if he had appeared ſad or joyful. But the Hoſt knew not what to ſay to her, all that he knew was, that he was not likely to return that Night, and that he had not left any Orders with them. Never any one was ſo afflicted as the poor Abbeſs then was: A thouſand thoughts oppreſt her at once, of which there was not one that overwhelm'd her not with trouble: What numbers of inquietudes, what cruel ſuſpicions, well or ill grounded, what rage, what deſpair, to have promis'd her ſelf ſo much ſatisfaction in coming, after all the charming Chimera's that ſhe had fram'd in her Mind, to return more deſolate than ever? Her companion, who ſuffered extremely

tremely to see her so strangely afflicted, would have been glad she could have comforted her. Why do you torment your self, Madam, (said she to her) 'tis true, we have lost our labour, but who knows whether that is not better for us, than if we had succeeded in our design, and have found Monsieur *Le Chevalier:* You know him, Madam, and that he is not the discreetest Person in the world; perhaps this visit might have been talk'd of, we are at least assured, that we have taken a Frolick that none knows of. That none knows of, (replied this distracted Lover?) alas! seest thou not that my Sister knew our design, and that 'twas she without doubt that sent this Valet, to advertize him of what we intended, and to oblige him to avoid me? But how is it possible (answered her companion) that this should be as you say? If Monsieur has been so long gone from this place as the Host tells us,

you

you had then ſcarce framed the deſign of coming hither. But what cauſe (replyed the Abbeſs) wilt thou then find for his ſudden departure? In fine, whatever her Companion ſaid to her, and whatever arguments her wit could frame to perſwade her, ſhe always ended with ſaying her Siſter had done the buſineſs, and that nothing could have oblig'd him to leave his Lodging at that hour, but ſhe. This thought furiouſly tormented her, her jealouſie was augmented by it, and ſhe was aſſaulted with ſo many pains at once, that ſhe ſaw on all ſides her nothing but deſpair. How far different was it with her now, to what it was ſome moments before; when ſhe was fill'd with the joyful expectation of ſeeing her dear *Chevalier*? Whatever her Companion ſaid to her, to divert her muſings, ſhe anſwered her only with ſighs.

Being at length got home again, they

they were a little troubled how to diſpoſe of their Horſes; but at laſt, they judg'd it the ſafeſt and eaſieſt way to draw them into the Garden, and tye them to a Tree till it was day, that they might ſend them back to the Farmer: After that, they had no more to do, than to go ſtrait to the Convent; but they were ſcarce come to the middle of the Garden, when they fancied that they heard people talk: The Maid, who was three or four paces before the Abbeſs, and had not her Spirit ſo pre-occupyed, was the firſt that perceived it, and turning to her all of a ſudden, extremely ſurprized, told her that, aſſuredly, there was ſome body in the Garden. The Abbeſs hearkned very attentively, and found that ſhe was not deceived: 'Twas now that all her pains were ſuſpended, and that ſhe labour'd not under any but curioſity. Whatever cauſe we have of trouble, if we meet with any thing that ſurprizes,

it

it diverts our pains for the time, and they are, as it were, aſleep in us. All her ſuſpicion awak'd at this noiſe, ſhe knew that only ſhe and her Siſter had a Key from the Convent to the Garden; and this reaſon alone was ſufficient to make her believe, that 'twas certainly ſhe and Monſieur *Le Chevalier*, that entertained an amorous converſation; at leaſt, ſhe was reſolved to be ſatisfied. Jealouſie ſerves inſtead of courage to women, and Love makes them hazard every thing. This Lady, that perhaps upon another occaſion, would have been terrified with leſs cauſe, now feared not to go forward, to diſcover if her Suſpicions were true or no, bidding the Maid (who trembled with fear) to follow her ſoftly. They went ſo lightly as they could, under the covert of a Hedg, (for the Night was very clear, and they might be ſeen at a diſtance) towards a thick Arbor from whence they

they heard the voice. The Abbeſs ſoon knew Monſieur *Le Chevalier*'s, but could not underſtand diſtinctly what he ſaid; therefore advancing a little forward, ſhe heard her Sifter ſpeak: But do not you conſider, (ſaid ſhe) to what you expoſe me? and how you hazard your ſelf? for without ſpeaking of what has happen'd to ſo many, other unhappy Maids that have abandon'd themſelves on the Faith of Men, whereof there have been but too many deceiv'd; but granting you to have more honeſty and honour than all the World beſides, think what diſcourſe my flight will occaſion; the furious ſearch my Parents will make for us, and into what ſtrange miſery I ſhould caſt you, if you ſhould fall into their hands: My God! (continued ſhe) once again attempt not any thing ſo dangerous! Leave me rather to dye here with grief, than precipitate our ſelves to ſo hazardous an enterprize. You will have

have me then (anſwered the other, that the Abbeſs knew at firſt to be Monſieur *Le Chevalier*) to expoſe you to all the ills that Jealouſie can contrive againſt you; to all the affronts and injuries that you may receive from your furious Siſter, and a hundred other things that makes me tremble for you: You know that I have no longer the liberty to ſee you here, and that it is forbidden me; and that I cannot for ſhame preſent my ſelf here any more, after the ill treatment that I have received; and it is to ſay that you will have me dye. If you love me, Madam, —— If I love you (interrupted ſhe) you know it but too well: If you would not have me doubt of it, (purſued Monſieur *Le Chevalier*) and that my Love and Aſſiduity have merited that you ſhould do every thing for me, as you have told me ſeveral times, give me this demonſtrative proof of it: Let us render our ſelves happy,

py, my charming Queen, ſince 'tis in our power; our flight is eaſie, your Valet and mine are at the Garden door, who attends us with Horſes; all things favour us, and I promiſe you in three hours to put you in a place, where not only none ſhall know where we are, but where there would not be any thing to be fear'd if they ſhould. Monſieur was then ſilent, to ſee what anſwer his dear *Egidia* would make him. Get you gone, Monſieur, (ſaid ſhe, ſighing) for I'm afraid if you preſs me longer, that you'l obtain of me more than I ought to grant: I beg of you to go, before my weakneſs miſleads me from my duty. Do you your ſelf, if you are more reaſonable than I, as you ought to be, fortifie my heart againſt your ſelf, have pity on my ſinking virtue, and reſt content with the glory that nothing but your ſelf is able to reſiſt you; for I confeſs that I am not aſſured, that I have the power of my

ſelf

ſelf to withſtand you and Love. Adieu, leave me. After theſe words they heard her weep, and Monſieur, Let your ſelf be overcome (ſaid he) My Dear Soul! Let your ſelf be perſwaded by a Love ſo tender and ſo paſſionate: Give up your ſelf to my care and my fidelity, that is too well known to you to doubt of it. There was not any thing he omitted to ſay that might gain her, which tore the heart of the Abbeſs, as it tender'd hers. It is not neceſſary to repreſent the different paſſions of theſe two Ladies: The Love, the Languors, and tender Sighs of the youngeſt, no more than the deſpight, Shame, and Rage of the eldeſt: Who yet had the patience to hearken to the end of a diſcourſe, as cruel for her as it was charming for her Siſter. She ſaw her wholly diſpos'd to do as Monſieur *Le Chevalier* would have her, and going to prepare her ſelf to go away with him, for ſhe was to fit her ſelf with

with a habit more ſuitable the liberty of the Country, than that ſhe wore; and went to her Chamber to change it. The Abbeſs let her paſs, and ſtirr'd not from the place where ſhe was of ſome time after, that (her thoughts labouring of a deſign) ſhe took a conſiderable compaſs, to come, with her Mask on her Face, into the Arbor where Monſieur *Le Chevalier* was; who (as ſhe would have it) taking her for her Siſter, embraced her with all tenderneſs. How charming are you, Madam, (ſaid the tranſported Lover) to make me attend ſo little in this extreme impatience I had to ſee you return! Come, let us go, ſince nothing oppoſes our deſign, and ſerve our ſelves of Fortune, now ſhe is for us. After theſe words, he led the way, becauſe they went in a path that but one could walk in. It is eaſie to imagine the little pleaſure, or rather the deſpair, wherewith the Abbeſs

receiv'd

receiv'd ſo much ſweetneſs that was not deſign'd for her; and what violence ſhe uſed to reſtrain her anger, this being not a time to let it appear, nor make her ſelf known. You ought not to wonder at Monſieurs miſtake, conſidering 'twas Night, and that there was little difference in the ſtature of theſe two Ladies, beſides a thouſand other things which help'd to deceive him.

As this was not a proper place to entertain her in, he ſaid but little to her, and thought only of ſecuring her and himſelf where he had deſign'd; and to what he did ſay ſhe anſwer'd him not a word, whereof he took no notice, having his mind ſo full of his enterprize. They went in this manner quite to the Garden door, where Monſieur was not a little ſurpriz'd to find it ſhut; but ſhe quickly eas'd him of his pain, and took the key that ſhe had about her and opened it. By what

what means, or rather by what happineſs, (ſaid he then to her, knowing that none but the Abbeſs kept that Key) came you by this Key? She anſwer'd him no more than before, at which he ſtayed not but haſtned to get a Horſeback; but his Horſes were not there, and his Valet, who had been looking them, told him, with a very ſad tone, that he did not know what was become of them, and that he had been more than two hours in purſuit of them to no purpoſe; that he was come to tell him of it, and going again to ſeek them, for he knew they could not be loſt, and that no body went that way. I cou'd never learn the Abbeſs's deſign, whether what ſhe did was only ſubtilly to prevent this enterprize, or whether ſhe would in earneſt have taken the place of her Siſter; but this I can tell you, that as ſoon as ſhe heard what the Valet ſaid of the Horſes, ſhe return'd into the Garden,

Garden, and ſhut the door upon her. Never was man more ſurpriz'd than this Lover, ſcarce could he believe what he ſaw, that his Miſtreſs ſhould leave him in ſuch a manner, and what was more ſtrange to him, the ſhutting the door after her. I believe that none but himſelf can deſcribe his thoughts in ſo cruel an adventure. He knock'd five or ſix times at the door! call'd his Miſtreſs! complained of Love and Deſtiny! Curſt! Swore! threatned to kill his Valet! and, in ſhort, there was no extravagancy that his rage made him not to commit. In the mean time, the Abbeſs return'd towards her companion full of joy, for what ſhe had done, and to hear her trayterous *Le Chevalier* in that paſſion. She was not yet come to the Arbor, that I ſpoke of, when ſhe heard the noiſe of one coming that way, and who, in all likelihood, muſt be her Siſter, whom with a ſlow pace, ſhe went to meet. This poor Lady,

that had not all the courage in the world, and who, beſides the fear ſhe was in, and that attends all ſuch actions, walk'd muſing upon a thouſand obſtacles and accidents that ſhe might meet with in the way. She no ſooner caſt her eyes upon the Abbeſs, than ſhe believed ſhe was a Spirit, and trembling with fear, ſhe made a dreadful out-cry; and flew with all her might back to the Convent. The Abbeſs acquitted her ſelf very agreeably of theſe adventures, and believed ſhe was in part revenged of the diſpleaſures her Siſter had cauſed her; whom ſhe let flee, and that while return'd to ſeek her companion, who expected her with extreme impatience, being furiouſly terrified to be alone in the midſt of the Garden, expoſed to all the noiſes ſhe heard, and even aſſaſſinated with fear: She related to her all that ſhe had done ſince ſhe left her, how ſhe had deceiv'd Monſieur *Le Chevalier*, and

and terrified her Sister; wherewith they were very merry, and laugh'd heartily. They stayed a little, to see if she would return, but 'twas in vain; for she, poor Lady, was so dismay'd, that she almost dyed with the fright; and was forc'd by it, to keep her Bed a long time. The Abbess and her companion retir'd at last, and took care that none should go out of the Convent, having double lock'd the door of it.

This is (said Madam *d' Eyrac*, in concluding her Story) all the particulars that I know of these Ladies adventures with Monsieur *Le Chevalier*. He can tell you now what I have not been inform'd of: I will only add, that 'twas no sooner day, than the Abbess sent for her Valet, and ask'd him what was become of him the Night past, and why he had not been at the door she appointed him? The Fellow told her, that he had been with the Farmer,

and his Horſes were not at home, and that at his return he ſaw two Gentlemen going into the Garden, whom he durſt not come near, for fear of being known; and that returning half an hour after, he found the door ſhut. The relation of this fellow finiſh'd the diſcovery, and the Abbeſs queſtion'd no longer, but they were Monſieur *Le Chevalier*'s Horſes that ſhe had made uſe of. She gave order to her Valet, to turn them out of the Garden, but ſo as they might be found.

'Tis from you (added Madam *d' Eyrac*, turning to Monſieur *Le Chevalier*) that we muſt expect the reſt: All the company made him the ſame requeſt, ſo that he could not deny them. Madam *d' Eyrac* (purſued he) has told you ſo much, that I have no more to do than to cloſe up the Story. You muſt know then, that after my ill treatment in the Garden by *Egidia* and the Abbeſs, by whoſe appointment I came there,

there, I prepared all things for my departure, but firſt I writ this Letter to *Egidia.*

I Know not, Madam, what I have done to be ſo cruelly treated as I have been. The Abbeſs deſired to have an interview with me, and though ſhe had expreſly commanded me to conceal it from you, I forbore not to give you an account of it by a Letter, which I ſent by my Valet. Is this to betray you? I ſee well you deſign my death! Ah! Well, Madam, you ſhall be ſatisfied, but ſhall not have the pleaſure to ſee it, for I ſtay not here a moment; but you ſhall quickly hear the ſucceſs of your unjuſt proceedings, and if the death of the faithful'ſt of Lovers is capable of touching ſuch a heart as yours, I can promiſe my ſelf that you will, in a little time, repent of having given it me. Adieu, too cruel fair! and Adieu for ever.

As I finiſh'd my Letter, I ſaw people come from the Abbeſs, who, after having in vain intreated me to ſtay that night, would have hinder'd in good earneſt my going away; but ſeeing me upon the point of being angry, they oppoſed me no longer: But my Valet was ſomewhat long, and I was afraid the Abbeſs would come her ſelf, to try once again her power over me, which conſtrained me to depart, and leave him with my baggage. I gave him my Letter to *Egidia*, with order to deliver it into her own hands, and bring me an Anſwer if ſhe'd write one; and thus I forſook a place, that for a years time, was the dear Scene of all my pleaſures, loſt, as I may ſay, with ſadneſs, and overwhelmed with different pains, without coming to my ſelf, or recovering my Sences in all the way between the Abby and my Lodging. It may eaſily be gueſs'd,

gueſs'd, that when I came there, I deſired neither to eat nor ſleep: True Lovers, in the eſtate I was reduc'd unto, feaſt only upon Tears, and Sleep avoids them as a mortal enemy. 'Twas in the heat of theſe cruel moments, that one came to tell me there was a Valet below would ſpeak with me: I bid that they ſhould bring him into my chamber, and ſaw that 'twas one that belong'd to my dear *Egidia*. I embraced him kindly, who, after he had complemented me from his Miſtreſs, gave me a Letter, wherein I found theſe words.

YOu do not think I wiſh your death; you know me too well, and are ſufficiently perſwaded that if you had done me all the injuries in the world, you have but a word to ſay to make me believe you have not wrong'd me. I know not what Letter you mean, for 'tis above three days ſince I had any from you: Come and tell me what

it is, for I ſhall dye with diſpleaſure if you leave me thus, with the fear that I have done you wrong. I hear that my Siſter could not prevail with you to ſtay with us this evening; if you love me better than you do her, will you not do ſomething more at my requeſt? Return, I conjure you, I am of a humour to pardon you all things, and if you would have me believe that you love me, you will give me this proof of it; for I ſhall not ſleep till I ſee you, and will expect you two hours after midnight, in the Great Arbor in the Garden, and I will judge of the force of your Love, by the little time you make me ſtay for you. Adieu.

So ſoon as I had read this Letter, I got a Horſeback, and arrived in a very ſhort time under the Walls of the Garden, where I knew there was a place that I could get over with eaſe: But having found the door open, I profited my ſelf of the occaſion, which, I confeſs, ſurpriz'd me

me at first, but upon second thoughts I imagin'd, that it happened thro' the contrivance of *Egidia*. I bid her Valet tye our Horses to the foot of a Tree, and go to advertize my Servant to prepare himself to come away with me in an hours time. After I had given this order, I went, or rather flew to the Arbor, where I was to find my dear *Egidia*. 'Twas then that the Abbess, returning to the Garden door, found my Horses that she took for her Farmers, and made use of them to make me that extraordinary visit.

But not to dwell upon a little Story, that begins already to seem tedious, I will only tell you, that *Egidia* received me in the Arbor with a joy, that made me forget all the ill usage wherewith she had so lately treated me. We let some time pass in transports and tenderness, and the fairest day in the world was never so agreeable to me, as that charming Night. When I spoke

to her of the Letter I had writ to her, and that ſhe aſſured me that ſhe never received it; we concluded at firſt that 'twas fall'n into the Abbeſs's hands; and that my Valet had either been guilty of a miſtake, or betrayed me. In fine, after much juſtification on both ſides; after, I ſay, many new amities, ſighs, and languors, that Lovers abound with in a happy reconciliation, I propoſed to her to ſteal her away, as you have heard from Madam *d'Eyrac*; and preſs'd her with ſo much earneſtneſs, that in the end, ſhe conſented, and went to prepare her ſelf to follow me. I confeſs her quick return a little ſurpriz'd me, but who would then have thought of Madam the Abbeſs? I ſaw her maſqu'd, in the habit of the Country, that ſhe did not ſcruple to go with me; and, in a word, if my Horſes had been ready, I do not doubt but I ſhould have carried her away inſtead of her Siſter.

I will

I will not inlarge, by telling you with what aſtoniſhment I was ſeiz'd to ſee her go back again into the Garden, and ſhut the door after her: At firſt I believed that ſhe only deſign'd to make ſport with me, but as the rallery laſted a little too long for people that had no time to loſe, and that ſhe did not return; in ſpight of me I concluded this was no longer jeſt. I thought that ſhe had conſented to follow me only to deceive me, and that I had been the moſt abuſed man in the world. 'Twas then that ſhame, deſpight, and diſdain, excited terrible tempeſts in my Soul, which together with the diſpleaſure of not knowing what was become of my Horſes, nor what I ſhould do with my ſelf, put me in ſo furious a paſſion, that I vented a thouſand complaints and reproaches againſt the perfidious *Egidia*. I conſider'd this as the greateſt affront that a Man could receive; I examin'd every particular, and

and there was no circumſtance that ſeemed not impoſſible to me. In this humor I took my way to the Village, that being the beſt courſe I could then think of; and went to lodge at my ancient Hoſts, where I paſs'd a much more cruel Night than the firſt time I had been in that Houſe. I called to mind all the cares and ſervices I had rendred to this ingrate; and all the falſe promiſes of amity that ſhe had made me; and being aſtoniſhed not to have found out the lightneſs of her humor, I accuſed my ſelf of ſtupidity and blindneſs, adding to my firſt deſpair, an indignation againſt my ſelf. What extravagant diſcourſes had I with my ſelf that Night! What numbers of unlikely deſigns I framed! In truth, one is liable to many follies when one loves extremely. It was no ſooner day, than I call'd to my Valet for Ink and Paper to write to her, but it was with ſo much trouble and diſorder, that

that whatever I writ I defaced it as faſt. Nothing pleaſed me, ſometimes I fancied I complain'd too ſweetly, and ſometimes I feared to offend her; ſometimes I reſolved to take leave of her for ever, and a moment after I repented of that reſolution: But at laſt I writ thus to her.

YOu ought, Madam, rather not to have obliged me, than repent of it ſo ſoon; nor to have come to the door with me, to forſake me in ſuch a manner: 'Twas my ill fortune that my Horſes were loſt, you ſaw 'twas not my fault, and you ought rather to have comforted me, than treat me with that cruelty, as to leave me without ſaying a word to me: But above all, why did you ſhut the door? Or why did you flee from me? Did you fear any violence from me? And wherefore did you promiſe me ſo much happineſs, if you did not intend it? I ſee well what I ought to conclude from all this, and that I

was

was deceived to believe you ever lov'd me. The Maſque is off now, and without accuſing you of Ingratitude or Perfidy, I leave you to make your ſelf the reproaches you merit, whilſt I go to to waſte the remainder of my miſerable life, in ſome place more happy for me than this. Adieu.

This Letter was given her by her Valet, who an hour after brought me another from her, telling me withal that ſhe was very ill, which I might eaſily perceive by her writing, that I could ſcarce read; and where I found theſe words.

ALl that you have writ to me terrifies me in ſuch a manner, that I believe I ſhall dye with it: I know not what door you talk of, and all I can ſay is, that I never ſaw you after I parted with you in the Arbor, but met a Spirit as I was coming, the fright whereof will I think kill me: 'Twas certainly the ſame fantaſm that you

you ſpeak of, and which, without doubt came to you in my ſhape. Behold! how God corrects thoſe that are not wiſe! I have not ſlept ſince, and I always fancy I ſee the Spirit that purſued me. I ſee the hand of Heaven in it, that I have ſo long offended, let us profit of its advice, my dear Monſieur, let's endeavour to be wiſe; for my part, I am wholly reſolved to lead a better life, and if you love me you'l do ſo too. We were going to ruine our ſelves, and God would preſerve us, let us render him the thanks we owe him for his goodneſs: See me not of ſome days, I will think a little of my ſalvation, and do invite you to do the ſame, and to look upon me no longer but as one of your friends. Adieu.

I was exceedingly ſurpriz'd with the reading of this Letter; but to tell you the truth, if ſhe had not been very ſick, I ſhould have taken all ſhe ſaid for chimæra's and pretences that ſhe made uſe of to excuſe her

her inconſtancy: Though I never gave much faith to ſuch fooliſh ſtories as that of the Fantaſm; yet when I reflected upon what ſhe aſſured me, that ſhe had not ſeen me ſince ſhe left me in the Arbor, I began to be afraid to examine all that had happened to me with this pretended Spirit: I remembred very well it had not ſaid a word to me, that it was come ſooner than I could have expected *Egidia*; I fancyed even that it had opened the door without a key, and that it vaniſh'd when it left me: In a word, I yielded inſenſibly to that error, which ſerved to make me think in good earneſt of my Conſcience, and to make my peace with God. I was ſome days without ever going to the Convent, to avoid the ſight of the Abbeſs, though ſhe ſent ſeveral times to deſire me to take up my Lodgings at her houſe as formerly; excuſing my ſelf ſo well as I could, till I received this Letter, that

Egidia

Egidia made one of her Friends write to me.

I Believe God will grant me the mercy of a longer time for repentance: The Physicians have some hopes of my recovery, however it happens come and see me, to the end that if Death parts us, I may, in dying, have at least this consolation of discharging my duty, by telling you things that I am obliged to tell you. I expect you. Adieu.

This scene (pursued Monsieur *Le Chevalier*) will divert you but little, it being all of tears. I went to see her, and I avow to you I was so sensibly touch'd with her condition, that I was in one little better my self. I could not master my self, nor forbear to ease my afflicted mind by a torrent of tears: All those that were present bore me company, and none but the Abbess that was not moved to see me thus afflicted. This poor creature, who suffered

ſuffered with me, made ſome efforts to ſay things to me the moſt kind and tender in the world: She ſpoke to me as if ſhe were to dye that day, and certainly none thought ſhe could live much longer: But Heaven would preſerve her to oblige the world with a moſt rare example of conſtancy, and a moſt honeſt and ſincere friendſhip, wherein we have ſince lived.

You know not perhaps (ſaid Madam *d' Eyrac* to him) that none contributed ſo much to her recovery as I; which was in this manner.

This Maid, or if you pleaſe, the Companion of the Abbeſs, which, as I told you more than once, had much confidence in me, failed not to give me an account of this laſt adventure in the Garden, and the fear your Miſtreſs was in, that it was not hard for me to gueſs the cauſe of her illneſs, and to find out means for her cure. Every body obſerv'd

obſerv'd an extraordinary trouble in her eyes, and ſuch diſorder in her words, as though ſhe were in a continual ſtudy: I pitied her extremely, and though it was an injuſtice to my Friend to declare the ſecret wherewith ſhe had truſted me, I believed that in the extremity whereto this poor Lady was reduced, I ought not to omit any thing for her recovery: I took my time when there was none with her but a young Wench that ſerv'd her, and that I could not ſuſpect; and ask'd her with an air of confidence, if her indiſpoſition proceeded not from ſome diſturbance in her Mind, and if ſhe believed me not enough her friend, to truſt me with it. She look'd fixtly on me and bluſh'd, believing I meant to ſpeak to her of Monſieur *Le Chevalier*; but when I told her afterwards that I knew the cauſe of her illneſs perhaps better than ſhe her ſelf, and that I could deliver her from the fear ſhe had

had been in, in the Garden, ſhe raiſed her ſelf of a ſudden upon her Bed, My God! Madam, (ſaid ſhe) is it poſſible that in my ravings I have ſpoke of any ſuch things! No, no, (anſwered I interrupting her) I know it by another way, and I believe no body has heard any ſuch thing from you: The perſons that cauſed you this fear, told it me; and I believed I ought not to leave you longer in this pain: I imagine you'l be ſo diſcreet, as I ſhall have no reaſon to complain of you, and that you'l uſe as you ought the confidence I have in you. She promiſed me ſecrecy, and I told her all that had paſs'd in the Garden, as I was inform'd of it; at which ſhe was ſo aſtoniſh'd ſhe could ſcarce believe it, if *I* had not told her all that had happened to her ſelf, to the diſcourſe between her and Monſieur *Le Chevalier*. She bluſh'd at it, and I ſaw well ſhe was aſham'd that I knew this particular of her Life:

Life: But to be ſhort, ſince that time her Mind was compoſed by degrees, till it came to its firſt ſettledneſs. She recovered her health, and in a little time her ſtrength alſo: I do not know how ſhe has ſince carried her ſelf towards you, but this I know, that ſhe made ſtrong reſolutions, though ſhe could not forbear loving you, to do it in ſuch a manner as ſhould not offend God.

I'll aſſure you, Madam, (anſwered Monſieur *Le Chevalier*) ſhe had kept them, and that our friendſhip is no more than what might be between a Brother and Siſter; though in truth, I have had much pain to reduce my ſelf to it, but at laſt I have brought my will to hers. Tell us a little, I beg of you, (ſaid the Marchioneſs *de Sandal*) what you did with the Abbeſs, and how you were rid of her. I believe (purſu'd Monſieur *Le Chevalier*) that the Abbeſs was furiouſly exaſperated ſince

since that last evening, and that what she heard when I was in the Arbor, perfected her cure. I always avoided being alone with her that little time I was in the Abby; and when I took my leave of her, 'twas in the presence of five or six Ladies, her Friends.

Thus Monsieur *Le Chevalier* finish'd his History, to the general satisfaction of the Company.

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